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Towards the rising sun

Sigmund Krausz

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TOWARDS THE RISING SUN

A Story of Travel and Adventure

BY

SIGMUND KRAUSZ

PERSONAL OBSERVATIONS IN THE CLASSICAL ORIENT.
INTERESTING SCENES AND TYPES MOSTLY
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

Also in German under the title "Zu Land und See im Orient"

CHICAGO
LAIRD & LEE, PUBLISHERS

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Introduction.

It is at the earnest solicitation of many friends who have followed with interest some of my descriptive articles in English and German magazines and dailies, that I have undertaken the work which I present herewith to the public at large.

In doing this I wish to state that some of my published matter has been embodied in this book although in thoroughly revised form, which fact, I sincerely hope, will not diminish the interest of those readers who have happened to run across one or the other chapter in the abbreviated form of newspaper correspondence.

My aim throughout the book has been to go as little as possible into description of the kind which guide books offer, as it was not such a work that I wished to present to the public. There are plenty of those. A plain narrative in which I relate incidents, adventures, impressions and personal observations in the countries visited was what I strived to produce, and while traveling I have been looking at things only in a way that any intelligent traveler would do. However, certain descriptive matter cannot be entirely omitted, but I have confined myself in this regard to subjects which are either of eternal interest or are somewhat off the beaten track of American tourists.

I have also given some attention to the traveling people met with on steamers and railroads and which frequently offer as much opportunity for study and amusement as many sights of minor interest. It is even my opinion that observations of this kind are not among the least interesting and (from an educational point of view) profitable experiences of an extended voyage.

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It has been my good luck to have had some experiences on my journey which do not ordinarily fall to the lot of the tourist and I claim that some of my illustrations relating directly to the text are perhaps unique. If the latter do not always come up entirely to the highest standard, I beg the reader to consider that the original photographs were taken with a small Eastman's Bull's-Eye Kodak and that the quality of the negatives was often impaired by the handling of native photographers to whom I had to entrust the developing.

The route which I have followed begins at Constantinople, leads to the classic shores of Asia Minor, Greece and Egypt, and extends from there through the Red Sea to beautiful Ceylon, Calcutta and overland through Central India to Bombay. These countries have ever been considered the cradle of humanity and civilization, and I do not know of another route taking in so many historical and interesting sights as can be seen on this voyage within the comparatively short time of a few winter months.

To those in whose hearts this work will create a desire to follow in my footsteps and who can gratify such a desire by having means and leisure at disposal, all I say is: Go and do likewise! There is no better educator for the inexperienced and no greater pleasure for the intellectual than travel.

THE AUTHOR.

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I.

DEPARTURE FROM CONSTANTINOPLE.—THE PRINCE OF SAMOS.—PASSENGER TYPES.—THE HELLESPONT AND THE COAST OF TROY.—SUICIDE AT SEA.—AN EVENING AT MITHYLENE.—ARRIVAL IN SMYRNA.

For the first time in a week the sun was shining brightly upon the labyrinth of houses forming that part of Constantinople which is called "Pera." It seemed as if Old Sol would share my pleasure as I stood upon the deck of the Austrian Lloyd steamer "Apollo" and saw the Golden Horn, the old Seraglio, the Mosque of St. Sophia gradually disappear on the horizon.

I was overjoyed to escape the dirt, the dogs, the rancid fish odors, and most of all the awful night-watchmen who for the last eight nights had disturbed my rest. The poor devils are, however, excusable since it is an ancient custom of Turkish night-watchmen to inform their constituents by the continual knocking of their heavy iron-shod canes upon the pavement that they are alert in the performance of their duties. Such an uninterrupted tattoo, kept up during the whole night, is not conducive to sleep, and during the past week my nerves had been in a state of extreme tension. Heavy rains had been interrupted only by light snows, and the inch-deep slippery mud upon the cobble-stone pavements had kept me almost a prisoner in the hotel. Under such conditions I was glad to leave old Byzanz behind me, and walked the upper deck with light steps and heart, enjoying the beautiful panorama of the Bosphorus which stretched to the right and left.

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The classic and the modern here pass kaleidoscopically before mind and eye. Where to-day modern forts, armed with Krupp guns, threaten from the shores lorded over by the Turk, once the hordes of Darius, the Goths and the Crusaders ruled in succession; upon these same waters, now furrowed by modern steamships, sailed the vessels of the Argonauts.

Only too soon were we out of the strait and on the Sea of Marmora. The hilly shores retreated on both sides, and the picturesque group of the Prince Islands, guarding the entrance to the Bosphorus, were soon visible only in misty outlines. I now devoted my attention to the steamer and its passengers. The large Turkish flag flying from the highest mast first attracted my attention, since the hoisting of it on an Austrian passenger-boat indicated the presence on board of some high Turkish official. In answer to my question, the captain told me that we had on board the Prince and Princess of Samos with their suite of servants. The Prince of Samos! What an interesting personality! While not a direct descendant of the mythical Polycrates, owing his exalted station only to the Sultan's grace, he still rules, almost independently over that classical island off the shores of Asia Minor. I was naturally anxious to see him and when the captain further informed me that the Prince and Princess, beside myself, were the only first-class passengers, and that we were to have seats in the dining-room at his table, I was glad that fate had thus favored my desires.

The passengers of the second cabin, of whom there were but few, and those of the crowded steerage, consisted largely of Greeks, Turks and Syrians, the male sex predominating by far. Here and there a broad face with prominent cheek bones betrayed a traveler from the northern shores of the Black Sea. Of the female passengers

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only a small group of two women with several children were interesting. They had made themselves comfortable for the trip upon pillows and rugs in a well-protected part of the lower deck. Their costumes and half-veiled faces stamped them Syrian Mohammedans, and the traitorous white Yashmak of one of them showed plainly the

Musurus Bey, Prince of Samos

outlines of a youthful face, out of which a pair of brilliant black eyes looked about inquisitively. Close to this group sat, Turkish fashion, an elderly man who occasionally exchanged a few words with the women and whose main occupation was the rolling and smoking of cigarettes. The two women were also smoking, but under

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difficulties, as they were compelled to lift their Yashmaks carefully for every pull at their cigarettes.

While I was walking about among the groups of travelers, it had become noon, and the steward's bell was calling to dinner. I hurried to my cabin and soon after entered the dining-room. At the only table set, the captain, the Prince and the Princess were already in their seats. The steward showed me to my place, next to the Princess, and a mutual introduction by the captain followed. The Prince was a squatty man, slightly embonpoint, with brown hair and full beard, both mixed with gray. According to Turkish fashion, he kept his fez upon his head during the meal. Although a Greek, his features did not betray the slightest trace of that type. The Princess was an amiable lady of about forty years, whose face, although having lost some of its former beauty, could still be called very attractive. Musurus Bey, I learned afterwards, had married her as the daughter of a rich Greek merchant in Alexandria. Before he had been appointed to his present office, he had represented the Sublime Porte as Minister Plenipotentiary at various European courts, and he, as well as the Princess, spoke six modern languages with the fluency peculiar to natives of the Levant.

The conversation turned upon the occurrences of the day, and at first Italian was spoken, which language I did not understand sufficiently to participate. The captain, on the other hand, understood but little English, and we, therefore, soon fell into French, with which we all were familiar. The subject soon changed to America and American political and commercial conditions, concerning which the Prince showed a lively interest. After dinner we enjoyed our cigars, sitting on the upper deck, in animated conversation, which was this time in English, and

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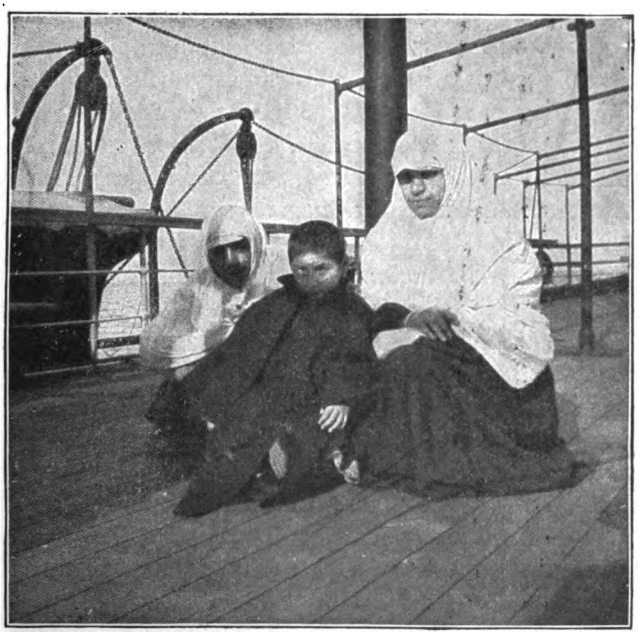
later the Princess joined us. In the course of the afternoon I found Musurus Bey to be an enthusiastic amateur photographer, although a novice, and I had occasion to give him some useful points in the art of Daguerre, which tended to make our intercourse more intimate. We photographed each other, exchanged cards, and before the



Female Passenger Types, S. S. Apollo.

steamer arrived in Gallipoli, near the northern entrance of the Dardanelles, I received a kind invitation from Musurus Bey to visit him and his island from Smyrna, which was my next point of travel.

The "Apollo" dropped anchor for a few hours in the Port of Rodosto and did not pass the Dardanelles until

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the next morning. With early dawn I was awake so as not to miss any part of the interesting classical shores. The sun rose above a magnificent landscape in which the geometrical lines of forts and hidden batteries were relieved by the soft outlines of barren or wooded hills and white groups of houses which seemed to be pasted to the slopes.

Across what part of this old Hellespont did Leander swim and on what promontory did Hero await him? To be sure, there is a Leander Tower (also called the Tower of the Virgin) at the outlet of the Bosphorus into the Sea of Marmora, but it is certain, the shores of the Hellespont and not the Bosphorus were the nightly meeting-place of the celebrated lovers.

Even more than the Bosphorus, the Hellespont has its historical reminiscences. Almost opposite Gallipoli on the Asiatic side was situated old Lampsacus, to-day an insignificant hamlet. Farther south on the European side, the mouth of the Kara-ova-sou designates the ancient Aegos Potamos, where Lysander conquered the Athenians and thereby put an end to the Peloponnesian war. Then follow the sites of Sestos and Abydos between which places Xerxes struck his famous bridge across the Hellespont. Upon an elevation dominating Sestos stands Castle Zemenik, upon the walls of which the Turkish flag was first planted on European soil by Soliman I. Nearer to the Aegean Sea are situated the castles of the Dardanelles from which the Strait derives its name, and the fortifications of Eski-Hissarlik near which some ruins mark the site of ancient Leontis. At the outlet of the Dardanelles, near Yeni-Shehr, two mounds, which are generally pointed out to the travelers by some obliging officer, attract the attention. They are supposed to be the tombs of Achilles and Patroclus. Not far from here is the mouth of the

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Homeric Skamander which winds its way through the plain of Troy. Hoary reminiscences crowd each other at the view of these classical sites and call forth the shades of Ulysses, Agamemnon and other heroes of the Iliad. The steamer sails close to the shore and keeps its course between the coast and the Island of Imbros. Soon Tenedos comes in sight. From this place came the serpents to which Laocoon and his sons fell prey, and in that bay yonder, the Greeks hid their fleet after leaving the wooden horse of Ulysses before Troy.

"Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes."

With such thoughts as these I sat the whole day upon the deck, only occasionally exchanging a few words with the Prince, who was occupied in taking snapshots of the passengers and the coast. To him and the Princess, all this had become commonplace. They had made the trip too often. Late in the afternoon, Lesbos, the modern Mithylene, came in view. As we approached this island where the "Apollo" was to stop for a few hours, Tenedos was still showing in the north above the water-line, and Lemnos, with its double summit of volcanic origin where mythology places the forge of Vulcan, remained plainly visible.

While the steamer rapidly approached the jumbled mass of white houses appearing in the background of the Bay of Mithylene, excited screams from the stern end suddenly rent the air. Everyone hurriedly repaired to that part of the boat. Passengers and sailors were crowding each other at the railing, pointing excitedly to a dark object which appeared at some distance upon the lightly undulating waves. A passenger had jumped overboard. The order to reverse the engine had already been given, and soon the steamer stopped. Within a few moments a

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boat was lowered and the first officer with several sailors rowed quickly towards the place where the dark object still showed on the surface. After a few minutes they had reached it, and the body, which had been kept afloat by a wide fur kaftan, was pulled into the boat. Meanwhile the ship's ladder had been lowered, and the unconscious suicide, a well-dressed Turkish passenger of the second cabin, was soon laid out on deck. The surgeon was already waiting, and, with the help of a few sailors, immediately began work upon the body, trying to fan the dying spark into life again. Although hardly ten or fifteen minutes had elapsed between the jumping overboard and the picking up of the body, there was no sign of life discernible, and after two hours of hard work the perspiring physician and his assistants gave up as vain all further attempts.

This sad incident prolonged our stay in Mithylene, as a report to the authorities had to be made regarding the suicide, after his body had been taken ashore. It had become dark by the time the necessary formalities were concluded, and since I had waited for the ship's surgeon, who had offered to go ashore with me, we had hardly two or three hours left for a stroll through the poorly lighted streets. It is natural that under the circumstances we could not get a full and correct impression of the town. We could, however, observe that the streets were fairly clean, and that the handsome white houses, many of which were built of wood, indicated a general prosperity. The sound of music coming from several cafés tempted us to enter one for the purpose of taking refreshments and to observe its frequenters more closely. We had not been seated long, when an itinerant vender offered us some illustrated postal-cards of the town. Each of us had a list of names of collectors in our note-books, so we availed

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ourselves of the opportunity to buy and send off a few of these handy messages.

Concerning this subject of souvenir postal-cards, I should like to give my readers a well-meant warning to keep secret any traveling plans they may have, and more so from European friends and acquaintances. The mania

Male Passenger Types, S. S. Apollo.

for collecting these souvenirs is raging in Europe to such a degree, especially among the dear ladies, that not only relatives and friends, but simple acquaintances and casual traveling companions besiege you most urgently, as soon as it becomes known that you are about to undertake a long voyage. If the journey is to extend to countries

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off the beaten track of tourists, it may happen that requests for pictorial postal-cards are received verbally or by letter from ladies with whom you have, perhaps, a speaking acquaintance, or even from strangers. "Oh! how I do envy you," "How I would like to travel with you," and "I certainly will return the favor," etc., is what they tell you with their most bewitching smile, and it is very hard to deny such a modest request. During a long trip through Europe several years ago, I had a list of not less than forty-four persons, among whom there was even an old Austrian colonel, to all of whom I had promised to send at least one postal-card from every large city which I visited. At first this did not cause me much inconvenience, and I kept my promise conscientiously; very soon, however, I found that I had taken upon me a heavier burden than I could carry, for aside from the not inconsiderable expense (I spent more than $30 for postal-cards during that trip) the loss of time even if I only addressed, dated and signed these cards, was such that I was compelled gradually to cut down my list and at last I retained on it only the names of relatives and intimate friends. On my present voyage I had dropped even some of these and yet I had sixteen addresses in my note-book. However, I derive some consolation from the fact that my co-sufferers are legion and in spite of my own troubles I cannot suppress a malicious smile when I see them immediately upon arriving at a hotel, rush to the "portier" for that kind of stationery. They frequently do not even take the time to brush off the dust of travel before hastening into the writing-room.

The rapidity with which manufacturers and merchants have taken advantage of this collecting mania, is remarkable, and one may now get souvenir cards in most out-of-the-way places, where one would hardly expect to find

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them, as, for example, in Ephesus, Luxor, Aden, Kandy, Benares, etc. Nearly all of them are "made in Germany."

The postal-card vender was followed by other peddlers who offered various knicknacks, and since we were the only strangers in the café, we soon had the attention of the natives centered upon us. A young man offered us some ancient Greek coins, among which I found a really beautiful and rare piece, but the price asked was so high that I had to abandon the idea of buying, much as I would have liked to own it.

My interest in coins was soon noticed and another young man offered to take us to a dealer in the neighborhood, who, as he assured us, kept a fine stock of coins and other antiquities at reasonable prices. As we had more than an hour at our disposal we accepted this offer and followed our guide through several dark and narrow streets into a comfortable-looking house where we were received by a stately Greek matron. The merchant himself was not at home, but we were invited to enter a neatly-furnished reception-room on the ground floor and a messenger was immediately dispatched for the master of the house.

While we were waiting for the latter, two very handsome young girls of truest Greek type emerged from the upper rooms with some refreshments on a platter. The latter consisted of a cup of conserves in which a small spoon was placed and of two glasses filled with water. The platter was first offered to me, but since I did not know what to do with the things on it I allowed it to be passed to the doctor, ostensibly out of politeness, but in reality, to observe the way in which he would help himself. He had often before visited the islands of the Greek Archipelago, spoke some modern Greek, and in all probability knew how to take the refreshments in the proper

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way. I, for my part, did not know what to do with a cup of conserves, a single spoon and two glasses of water. The doctor justified my expectations to the fullest degree by mixing some of the conserves with the spoon into a glass of water, which mixture he drank after returning the spoon to the cup. The girls, however, must have noticed the object of my passing the platter for they were giggling together in a corner while observing me with furtive glances. Shortly after the master of the house appeared and the young girls retired with their mother, after heartily shaking hands with us and wishing us God-speed. We examined with great interest a number of beautiful vases, terra cotta figures and coins which were kept in an adjoining room, but we became suspicious when I discovered several excellent forgeries among the latter, and decided not to buy anything. We, therefore, took leave as soon as possible under the excuse of being in too great a hurry to make a selection. Our boat was waiting at the quay and we were quickly rowed to our steamer, which soon after raised anchor.

Next morning we were near the entrance to the Bay of Smyrna. I made use of the time until landing by photographing several types of passengers who were specially attractive. With the help of an interpreter and a good baksheesh I succeeded in getting a picture, without yashmak, of the younger one of the Syrian women mentioned before. An old Turk furnished a fine model of a biblical Patriarch. Some trouble, but much fun, I had with another Turk whom I tried to photograph, and who, noticing my intentions, succeeded for a long time in thwarting my object. At last I succeeded in getting a snap-shot of him just as he turned around with a satirical smile thinking that he had escaped another attempt. His smile on the

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picture seems to say: "You can't catch *me* with your infernal machine."

Coming from the sea, the view of Smyrna is magnificent. In the background appears the city with its white houses, cupolas and minarets stretching in a semi-circle around

Custom House Landing in Smyrna.

the blue water of the harbor. To the north and separated from the city by a fertile valley, a range of hills rises against the horizon, while the view towards the south is limited by a sharp line of rugged mountains. Out of these rise the imposing summits of the "Two Brothers." Directly beyond the city rises Mont Pagus, the top of

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which is crowned by the ruins of a Genoese castle. The coloring of the landscape is thoroughly Oriental, and the sky is of that transparent deep blue which forms the despair of all painters who try to reproduce it.

The landing is made in small boats which surround the steamer immediately after the anchor has dropped, the boatsmen noisily soliciting the patronage of the travelers. After I had taken leave of Musurus Bey and the Princess, who once more invited me to be sure and visit Samos, I was rowed to the passenger custom house next to the landing bridge which stretches out into the harbor. A great crowd of officials, boatsmen, hammals and passengers filled the building. It was well that I had provided myself in Constantinople with a "Teskireh" (Turkish passport) without which no passenger is allowed to land. Foreign passports in the Sultan's domain are only good for Constantinople, and for the purpose of visiting other places, especially in Asiatic Turkey, it is absolutely necessary to have a special passport issued by the Turkish police authorities of the capital.

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II.

ANCIENT AND MODERN SMYRNA.—THE QUAY.—THE RUE FRANQUE AND RUE PARALLELE.—THE BAZAAR.—THE CARAVAN BRIDGE.—MONT PAGUS.—MR. E.....—ENVIRONS OF SMYRNA.—A MEMORIAL OF SESOSTRIS.

Smyrna, in ancient times one of the wealthiest towns of Ionia, is one of the few historical cities which have preserved at least part of their former importance up to the present age. It is, however, hard to understand to-day by what qualities she may have gained the exaggerated epithets by which she has been known in ancient and modern times, such as "Smyrna the lovely," "The eye of Anatolia," "The crown of Ionia," "The pearl of the Orient," etc. The stranger, at least, cannot find, even during a prolonged stay, anything besides the magnificent climate, the beautiful gulf and the deep blue sky, that would justify these epithets. True, Smyrna at one time was an important city, the commercial center of the whole great territory of Asia Minor and even more distant eastern countries which sent here their caravans laden with Oriental products to be exchanged for the goods of the Occident. Since the introduction of steamers, however, and the growth of other seaports on the coast of Asia Minor, caused by the ever increasing steamship lines, its erstwhile monopoly of trade has been broken. Syria, Armenia and Persia are to-day independent of Smyrna, exporting and receiving their products largely through other channels. There was even a time for Smyrna, about the middle of the last century, when commerce and industry were lying fallow, when its harbor was almost forsaken and its

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streets bore no sign of the commercial activity which had made the city in ancient times the queen of Asia Minor. Lately long-needed reforms in commerce and industry, as well as two railroad lines leading into the interior, have improved conditions considerably, and the city has regained part of its former importance. Next to Constantinople, Smyrna is certainly to-day the largest commercial city of the Turkish Empire, and its harbor shows again something of the life which characterized it in ancient times.

Smyrna saw its greatest period of prosperity and splendor shortly after its rebuilding by Antigonus and Lysimachus, before which, for nearly 400 years, *i.e.*, since its total destruction in 627 B. C., it had lain in ruins. Since then, its importance as a commercial place has slowly but steadily decreased, while it fell successively into the hands of many conquerors, such as the Greeks, Romans, Venetians, Genoese and Turks.

The glory of the city in antiquity did not rest alone upon its commerce, and there was a time when its inhabitants were known for their love of art and literature. Smyrna boasted once of one of the most renowned schools of rhetoric and philosophy, and disputed with six other cities the honor of being the birthplace of immortal Homer. Of the statue and the temple erected to the poet of the Iliad, there are, however, no traces left. Neither can the grotto on the shore of the little stream Meles be found, where Homer was said to have composed some of his epics. It seems as if the people of Smyrna are lacking that ingenuity which makes out of a water-hole a "Moses Well" and a plume from the wings of the Archangel Gabriel out of a parrot-feather.

There are hardly any antique remains left in Smyrna, and the interest of the traveler centers mainly in the pict-

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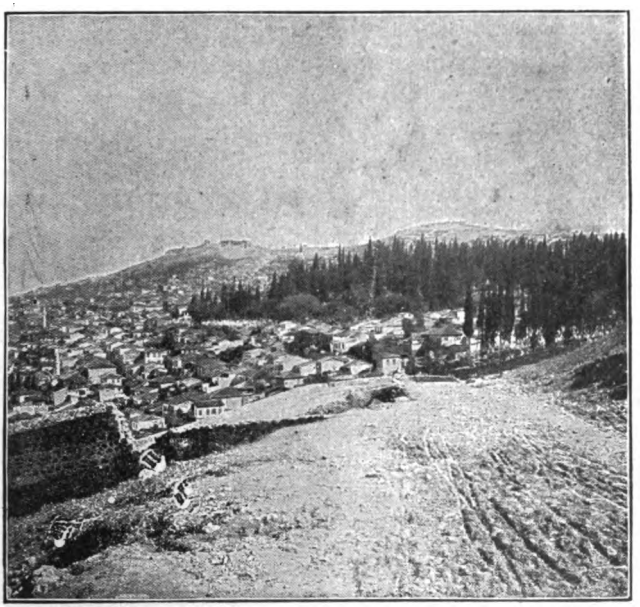
uresque activity of the Frank, Greek, Armenian and Jewish quarters, the great bazaar, the rug and carpet stores, and the port. The latter now generally harbors quite a number of vessels, among which the German, Austrian and Russian flags predominate. Greece and Italy are also represented by a considerable number of smaller craft.



View of Smyrna.

A stroll along the quays which extend a distance of about two miles, is generally the first thing a stranger undertakes after making himself comfortable in the hotel. A street-car line girdles the harbor completely, and offers a peculiar contrast to groups of camels walking with long strides alongside the tracks carrying their heavy loads to warehouses and steamers. That part of the port which

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lies between the landing place and the main custom house contains mostly smaller shops, ship chandlers and steamship-line offices, sailors' taverns and low dives of all sorts, and is said to be a dangerous place at night-time.

The other part of the quay, beginning at the Hotel Huck and extending in an opposite direction would bear almost an European character, were it not for the Oriental architecture of some of the houses and the semi-tropical vegetation. Here are modern hotels, residences and cafés and a number of clubs, among which the Sporting Club, the Cercle Oriental, the Club Hellenique, the New Club and the Cercle Européen are the foremost. In one of the cafés here I passed many a leisure hour sipping a glass of sherbet or a cup of Turkish coffee. Seated under the oleander trees in front of the café I also tried, like the natives, to smoke a Nargileh, the use of which with the necessary tobacco may be had from the waiters for a small fee. But in spite of my efforts to learn, I could find no pleasure in this method of smoking, which really necessitates a pair of leather lungs, and I had to content myself with cigarettes, which may be had here in excellent quality.

One of these cafés contains a telephone and the proprietor tells in connection therewith the following story of which, if untrue, one may say at least: "Si non e vero e bene trovato."

Shortly after the instrument had been installed, a Turkish hammal brought a verbal message to the proprietor with the request for an immediate answer. To give such it was necessary to consult another person by telephone and the messenger was ordered to wait until the man could be spoken to. While the telephonic conversation was carried on, the hammal's eyes came near bulging out of their sockets and the proprietor noticed, expressed in his face, the alternate feelings of astonishment and terror.

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The conversation finished, the proprietor turned to the waiting messenger: "Mr. N.... says that he cannot procure the promised goods. Tell this to your master!" With eyes still wide open the hammal answered: "All right, master! I will do so;" and after a pause: "Excuse me, master, it is said that the Franks are on good terms with the devil, but, by the beard of the Prophet, you cannot make me believe that fat Mr. N.... is in that little box there."

The main streets of Smyrna next to the quay are the Rue Franque and the Rue Parallèle, both of which run in the same direction. In these two streets, especially in the former, are situated the largest shops, which for Oriental conditions may certainly be called elegant. They are modern in every way and have prettily arranged show windows in which French and English goods predominate. Among them I noticed only one large shop after the pattern of American department stores. The main streets are frequently connected with each other by passages containing smaller stores and cafés. The pavement of the Rue Franque, and the Rue Parallèle may be said to be excellent according to Turkish standards, and it is certainly far better than that of the grand Rue de Pera of Constantinople. In other parts Smyrna is badly paved, and nearly all streets lack sidewalks. Lately the municipality has attempted some improvements in this direction, and it is said that they intend to repave all streets in the course of time. The need of better pavements is a pressing one, but with the characteristic slowness of Turkish authorities, it will probably take a long time before this is achieved.

The rug stores of Smyrna are naturally the main attraction for the stranger and there are a considerable number of them in the Frank quarters as well as in the native

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bazaar. The stranger who visits these with the intention of making a purchase will find, however, to his great disappointment, that the prices demanded are such that, freight and duty taken into consideration, he may as well abandon his object, as he could buy the same goods in every large store of New York or Chicago at lower prices. How far the latter were affected by the circumstance that at the time of my sojourn, two representatives of American houses were buying goods in Smyrna, I am unable to say.

To the European or American the native bazaar certainly offers more interest than the modern business streets. Although it cannot compare with the great bazaar of Stamboul, the exceedingly rich selection of Oriental goods must satisfy the most critical visitor. The character of the thousand and one small stores forming the bazaar is the same as in Constantinople, and the merchants show the same greed and pertinacity. The main staples which attract the eye are arms and embroideries, but it is necessary to exert a good deal of caution in purchasing, since many of the beautiful old yatagans, flint-lock pistols and handjars, as well as some of the prettiest Oriental textile goods are "made in Germany" even if they do not bear that famous trade mark. Furs are also exhibited in great variety and at low prices, and the dried and candied fruits, a specialty of Smyrna, would tempt the most fastidious.

Another interesting sight of Smyrna is the caravan bridge which can be reached in half an hour from the quay. This bridge forms the only approach to the city for camel caravans from the interior, and one has to stop there only a short time to see a long line of heavily-laden animals passing. First comes the leader, seated on a small donkey. He is followed by the camels in groups of five or

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six. The animals march in single file and are connected with each other by long ropes. Each group is accompanied by a driver. The bridge spans the historical streamlet Meles in a bold arch of great stone blocks, and is a charming object for the painter with its mellow hues, passing camels, drivers, and its background of a Turkish cemetery shaded by magnificent cypresses. With several cafés in the neighborhood, it is no wonder that the cara-

The Quai in Smyrna

van bridge is a much favored suburban locality where the lower class of the inhabitants of the city congregate largely, especially on Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath.

There are no mementos of the oldest period of Smyrna left in the city proper. The few ruins of that time are scattered on Mont Pagus, and consist of parts of an Hellenic wall which may be distinguished among the foundations of the Genoese castle which crowns its summit, and in a few unimportant remains of a temple of Jupiter

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and of a theater or stadion on the same hill. Everything else has disappeared, but it is easy to guess where to, if one observes closely the houses in the upper parts of the city, and the tombs in the Turkish cemetery which are largely built of antique material. One may notice frequently in the walls of dilapidated buildings beautiful capitals of Ionian or Corinthian columns, large stone slabs with half-obliterated inscriptions, mutilated bas-reliefs and occasionally even a fairly well-preserved bust.

An excursion to the Genoese ruins on Mont Pagus is well worth making, even for those to whom historical reminiscences and antique monuments are of little interest. The summit is reached on foot in less than one hour, but since the ascent by the rocky, zigzag road is not one of the most pleasant, the guides recommend the use of horses or donkeys. I was taught by experience that for similar excursions donkeys are preferable since they have a surer foot than horses and one does well to trust himself passively to the animal and its driver. It is advisable, however, especially on the descent, not to keep the feet in the stirrups, as some of the animals are weak in the front legs and stumble easily. If, in such a case, the rider is caught with his feet in the stirrups, he is invariably thrown headlong over the head of the donkey, while otherwise with a little agility and by riding like the Turks and Arabs, with legs stretched far forward, he alights on his feet. The fear of appearing ridiculous prevents many a tourist from following this advice, which is nearly always given by the escorting driver or guide, but I consider it a better plan to appear ridiciulous than to risk your bones during a journey in far-off lands. A young man with whom I made an excursion to Ephesus also came to this conclusion, but not before he had received a skinned nose and cheek, as well as a sprained wrist.

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The road to the summit of Mont Pagus offers in several places a fine outlook upon the bay and a part of the city, but only after reaching the top is the view a really magnificent one. The old fortifications are entered by a large, much dilapidated gate. Not far from this are the ruins of an old Mosque which is said to stand on the same place where the first Christian church of Smyrna was erected. The numerous cisterns and subterranean ways and vaults which one sees everywhere are said to have been formerly connected with exits at the foot of the hill, of which connections, however, there are no traces left to-day. Somewhat higher on the hill are the remains of a second wall that surround the ruins of the real stronghold erected by the Genoese on the site of the old Acropolis of Smyrna. Of the latter there are, as mentioned before, only parts of the original foundation-wall visible, which even to-day may be easily distinguished by the regularity of its construction and the beauty of its blocks from the roughly hewn and cemented Genoese stones. The high towers of the castle are in bad condition, but they may still be mounted by means of much dilapidated stairs in the interior.

From one of these towers one may have a beautiful panoramic view. I left my guide with the donkeys farther down and mounted the tower alone in order to enjoy the view without being annoyed by the usual senseless chatter of the professional guide. There at my feet, beginning at the lower slope of the hill, lay the city with its white houses and flat roofs, its cupolas and slender minarets. Farther on, the blue Gulf with its numerous steamers and white sails, mirrored the sky as far as the promontory of Kara Burnu. To the northeast stretched the plains of Bournabat and Hadjilar, and in the opposite direction the fertile valley which is dominated by the mountain chain

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of the "Two Brothers." Between them lay picturesquely and surrounded by luxuriant vegetation, the villages of Boudjah and Sedi-Keui. At the foot of the hill, in a different direction from the city, the Meles wound its narrow thread of water through an imposing ravine towards a mighty aqueduct in the distance, while somewhat nearer, another aqueduct was partly hidden by intervening hills. This panorama was so charming that I spent considerably over an hour on the top of the tower before descending again. The guide was just about to look for me when I emerged from the tower. Our return to the city was made by another direction, passing the interesting but squalid Jewish quarters.

The immediate environs of Smyrna are in reality all that would justify a longer stay in the city, for two or three days are more than sufficient to see everything Smyrna itself offers. Although a few months before two young strangers had been captured by bandits during a bicycle excursion in the immediate vicinity of the city and were only liberated on payment of a considerable ransom, I did not allow my well-meaning host, Mr. Fragiacomo, to scare me out of excursions into the country, but visited nearly all points worth while seeing, in the company of a good guide. The only precautionary measure which I used was to take along a revolver which I always carry in my baggage, but hardly ever on my person. On several of these excursions I accepted the company of a young Austrian commercial traveler whose acquaintance I had made at the *table d'hote* in the hotel. He asked to join me, as he naively confessed, because it was more pleasant to go sightseeing with another person and because thereby, —and this was the main object,—the expenses per capita were cut in two.

"You see," he said to me, "whether you are alone in

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your carriage or whether I go along, and whether your guide tells his yarns exclusively to you or to us both, can be all the same to you, especially if I pay half of the expenses."

I had to acknowledge the incontestible logic of this argument, and although the strictly commercial standpoint

Genoese Ruin on Mont Pagus, Smyrna.

from which he viewed and discussed everything, did not harmonize with my ideas, I accepted his offer to accompany me whenever his duties would allow him to do so.

One of our first excursions into the country was made to the Point des Moulins and from there to Bournabat. This place is situated approximately on the site of the

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original Smyrna, and is to-day the favorite summer residence of the European population. Not far from Bournabat are the ruins of ancient Sipylum and on a mountain slope nearby is shown the so-called tomb of the legendary King Tantalus, the situation of which corresponds fairly well with a description given by Pausanias. It has a diameter of about one hundred feet, and its circular base of roughly hewn stone is fairly well preserved. According to an ancient description, it was built in conical shape and its height is said to have exceeded eighty feet. Somewhat higher on the mountain slope is a small pond which the French scientist Texier takes to be the ancient Lake Saloé mentioned by Strabo and Plinius. Other ruins in the neighborhood, though numerous, are not of great interest.

Favorite points of excursion are also Cordelio, Sedi-Keui, Narli-Keui, noted for its fine pomegranates, and Bournabachi with numerous cold springs. The latter is especially favored by the better classes who visit the place during the season in large numbers.

Of extraordinary archæological interest is Nimfi, the ancient Nymphæum, a village at the entrance of which are found the ruins of a Byzantine palace. At the time of the Byzantine rulers, Nimfi was a favorite resort, but it is not the ruins of that period which are of greatest interest. Within two or three miles from the village, one reaches a picturesque narrow ravine luxuriantly grown with bushes and trees, called the Kara-bel defile, through which runs a narrow but swift rivulet. On one of the precipitous rocky walls of this ravine, half hidden by shrubbery, one may perceive at a height of 130 to 150 feet, a gigantic bas-relief sculpture, the so-called monument of Sesostris. It can be reached only in a roundabout way and not without the help of a guide, as the approaches are hidden by dense underbrush. This sculpture is hewn out in a shal-

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low artificial niche of the rock, and represents a royal Egyptian warrior, evidently Sesostris himself. The figure stands about ten feet high, its profile turned to the east. At about the elevation of the head a hieroglyphical inscription is plainly discernible. The right hand of the King holds a bow, the left a spear. This monument corresponds exactly with the description given by Herodotus of such a monument of Sesostris in this locality with the only difference that Herodotus puts the spear into the right hand and the bow in the left, instead of vice versa. This mistake, however, is easily explained by the peculiar position of the figure. The fact that the cartouche (royal hieroglyphic seal) of Rameses appears in the inscription, makes it probable that this sculpture is identical with that mentioned by Herodotus. Be this as it may, it is undoubtedly a monument of great antiquity, having been pronounced by good archæologists as dating from about the fifteenth century B. C.

Magnesia and Pergamon, both of which are easily reached by the Cassaba railway line, I omitted to visit, preferring to gain more time for an excursion to the important ruins of Ephesus, which are historically more interesting and of greater beauty and extent.

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III.

EXCURSION TO EPHESUS.—IMPRESSIONS.—GYPSY TYPES IN TURBALI.—TURKISH RAILWAY CONDITIONS.—THE RUINS.—THE DECLINE AND FALL OF MR. E.....—THE BANDITS.—OUR CANDID HOST.—LAMENT OF MR. E.....—THE SHREWD CONDUCTOR.

While it formerly took at least two or three days from Smyrna, and sometimes more, to visit the ruins of Ephesus, this excursion, as we were assured, can be made at present in one day. During the tourists' season a regular train of the "Compagnie du chemin de fer Ottoman" leaves Smyrna daily at eight o'clock in the morning, arriving about noon at the small station near the ruins, and as another train returns to the city at four o'clock P. M., one has four hours' time for a visit to Ephesus. Whether this is really so or not, I cannot state, as my sojourn in Smyrna fell outside the season. Our experience at least was a different one, and it throws such a peculiar light on the railway conditions in Asia Minor, that my narrative will be received by many with doubt. Nevertheless, what I relate in the following lines are facts.

One morning I boarded the train to Ephesus accompanied by Mr. E...., the Austrian commercial traveler mentioned before, and by our guide, who assured us that we could be back in Smyrna the same evening. A clear sky promised a beautiful day, and I anticipated great pleasure from the archæological treat awaiting me. The train moved with aggravating slowness, making about eight or ten miles per hour, through the fertile plain of Smyrna, after passing which, it reached the chain of hills

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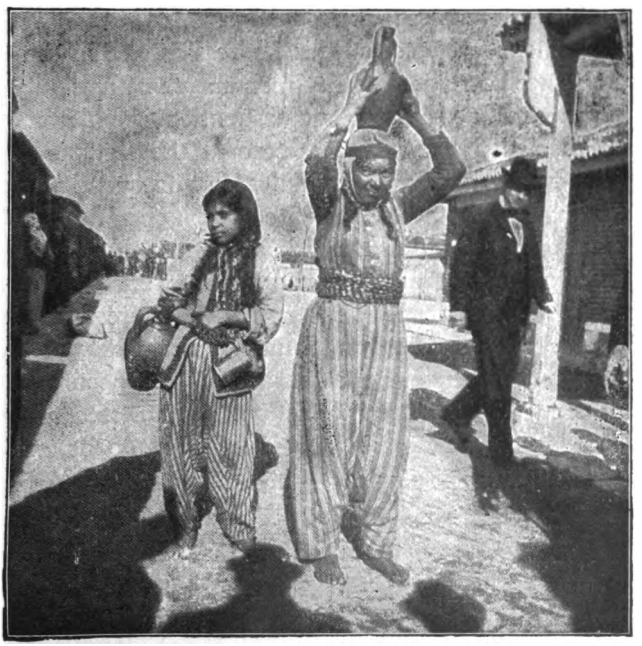
through which the railroad leads towards Ephesus. Outside of the Scotch conductor, the engineer and ourselves, there was no European on the train. The first-class compartment in which we sat showed traces of former elegance, but the plush upholstery, upon which the dust lay thick, was badly worn. The carriages of the second and



Gypsy Types in Turbali.

third class were still dirtier and filled with native merchants and peasants.

The small stations at which we stopped offered little of interest, but the landscape of barren hills interrupted by small patches of pasture and cultivated fields, had a peculiar charm. One could, so to speak, notice its venerable

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age. It is peculiar, but I have received this impression also from the landscapes of Greece and Upper Egypt, while similar scenes in Europe and America appear to me, in comparison with these, vastly different, much newer, somewhat as a modern painting differs from an old master. If one would ask me, however, about the real differences and the real causes of the different impression, I should be embarrassed for an answer. It is something inexplainable, for I received this impression also in the entire absence of ruins or other monuments of antiquity.

The nearer we came to our destination, the slower the train seemed to move. The stops at the stations were hardly ever less than ten minutes, but frequently more. Once or twice the train also halted in the open fields. On the station platform of Turbali, where a longer stop was made, figs, pomegranates and oranges were offered by venders. We noticed here some highly interesting types of gypsy women who were running alongside the train with water pitchers and fruit baskets. Their peculiar costume attracted our special attention. It consisted of long wide trousers, made of striped woolen goods, which seemed to form one piece with the waist-garment. Around the middle of the body a gayly-colored scarf was wound. The head, with the exception of the face, was tightly wrapped in a white cloth held in place by a black woolen band around the forehead. On seeing these women, I left my compartment for the purpose of securing a snap-shot if possible. The small black case, however, seemed not to be unknown to them; they looked at it suspiciously and escaped before I got near enough to execute my purpose. I should never have succeeded in getting the desired snap-shot, had I not, with the help of the guide, taken recourse to the almighty baksheesh. In the background of the pic-

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ture unfortunately Mr. E...., who had approached without my noticing him in the focus, also appears.

About 12:30 P. M. we at last reached Ephesus, or rather the small station nearby. It had taken us four hours and a half to make a run of some forty miles. During the last hour the sky had become dark and threatening, and as we stepped off the train heavy black clouds were sailing over the plain of Ephesus and the surrounding hills. Upon an inquiry by our guide, we were told to our great astonishment, that the only train returning to Smyrna on the same day was due at one o'clock, *i. e.*, in about half an hour. Since we had not come to Ephesus for the pleasure of the ride, and on the other hand did not intend to stay over night, we found ourselves in a rather unpleasant dilemma. Mr. E...., who did not care much for the sight of ruins or "rubbish," as he called them, suggested that we avail ourselves of the only opportunity and return by the next train to Smyrna. I objected strenuously against the suggestion, as I wished under all circumstances to attain the purpose for which I had made the journey. One doesn't come every day to Ephesus! My counter-suggestion was to secure any kind of quarters for the night, and to stay over, rather than to return without having attained our object. But Mr. E.... had a business appointment with an important customer the following morning and would not listen to this plan.

While I still tried to persuade him, our guide returned. He had in the interval gone into the small station building to interview the official who held the office of station master, telegraph operator, etc. His smiling face indicated good news. The official had told him that a freight train was due at about two o'clock which we could get permission to use for our return to Smyrna. This was improving conditions somewhat, but even the additional hour

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would hardly have allowed us time to hire the necessary horses or donkeys and to reach the ruins, which are at a distance of about half an hour's ride from the station. A closer visit of Ephesus seemed, therefore, to be excluded.

Once more the almighty baksheesh became our salvation. The guide went for another interview with the official, and soon after brought us the glad tidings that the freight train would be held for our convenience at the station until four o'clock, and if necessary longer.

"The thing will cost ten shillings," he whispered to us in an impressive tone. "And it is certainly worth that much," added Mr. E.....

While the guide was searching for the necessary animals, we repaired into the small tavern near the station. This is kept by a well-fed Greek and is situated in the shadow of an ancient Roman aqueduct, the fairly preserved arches of which offer protection to a few dilapidated hovels. The tavern in reality is not an inn in the true sense of the word. It is the residence of the family, and we were conducted by the host into a sort of sitting-room, which at the same time serves as reception-hall for strangers. We ordered refreshments, but outside of goat cheese, bread, some fruit and wine, nothing was to be had. Making the best of this bill of fare, we ate hurriedly, and after our guide, who had meanwhile returned with three decrepit nags, had partaken of our frugal meal, we mounted our steeds. The sky had steadily become more cloudy, and the host prognosticated a severe thunder-storm. There was no doubt that a heavy rain was threatening, for large drops began already to fall. Nevertheless we started, although Mr. E.... was strongly inclined to withdraw from the excursion and await our return in the tavern. The settling of our bill was postponed until that time.

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Having set our nags in motion, it did not take us long to find out that the prospective ride would not be counted with our most pleasant reminiscences of travel. The saddles were hard and bore the traces of long years of service. The leather parts were brittle and mended in many places. The animals themselves looked as if they were in danger

Roman Aqueduct near Ephesus

of breaking down any moment. We had arrived at a point about ten minutes distant from the ruins when the storm broke in all its fury. The rain fell in torrents, blinding sheets of lightning zigzagged on the horizon, and the soft road was changed into a sea of mud before we reached the first heap of ruins. By that time we were wet

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to the skin, but being compelled to make the best use of our time, we did not seek any protection from the rain and followed the lead of our cicerone.

Under the circumstances it was not possible to explore the ruins thoroughly, and we had to satisfy ourselves with viewing the main objects of interest, which, as it was, occupied our time for more than two hours. The territory over which the ruins are scattered is very large, but excepting a few fairly well preserved structures, Ephesus represents to-day hardly more than a gigantic heap of debris through which it is difficult to advance.

In ancient times, Ephesus was one of the most important cities of Ionia and although several times destroyed, it was always rebuilt on the same or an adjoining site. This explains the great extent of the field of ruins. The oldest part of the city was situated on the slope of a hill called "Prion" which rises in the center of the ruins. The most brilliant epoch Ephesus witnessed was during the reign of Lysimachus, who embellished the city greatly and fortified it with strong walls. But long before that time the city was renowned for its wealth and the magnificence of its buildings. Among the latter, it was especially the Temple of Diana, counted among the seven wonders of the world, which made the name of Ephesus one of the best known in ancient history. There is no trace left now of this grand temple which, as is well known, was burned down by Herostratus the same night in which Alexander the Great was born. Our guide pointed out to us some broken columns lying prone in the mud as the remains of the Sanctuary of Diana, but the fact is that scientific investigations have not been able as yet to locate definitely the site of this great monument. On the other hand, the walls of Lysimachus may easily be traced to a length of about 1,500 yards. These walls are flanked at certain intervals

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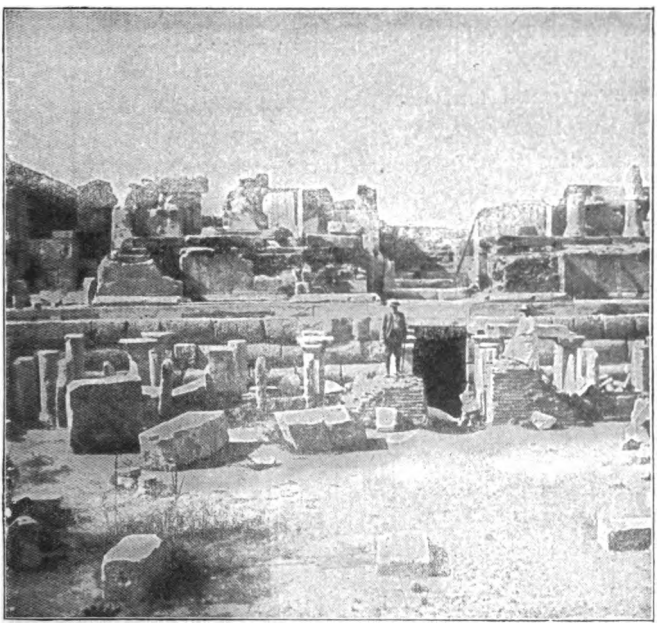
by the crumbling remains of towers built alternately of square and irregular stone blocks. A road lined by numerous tombstones, most of them utterly destroyed, is hewn in the rock and follows the direction of the wall. From a point on this road one may perceive the so-called prison of St. Paul, who first preached christianity in Ephesus.



Ruins of an Antique Theatre in Ephesus.

The fairly well preserved remains of a theater hewn into the slope of the rock are situated on the hill mentioned, and in the immediate vicinity of it are the ruins of the Stadion. The latter leans with its left wing on the hill, while the right one is supported by a gigantic sub-structure of stone. The interior of neither theater nor Stadion

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offers anything remarkable, while of the erstwhile magnificent baths nothing but the great demolished vaults are to be seen. A large market-place has lately been excavated, but consists only of a mass of broken shafts and blocks of marble.

While we were following our guide through the labyrinth of fragments and fallen columns, the accident occurred to which I have referred in the preceding chapter and which served to disgust Mr. E.... thoroughly with our excursion. The unceasing rainfall had made the rocky ground and the weed-grown debris slippery, increasing the difficulties of the animals in making headway. Ever since we had reached the ruins, the guide and I were riding native fashion without stirrups, having thrown them over the necks of our horses. Mr. E.... declined to follow our example and kept his feet, in spite of the guide's warning, in the stirrups, although his animal had already slipped several times. The decline, however, was swiftly followed by the fall. We were riding slowly and carefully down hill from the Stadion, when his horse, climbing over an obstacle, slipped again with the front legs and, falling on its knees, threw the rider from the saddle. Mr. E.... described a graceful curve in the air over the head of the animal and landed on a grassy spot, where he lay for a moment without motion. Before the guide and I could dismount and hurry to his aid, Mr. E.... had raised himself from the ground on his hands and knees. One side of his face was covered with dirt and blood, and his left wrist was badly wrenched. Otherwise he had not been hurt seriously.

"Serves me right," he said, while we tried to cleanse his face as well as possible. "Why do I need to climb around among old stone-heaps and to look at old rubbish? Had I remained in Smyrna, I might have sold a bill of goods."

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We tried to console him, but after drawing from his pocket a small mirror and carefully contemplating his skinned nose and cheek, he remarked in a bitter tone, "This is what I get for visiting Ephesus. Was it necessary for me to come here? What will my Irma say when I return to Vienna with such a souvenir?"

By this time we had seen about everything worth seeing, and as the time was pressing, we started on our way back. While roaming about among the ruins, we had observed from time to time several suspicious figures wrapped in blankets who seemed to follow us, keeping as much as possible out of sight between the heaps of debris. I must confess that, remembering the recent kidnaping of two tourists by bandits in the vicinity of Smyrna, a fact mentioned before, we felt somewhat alarmed and Mr. E.... as well as myself were glad to have taken along our revolvers. The imaginary bandits, however, proved to be quite innocent goat-herds, who on our return to the station ran ahead of us watching their first opportunity to hold us up—for a few baksheesh piastres. They had covered their heads with blankets only to protect themselves against the rain.

The weather was now clearing up somewhat, patches of blue sky showing between the ragged clouds, and for moments even a ray of sunshine broke through the gray masses. I improved these bright moments by taking a few snap-shots of the ruins and of an old Genoese castle on top of a hill which we passed on the way back to the inn.

It was nearly four o'clock when we again entered the house of our Greek host wet as poodles. A bright fire was burning on the open hearth. We hurriedly took off as much of our clothing as decency allowed, and hanging them up to dry before the blaze, seated ourselves as near

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as possible to the fire. While our clothes were steaming and fuming, the host presented his bill, which had the effect of making us fume, too. It amounted to fourteen francs for a little cheese, fruit, bread and sour wine. We remonstrated energetically against this outrageous charge without, however, being able to secure a reduction. To Mr. E....'s question whether we were charged the regular prices, our host replied with great equanimity and blandness that we were not; but since tourists at the time were rare in Ephesus, he must needs make up for the lack of patrons whenever the opportunity presented itself. We were quite dumbfounded by this brutal frankness, but there was nothing to be done but pay. After we had settled, our Greek friend presented his register with the request that we inscribe our names, and, if we saw fit, a small recommendation of his inn.

Mr. E.... signed his name in bold characters, and I followed with mine, above which I wrote the following lines in German:

"Kommst Fremder Du nach Ephesus,
So kehre nicht hier ein,
Denn ist der Wirth zu Dir auch suess,
Er stellt Dir doch ein Bein."

The innkeeper, who did not understand German, begged me to interpret this verse to him. I did it as follows:

"Oh, stranger, when in Ephesus,
Do patronize this inn,
The host is always honest here,
His heart is free of sin."

In reality, however, my German verse would read in translation somewhat like this:

"Oh, stranger, when in Ephesus,
On an exploring tour,
Don't patronize this little inn,
For you'll be cheated sure."

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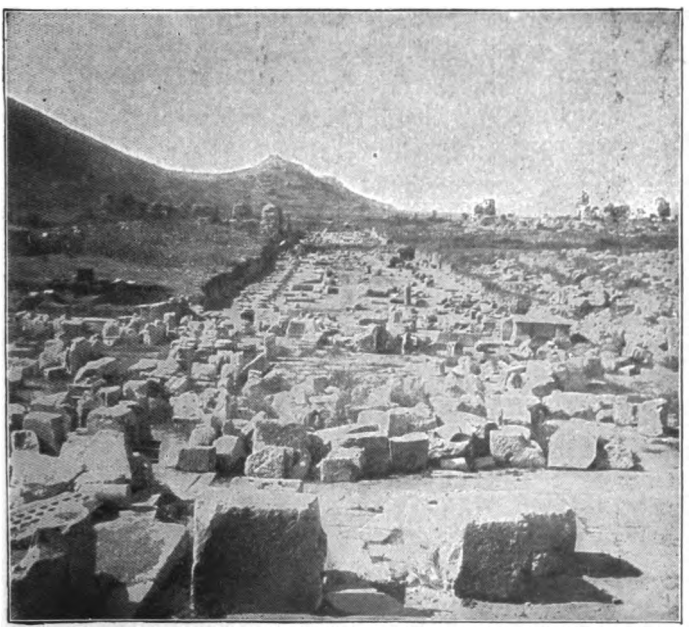
I should like to see the fat Greek's face when an obliging tourist some time in the future gives him the correct translation.

Our clothes were still wet and we ourselves were steaming near the blazing fire, when the station master entered with the request to hurry, as the train had waited consid-



Ruins of a Market Place in Ephesus.

erably more than two hours, and he could not very well retain it much longer. We explained the circumstances to him, and the dense vapor arising from our clothes offered convincing proof that we had to wait a little longer. We ordered another bottle of wine and he accepted our invitation to help us empty it. While engaged

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in this task, he informed us that an empty passenger car of the third class was attached to the freight train which was to bring us back to Smyrna, and that this would be put at our exclusive disposal. But he also pointed out the possibility of the train staying over night at some station on the way. This outlook, even though remote, was not very pleasing, and Mr. E.... made a long face as he considered the possibility of missing his business appointment on the following day and perhaps losing thereby the sale of a bill of goods. I, too, although not confronted by such a danger, contemplated with horror the prospect of a night on the hard and dirty benches of a third class compartment of the "Compagnie du chemin de fer Ottoman." The mere thought of the vermin with which these cars are infested, was sufficient to cause an unpleasant itching. Still the outlook was better than to be exposed to the dangers of a ride in an open freight car for five or six hours in wet clothes.

In about half an hour the clothes hanging near the fire had so far dried that we could put them on again, but those on our bodies were still in a condition of steaming dampness. The official had again become impatient and we now hurried to the train accompanied by a crowd of youthful baksheesh hunters. For the use of the three nags we had to pay fifteen francs, about half their value.

Making ourselves as comfortable as possible on the benches of our compartment we prepared with patience for the tedious trip. Coming to Ephesus in the morning we had had at least the pastime of contemplating an ever-changing landscape, and the thought of the prospective visit to the famous ruins had shortened the time very agreeably. But now darkness was fast approaching, and the smoky lamp on the ceiling spread hardly light enough for us to see each other. Through the interstices of the

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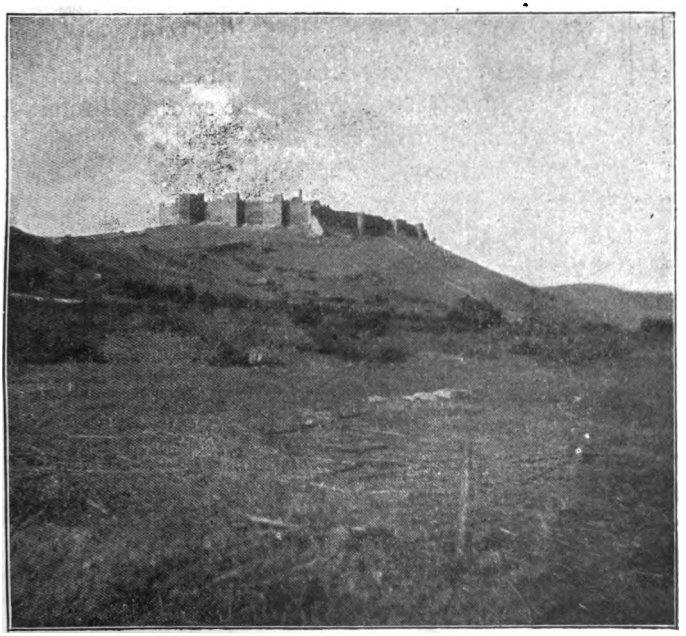
compartment doors and the cracks of the rattling windows, a cold draft entered which, considering our damp clothing, was sure to be followed by disagreeable consequences. We soon began to shiver and under these conditions, even my archæological enthusiasm suffered a strong reaction. Having sat for a long while without speaking, Mr. E.... suddenly asked:



Old Genoese Castle near Ephesus.

"Well, do you really believe that it was worth while to visit the dirty rubbish heaps?"

"Under the prevailing circumstances, no!" I replied, somewhat crestfallen. "I only regret that my plans do not allow me to repeat this excursion in more favorable weather and with more time at my disposal."

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"Well, I don't believe that a team of oxen could drag me again to Ephesus," said Mr. E..... "Ephesus, fine place that! Just look at my nose. What will my Irma say?"

And he again brought out his small pocket mirror in order that he might contemplate with the help of a burning match the skinned patches of his face.

"An empire, even a republic for a court plaster," he remarked wittily, but with a painful smile. "Haven't you any?" And as I regretfully answered in the negative, he added, "Just my luck; it seems as if the sword of Columbus was ever hanging over me."

"Console yourself, my dear Mr. E....," I replied pleasantly, "perhaps you will find some day the egg of Damokles and then your luck will change."

About two hours had passed drearily when a long stop induced us to send out the guide to ascertain the cause. He returned soon with the Turkish conductor and the information that a part of the locomotive was out of order, and that there was every prospect of spending the night at this little station.

So the dreaded event had really occurred. Mr. E.... was raging about in the small compartment, cursing the old Greeks, the modern Turks, and probably, inwardly, me too. My patience was also exhausted and an energetic curse escaped my lips. But suddenly I bethought myself of something better than swearing. Raging and cursing have no effect whatever on a phlegmatic Oriental. I called the guide aside and slipping a ten franc piece into his hand, while I pointed over my shoulder to the conductor, I said to him:

"You understand me. It is seven o'clock now; if we are in Smyrna by nine, there will be five francs added."

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Fifteen minutes later the train was moving again and shortly after nine o'clock we arrived at our destination.

The consequences of this excursion for me were a severe catarrh and a cough which did not leave me for several weeks, while Mr. E...., although he was able to keep his business appointment on the following day, had to go to bed immediately after. When I left for Samos on the second day following our excursion, he was still confined to his room. But when I returned from there to take the steamship for Piræus, he was quite well again. He received me with the words: "Say, after all it was a good thing that we returned the same day from that cursed Ephesus. One of my strongest competitors was here since, but I had already sold my customer a bill of 1500 francs."

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IV.

ARRIVAL IN VATHY.—MORE ABOUT MUSURUS BEY.—MODERN SAMOS.—SAMIAN FLEAS.—RUINS OF SAMOS.—AN AMERICAN PARTY ON THE "JUPITER."—CASTORIA AND POLUXENA.—APPROACH TO PIRAEUS.—ENTRY INTO ATHENS WITH OBSTACLES.

The trip from Smyrna to Samos lasts only a few hours and sailboats or small coast steamers which ply between the first named city and the island may be used for the excursion. Samos, however, has sufficient commercial importance for the larger Levant steamers of the Austrian Lloyd, the Compagnie des Messageries Maritimes and other lines to touch regularly at Vathy, its capital and principal seaport. Considering the small area of the island, which is less than 300 square miles, it is natural that its industrial and commercial life concentrate in this city which is inhabited by more than one-tenth of the islanders, numbering about 55,000 in all. The harbor of Vathy is very picturesque, but lacks the business activity of other ports in the Orient. The city has 6,000 inhabitants and consists of two parts, Vathy ano, the upper, and Vathy kato, the lower town. The latter part is, on account of its proximity to the harbor, the center of business, and a stroll through the narrow streets might create the impression of being in a larger and more populous town.

As soon as the steamer touches the landing-place, and the passengers disembark, they are surrounded immediately by a crowd of youthful confectionery, fruit and cigarette venders offering with great importunity their tempt-

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ing goods. The small disciples of Mercury are doing a good business, especially in cigarettes, which are manufactured in Vathy of an excellent quality, and a stranger rarely touches the island without purchasing a good supply of them. This industry is the most important of the island, but the output is limited and the cigarettes are

Harbor of Vathy, Samos.

mainly sold to special dealers who in turn sell them to the European courts, the nobility and the aristocratic clubs.

On the steamer I had made the acquaintance of a French-speaking young Greek, Mr. Papadopoulus, who

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interested himself very kindly in me during my short stay in Samos. He conducted me right from the landing-place to one of the two larger cafés situated nearby, and on his recommendation the proprietor offered me the hospitality of his home. Mr. Papadopoulus assured me I would have more comfortable quarters there than in any one of the several small hotels of the city, the cleanliness of which leaves much to be desired.

Upon my inquiry for the Prince, I was informed that he was on a short trip to the interior. Since it has been my experience that princes and other high personages are always more amiable and condescending to strangers while traveling than at home, where a greater degree of dignity has to be observed, I at once decided to make the best use of my short allotted time by not availing myself of the invitation of Musurus Bey in awaiting his return.

Of Vathy not much can be said. There is at present a new parliament building in course of construction which is to cost 250,000 francs, and close by ground has been broken for a new Greek-orthodox church, which will probably necessitate about the same outlay. These two new buildings illustrate well the characteristic of the Samians, whose love of liberty and devotion to the orthodox church are well known. A prominent feature of the town which distinguishes it favorably from other Levantine cities is the cleanliness of its streets. This is, however, no criterion by which to judge the interior of the houses, as the reader will see in the course of this chapter.

In the afternoon I hired a guide and two horses, and after riding through the principal streets we mounted to the old monastery Zoodoki Pighi, situated near the city. It was, however, near sundown when we arrived on the summit of the hill on which the monastery is built, and I had only a chance to enjoy the magnificent view which

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one may have from there over the Gulf of Ephesus. On my return to Vathy the shadows of the night were already falling and I spent the evening in the café, where I again met Mr. Papadopoulus. In company of this gentleman and two of his friends, Vathy merchants, I learned many interesting things about Samos, its government and its Prince. The latter seemed not to enjoy much popularity, and among other things it was hinted by the gentlemen that the near future would bring a change in Samian political affairs. It was indeed only a few months later that Musurus Bey was recalled to Constantinople and succeeded by a new governor. But as his successor was also recalled after a short reign, it is not clear to what degree Musurus Bey or the Samians themselves were to blame for these unsteady political conditions.

It should be mentioned that Samos, although a Turkish dependency, is ruled according to Greek laws and invariably by a Greek governor, whose appointment is a prerogative of the Sultan. This is undoubtedly the case because the island is almost exclusively inhabited by Greeks who would not suffer the rule of a Mohammedan prince. The Samians are a restless little people who have given the Turks much trouble since the latter took possession of the island by conquest in 1553 A. D. Under Sultan Mahmud (1827) they succeeded, through the intervention of France, England and Russia, in gaining a certain independence, which has remained undisturbed ever since, and the main condition of which is the payment of a yearly tribute and the recognition of the suzerainty of the Sultan. The Prince of Samos governs with the assistance of a congress numbering thirty-eight members which are elected by the people. Out of this number the prince chooses four ministers who bear the title of senators. As representative of the Padisha he disposes also over a military power of 150

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Turkish soldiers and a fleet which consists of an old guard ship anchored in the harbor. How times have changed! Polycrates and Musurus! *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

In late years Samos has made a fair advance in civilization and the commerce in natural products, consisting mainly of wine, olives and figs, has become quite important. The roads into the interior of the island are passably good, and the various villages are connected with the capital by telephone.

I wonder what Mr. Papadopoulus' idea of cleanliness is? When I retired to my room towards midnight I was pleased to find a comfortable bed covered with fresh linen and surrounded with mosquito netting, as is the general custom throughout the Orient, and I congratulated myself on my good luck. But, oh! what a disappointment lay in store for me! I had hardly stretched myself comfortably on this inviting couch when I was compelled to jump out of bed in order to escape the attack of numerous insects which were thirsting for my blood. By the light of a candle I discovered large numbers of small black bugs emerging from all the joints and cracks of the bedstead which advanced rapidly in closed battle line over the white bed clothes. Being unable to cope with such enemies and not having the slightest desire to be devoured alive, I decided that caution was the better part of valor and spent the night on a chair in the corner farthest from the bed. The rising sun found me tired and almost worn out, but an ablution of cold water refreshed me wonderfully, and after an early breakfast of eggs, fruit and honey, I mounted the carriage which I had ordered the evening before for an excursion to the environs of Vathy.

The driver followed the steep road in the direction of the village of Mitylini, situated about four miles from

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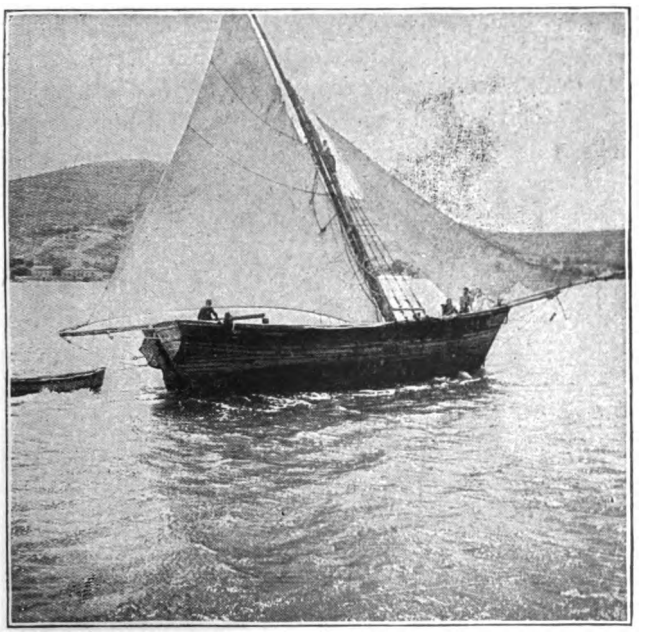
Vathy. There is nothing worthy of attention in this large village, but the Valley of Mitylinous, in the immediate vicinity, is of charming beauty and well worth a visit. From the summit of Mont Rakivouno, which is only about 1,000 feet high and dominates the valley, a beautiful view may be had upon the sea and the slopes of Mont



Samian Sailing Boat.

Mykale. The drive from Mitylini to Chora, the old capital of Samos, does not occupy more than one hour, and although there is nothing to see in Chora itself, I desired to be driven there for the purpose of visiting the ruins of the old city of Samos lying nearby.

Samos must have been in the remote past an important

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city, and the fairly well preserved town walls may still be traced for a distance of about five miles. As in Ephesus, this girdling wall is flanked at intervals by the remains of strong square towers. The Acropolis is even to-day a splendid example of the art of old Hellenic military fortification. Besides these better preserved ruins there are the remains of several temples, a large theater and a Roman aqueduct, which offer some interest. I was urged not to miss a visit to the slopes of Mont Kerki, several miles from Chora, which are said to be of superior scenic beauty. This would have occupied several hours and as I did not have any inclination to spend another night like the last one, we omitted this visit from our itinerary and hurried back to Vathy in order to catch the afternoon steamer for Smyrna.

I met Mr. Papadopoulus and his friends in the café and had just time to take a hasty repast of baked fish and roast goat before the steamer weighed its anchor. My expenses in Samos, as compared to those in Ephesus, were small. The sojourn of twenty-four hours, including services of guide and carriage, did not exceed the sum of twenty-six francs. The excursion had been a beautiful one aside from the night attack of the Samian bugs, and although it was not my good fortune to meet Musurus Bey again, the pleasure of my visit to his island will ever remain vivid in my memory.

On the following morning I engaged a cabin on the small Austrian Lloyd steamer "Jupiter," which was scheduled to leave early next day and to arrive in about twenty-four hours in Piræus, the port of Athens. The boat, however, was to sail at such an early hour that I requested permission of the captain to embark the same evening. The custom house difficulties (in Turkey and all its possessions, an export duty is levied and the baggage of depart-

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ing passengers is submitted to the same examination as that of new arrivals) were settled in the early afternoon with the help of the usual baksheesh, and I boarded the steamer early in the evening as the weather had become rainy and there was no inducement to remain ashore.

The captain invited me to dine with him and we were still sitting in the *salon* sipping our *cafe noir* and smoking Austrian Trabuco cigars when a new party of travelers boarded the steamer and soon after appeared in the *salon*. A glance at this party proved to me that the newcomers were Americans. It consisted of six persons, five of whom belonged to the female sex. The sixth was a young fellow of about sixteen with handsome, almost feminine, features who gave me, on superficial observation, the impression that amidst his female companions, he did not himself know exactly whether he were flesh, fish or red herring of the sea. I found, however, on later and closer acquaintance, that this young fellow, in spite of his constant female surroundings, like the young Achilles, could develop strong manly qualities whenever occasion demanded, and that he was a typical young American with all his virtues and faults.

Of the five ladies, four were young, from eighteen to twenty-two years, and only one had reached that period of life in which women celebrate only indefinite birthdays. The latter seemed to be the leader and something more than the chaperon of the young ladies, and the captain whispered into my ear that the little party reminded him of a proud mother-hen giving her newly-hatched brood their first outing. The comparison caused me to smile involuntarily, but it was in so far incorrect as only one of the young girls was the daughter of the elder lady.

If I describe these new passengers more in detail, it is because I had for several weeks the pleasure of traveling

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and of coming into closer contact with them. Mrs. C...., the head of the party, was the wife of a wealthy steel tube manufacturer and was traveling for her health in Europe and the Eastern Mediterranean countries. The object of her voyage, however, seemed doubtful under the circumstances, as she had taken upon herself the moral responsibility for five persons. Of these, one, Miss Fanny, was her daughter. The others were Miss Elizabeth B.... and Miss Rae B...., their brother, Master William B.... and Miss Anna R....

The four young ladies were close friends, although representing four entirely different types of American womanhood. Miss Fanny was an exceptionally tall, dark-blonde, conspicuously slender, with great dreamy eyes, who kept day and night close to her friend the younger Miss B...., as if she was afraid to lose her. The latter was a good head shorter than Miss Fanny, of pleasant disposition, and her handsome features betrayed a high intellect. As to hair and complexion she belonged to the class of lighter brunettes. Miss Fannie and Miss Rae were so inseparable that in a spirit of jest I attached to them later the epithets "Castoria and Poluxena." If these two young ladies did not own, like Heine's two Polish noblemen, only one shirt and one catskin night-cap in common, they still closely resembled these two heroes of the German poet in so far as they always shared their cabins, their rooms, their sweets, and other belongings whenever possible. They were of such sympathetic natures that when one had no appetite the other did not eat, when one slept the other could naturally not keep her eyes open, and I even believe that if one was sea-sick the other one, out of sheer sympathy, also sacrificed to Neptune.

Miss Elizabeth B...., the older of the two sisters, was the smallest person in the party, but by no means the most

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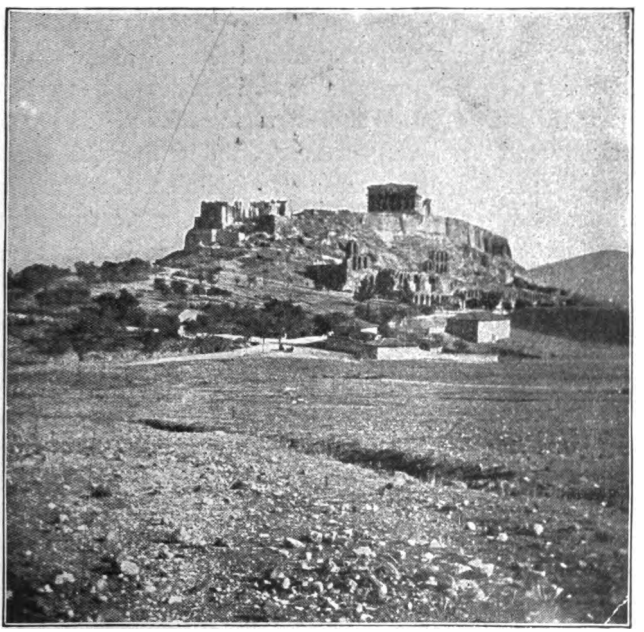
insignificant. In spite of her full little figure and her smiling round face, glowing with health, she exhibited considerable dignity, and her eternal good humor made her the center of the small party. She had light brown, wavy hair, and whoever looked into her laughing bluish-gray eyes, caught involuntarily some of her pleasant hu-



Distant View of the Acropolis.

mor. A decided contrast to Miss Elizabeth was Miss Anna R...., a quiet, thoughtful young lady of graceful figure, with blue eyes and a wealth of hair of the lightest shade of gold. She was a handsome girl and this explained easily why Master William, generally called "Bill" or "Billy the Kid," interested himself exclusively in her.

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It was not until next morning when we were well out of the Gulf of Smyrna that I made the acquaintance of my traveling companions. As on the voyage from Constantinople to Smyrna, the steamer had only a few passengers on board, and this circumstance not only facilitated a mutual approach, but made it almost unavoidable. The ladies spoke only English and my services as interpreter were therefore frequently in demand. It is remarkable how rapidly an intimate intercourse develops between the passengers of a steamer, and how quickly they get used to regard themselves as members of one family. It is true that in most cases these relations dissolve themselves into nothing as soon as the passengers again set foot on *terra firma* and scatter to all points of the compass. But sometimes there are formed upon the unsteady deck of a steamer ties of friendship which are stouter and more reliable than the bottom of the vessel upon which they have been linked. It seems as if the solitude between heaven and ocean, the consciousness of having between oneself and death only the weak planks, weak though they be the most powerful steel plates, draw people closer to each other. I have often observed during heavy storms that persons who were exceedingly taciturn before and had seemed to repel approach, suddenly became voluble in spite of there being no real danger and began conversations with other passengers whom they had previously carefully avoided.

Towards noon the weather became extremely bad. The sea rose high and a strong wind lashed the rain, in spite of the protecting awning, onto the promenade deck. It was nevertheless more pleasant to remain there than in the cabins or in the *salon*, since most of us had become seasick and preferred the fresh air on deck to the stuffier atmosphere below. The steamer rolled and pitched and its sides creaked in a way as if the planks were trying to

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out-groan the sufferers on board, and many a jest with which we tried to cheer each other up, stuck fast in our throats. Miss Elizabeth had resisted the *mal de mer* long after the others had surrendered, but at last she too had to capitulate, and only from time to time a painful smile showed that she took any interest in the world at all. Castoria and Poluxena had withdrawn to their cabins and Mrs. C.... lay with closed eyes motionless in a steamer chair, while Bill alone seemed to enjoy perfect immunity. He was wrapping Miss Anna at short intervals in her great shawl and reading to her from "Mr. Dooley." But Miss Anna showed no interest whatever in anything but the gray masses of water which seemed to exert such a magnetism on her that she frequently hurried with an irresistible impulse to the railing in order to—hear what the wild waves were saying.

In the course of the evening the weather improved somewhat, but outside of Bill and myself none of the passengers showed up in the *salon,* and the evening would have been very tedious had not the purser enlivened it with some Italian folk-songs which he sang to the accompaniment of a guitar. During the night the sea calmed down considerably, and in the morning a transparent blue sky arched itself over the lightly undulating surface. The Greek coast was in sight and the "Jupiter" approached her goal rapidly. The young ladies and Mrs. C.... were again in the best of health and all looked in cheerful expectancy, armed with marine glasses, towards the direction in which the hill of the Acropolis was soon to appear, as the captain had politely assured them. It did not, in fact, take very long before the familiar outlines of the Parthenon appeared in the distance, a white structure delineated sharply against the dark background of the Pentelikon. Although this was my second visit to Greece,

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my heart was fluttering like the first time, full of expectancy, at the sight of the classic mountain-chains of the Hymettus, Parnes and Pentelikon which enclose the Attic plain, and I pointed out with zeal and enthusiasm to my young companions the various interesting objects and sights discernible from boardship.

Peculiar as is the charm of the Greek landscape, especially to the stranger who for the first time beholds this classic soil and this clear blue sky, it dwindles into insignificance as against the deep interest awakened in an intellectual mind by the old myths and historical reminiscences connected with this sacred cradle of European civilization.

Approaching the harbor of Piræus several islands are left behind, among them Aegina where seven centuries B. C. one of the greatest achievements of civilization, the coinage of the first silver currency, was accomplished. Close to the harbor lies Salamis. What memories the view of the narrow stretch of water between this island and the coast recalls! It may have been just such a beautiful morning when Xerxes seated himself upon his silver throne placed yonder on that hill of the shore to watch the destruction of the Greek fleet by his own countless vessels. Looking at that shore I see in my mind the mighty ruler rise from his throne and look down with terror in his eye upon this same surface under which one after the other his proud vessels disappeared, sunk by the staunch boats of Themistokles, until the remnants of the fleet turned in hasty flight towards the Asiatic coast whence they had come. This was one of those decisive battles which turn the fate of nations and form an epoch in the history of the world.

My classical contemplations were disturbed by the rattling of the "Jupiter's" anchor chains and by a noisy crowd

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of hotel agents, guides and boatsmen climbing at the same moment over her sides. They surrounded the passengers, gesticulating and clamorously offering their services. Mrs. C.... and the young ladies who were specially hard pressed by the greasy pack from which emanated a penetrating odor of garlic, turned to me for help, and since the ladies had already expressed their desire to have me form a member of their party while in Athens, I made an end to the keen competition by turning our larger baggage over to the agent of the Hotel d'Angleterre, who, with the remarkable memory peculiar to men of his calling, had recognized me as a former guest of that hotel. A large row boat brought us and our hand luggage to the custom house. The formalities there were quickly gone through with and two somewhat dilapidated looking vehicles engaged, the drivers of which had proved themselves the best tackles in the wrangle for our hand baggage.

Although a short railroad connects Piræus with Athens, it is by far preferable to use one of the carriages waiting near the custom house, especially in the winter season when the landscape looks fresh and the road is not so dusty. The jehus are satisfied with three or four drachmas, about half of what they originally demand, and one is well repaid for the longer time occupied by having in view, along the whole road, alternately, the hill of the Acropolis, the Lycabettus, and other interesting points of the landscape. The carriage road is also more interesting because it is almost identical with the ancient road which at the time of Kimon and Perikles led from Athens to Piræus, securing for the Athenians a safe connection between their city and port by means of two strong flanking walls of which, however, no vestige remains to-day.

But, from experience, I should advise careful examination of the horses of your conveyance, else it may happen

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that your entry into Athens is accomplished under difficulties such as we suffered.

We had hardly left Piræus when the distance between our first and second carriages, which had started simultaneously, and in the latter of which Miss Elizabeth, Bill and I were seated, began to increase noticeably. At first we did not pay much attention to this, until we reached the narrow bed of a small rivulet, the historical Kephissus, which crosses the road to Athens within a short distance from Piræus. It was Bill who noticed that the distance between us and our first carriage had become quite considerable. The latter was way ahead of us and disappeared at last behind a group of tall poplar trees. I poked the driver in the ribs with my umbrella and pointed in the direction in which the carriage had disappeared. He shrugged his shoulders and struck with his whip one of the horses, which, as we now noticed, was limping painfully. The pace of the nags became steadily slower, but we reached at last the small tavern on the right side of the road, half way to Athens, which is so well known to most tourists who have visited Greece. It is the unalterable habit of the drivers to stop here, ostensibly for the purpose of watering the horses, but in reality to have their passengers pay them a glass of raki or masticha. To such passengers as do not care to alight for a small refreshment these liquors are offered in the carriage on a platter, generally with the popular Greek sweetmeat called "Loukoum." Since the taste for raki and masticha must really be cultivated, it is preferable to buy some of the loukoum which is certainly more palatable to foreigners.

The first carriage had waited for us and the two drivers busied themselves about the lame horse which bled from an ugly looking wound in the knee and was otherwise covered with open sores. The wound was washed with

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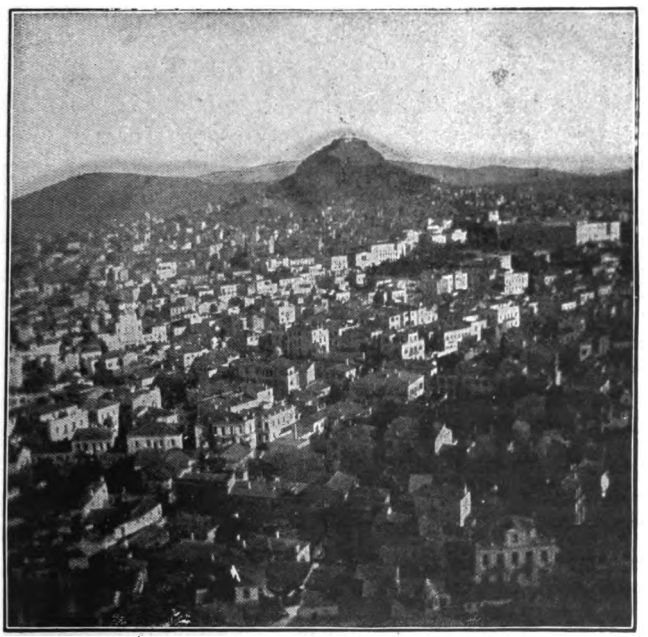
cool well-water and after a stop of fifteen to twenty minutes we proceeded on our way. The leisurely trot, however, in which we started to follow the first carriage soon again changed into a slow walk without our noticing this since we were engaged in an animated conversation about the city, visible at some distance, and its surrounding land-



View of Athens from the Acropolis.

marks. Suddenly the carriage stopped. The lame horse had fallen and could not be brought to rise in spite of the driver's energetic use of the whip. Bill dismounted and stopped the jehu from further abuse of the poor nag and helped him to get it out of harness. But the second nag,

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although not lame, was too weak and decrepit to pull us alone to the city.

We were considering the advisability of walking the rest of the way, more than two miles, when our driver, whom, by the way, we had heard addressed by the classical name of Pelopidas, stopped a passing mule cart and began negotiations with its owner for the loan of his animal. We surmised this by the gestures of the two men, who soon came to an understanding. The cart was drawn to the edge of the road and the mule harnessed to our vehicle, while the fallen nag was brought to his trembling feet and transferred to the empty cart. Upon trying to proceed it became evident that the mule was not accustomed to pulling in double harness, as it stubbornly refused to move. The energetic lashes of the driver were answered by just as energetic kicks, and, in order to save the carriage, nothing remained but to unharness the animal. Had the road at this point not been too muddy we should now have started to walk. As it was, we remained seated in the carriage waiting for developments. I proposed jestingly to ride to town on three of the long-eared and crooked-nosed goats which were pasturing in the neighboring fields, and the faces of which resemble so strikingly some Semitic types of the Orient. Miss Elizabeth agreed laughingly to this proposition, while Billy protested energetically against such an abuse of his namesakes, to which protest Miss Elizabeth remarked that sometime or other Billy would have to ride the goat anyway.

We were thus jesting about our ludicrous situation, when a second cart drawn by a single horse overtook us. Pelopidas stopped this vehicle too, and after a prolonged parley with its owner the new steed was harnessed to our carriage. The two animals now pulled away, and we

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were congratulating ourselves upon our chances of at last reaching Athens. Alas! we found very soon that the new equine acquisition had a peculiarity even more dangerous than that of its immediate predecessor, as it threatened every minute to throw us out of the carriage. The newcomer had the tendency to forever pull to the right towards the ditch, and no exertion of the driver, no pulling of the lines, was able to keep him in the middle of the road. He was bound to walk into the ditch. There was nothing left for Pelopidas but to dismount and to lead the animal by the bridle. It was in this way that we rode into the city of Perikles, and it may be imagined that the frequenters of busy Hermes Street through which our way to the hotel led, were not a little amused at such an entry. We found Mrs. C.... and Miss Anna awaiting us anxiously in front of the hotel, while Castoria and Poluxena were already preparing for lunch. By this time it was noon. Our drive from Piræus had occupied two and one-half hours instead of three-quarters of an hour, but nevertheless— Pelopidas demanded the usual tip.

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V.

ATHENS.—MODERN STREET SKETCHES.—SIDEWALK MONOPOLY.—ITINERANT MERCHANTS.—A GREEK FUNERAL.—A PECULIAR CEMETERY.—THE EVANGELISTARIA.—THE ACROPOLIS IN MOONLIGHT.—APOLLO, THE PROFESSOR OF MUSIC.

The stranger visiting Athens has a double surprise in store for him, first when he enters his hotel, and second when he leaves it for the first time for the purpose of taking a reconnoitering stroll in the neighborhood. The Athenian hotels worthy of being considered suitable for European or American travelers are all situated on Constitution Square, which is the center of the city, or in the immediate vicinity thereof, as are the Hotel d'Angleterre, Grand Bretagne, Minerva, etc. Most of them are equipped sumptuously enough to be favorably compared with hostelries standing on the Champs Elysées, Unter den Linden, or on the Ringstrasse. As one does not expect in Athens such modern caravanseries, this is the first surprise. The second is experienced by stepping into the street and taking a walk on Constitution Square, Hermes Street, Stadion Street, or any other thoroughfare in the near vicinity. The impression, although slightly strange, is entirely modern. The buildings of brick and stone plastered with white stucco, show the general style of Southern European architecture, and only rarely can a house be seen that is constructed in the style of the classical period of Greece. Even the palace of the king which occupies, behind a park front, a whole side of Constitution Square is, in spite of its large proportions, an unimportant,

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tasteless structure, which might just as well be taken for a barrack, hospital, or orphan asylum. The only redeeming feature in connection with this so-called palace is the beautiful garden at the rear, which on certain days is open to the public. The crowd which frequents this part of the city in the late afternoon is just as modern as the buildings, cafés, and the show windows of the streets, and if one may judge by the appearance of the people, then Greece cannot be as poor a country as is generally asserted. The elegant toilets of the ladies, which frequently betray Parisian or Viennese origin, the well-dressed gentlemen, and the multitude of officers strolling about in tasty uniforms and with clanking swords, have such a festive look that one is tempted to believe in an eternal Athenian holiday. The only strange figures in this crowd are the soldiers of the Royal Guard who wear a uniform closely resembling the national costume of the Greek peasantry. This uniform consists of a soft fez-like headgear with a long tassel, short jacket, kilts, white woolen tights and curved shoes with a woolen tassel at the point. These soldiers look for all the world like ballet girls, but are said to form the elite of the Greek army.

Altogether this modern quarter does not represent that picture which one has involuntarily formed of the city, and the surprise comes very near to being a disappointment. The only thing that appears natural is the clear, transparent air, the deep blue, glorious sky, and the radiance of white sunlight which almost blinds the eye. This is sunny Greece, the home of the gay Grecian gods; this is the atmosphere in which during our college days we pictured to ourselves the heroes of the Greek myths and history; and it is too bad that the reality does not correspond entirely with our imagination.

But one thing the modern Greek has inherited from his

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ancestors, and it is perhaps the only one. It is his predilection for outdoor life, and just as the ancient Greeks spent most of their time in public, so their descendants do to-day. Nowhere may one better observe the life of the native population and nowhere can be seen such unhampered freedom in the use of streets and sidewalks as

The Royal Palace in Athens.

in Athens. Cafés and restaurants especially take liberties in this direction which would not be tolerated in any other European city and which are entirely unheard of in America. Not satisfied with the monopoly of the sidewalks, these establishments appropriate even the road for their private uses. It is an every-day sight, particularly late

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in the afternoon, to see Constitution Square, for example, covered with tables and chairs as far as the long shadows of the buildings will permit, and if this square were not so large, carriages passing in the early evening hours would have to wind their way through the eating, drinking, and domino or chess playing crowd.

How much the Athenian loves to live in the open air is proven by the fact that even in his own home whenever the weather is favorable, he takes his meals on the balcony or the terrace, and if he is not fortunate enough to possess such, in the courtyard or even on the sidewalk. The principal meal is taken, according to the season, between seven and ten o'clock in the evening. Of course, theaters and other places of amusement, having to conform to these hours, begin very late. The lower class of the population, however, does not follow this custom of late dining.

To get acquainted with the latter class it is necessary to visit other districts than those in the vicinity of Constitution Square. The life in the lower strata of Athens is very much like that of certain quarters in Naples, such as Santa Lucia, Strada di Porto, etc., although the dirt and squalor here are not as repulsive as in the Italian city. Business and the trades are conducted almost exclusively in public, and the people eat, drink, discuss politics, quarrel and even pick the insects off their bodies in the street. The goats which are driven from house to house and are milked in the presence of the customers, also remind one of Naples. This is a rather effective way of preventing professional milk adulteration and is insisted on by the customers, as they know their wily compatriots. It is a case where Greek meets Greek. The Athenian is not only always sure to get pure milk, but he also has a good and cheap supply of fine fruits, vegetables and other victuals, which are sold in a spacious, glass-covered, public market

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hall. In saying "Athenian" I am here speaking strictly of the masculine sex, for it is almost exclusively the lords of creation who attend to the purchases for the household in the early morning. Since, however, a noble Greek may not with great propriety lug his own market basket, there exists in Athens a special class of boys, who follow the shopper to the market hall with baskets, and for a small consideration carry the purchases home while the gentleman repairs to his favorite café for the purpose of reading the "Asty" or the "Acropolis."

Among the street types which one meets in the morning and early forenoon in the side streets, the peddlers of "Koulouria" (a kind of rolls) who carry their goods on a flat board upon the head, or in a basket slung around the neck, are most numerous. With their loud cry is mixed that of the butter dealers: "Voutyro! Voutyro!" and that of the clam and garlic peddlers. The turkey merchant, armed with a long stick, drives his living goods through the crowd, and his loud cry of "Gallous! Gallopoules!" drowns the noise of his flock. Among the picturesque types must also be counted the long-haired and long-bearded "Papas" (Greek-catholic priest) with his high headgear and his long black robe, and the small, heavy-laden donkeys, which almost disappear under their burden. I wish it to be understood that there is no malice intended in mentioning the two latter types in one breath, although I have been told that they sometimes do not materially differ in point of intelligence from each other, especially in the rustic districts. As to bodily cleanliness, the difference is said to be still less.

The stranger in Athens receives a disagreeable impression if he chances to meet a funeral procession, and I should advise ladies more especially to avoid these if possible. I vividly remember the horror of the ladies with

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whom I was taking a walk one day when we allowed one of these processions to pass us while standing on an elevated point of vantage. As the open coffin following the funeral band was carried past us and the rigid, waxen features of a young girl, dressed in white, who lay in it with folded hands met our gaze, some of the ladies uttered

Ruins of the Jupiter Temple in Athens.

a subdued cry and all turned quickly from the ghastly object. I was acquainted with this custom of escorting the dead in an open coffin to their last resting-place from my former visit in Athens and from Russian travels, but I shall never forget the gruesome impression which such a funeral procession made on me in Russia as I saw it for

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the first time from the compartment of a railway car, passing along the tracks at a small station on the line between Charkow and Rostoff.

There are other peculiar customs in Athens in connection with the disposing of the dead, and a visit to the modern cemetery (strangers generally visit only the Kerami-kos, the ancient burial-place) may well be recommended. Close before the entrance rises the handsome marble tomb of Schlieman. Broad, well-kept paths, strewn with fine gravel, lead in several directions from inside the gate. These paths are lined with handsome tombstones, mostly of white marble, which frequently take the form of symbolic figures and portrait statues. Some show the photographs of the deceased in small niches under glass and nearly all are adorned with wreaths of artificial or natural flowers. This part of the cemetery seems to be reserved for the wealthier class and in appearance resembles somewhat the Campo Santo of Milan, without, however, the same pretensions to luxury and art in the monuments. The graves in this part are owned by the families, or are at least rented for long periods. The lower middle classes and the poor lease the graves for their dead, according to their means, for a number of years, and the corner of the poorest in the most distant part of the cemetery offers strong testimony of the frequent and not too careful exhumation of the bodies. We ourselves saw bones strewn here in the sand which could have belonged only to human bodies and which were evidently left through carelessness, unless, perchance, they were scratched out of the ground by the dogs. An Athenian gentleman assured us that this is frequently the case, as the coffins are buried at shallow depths and the covers are never screwed down, but only loosely fitted in order to advance decomposition more rapidly. At the end of the

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leased term the bones are exhumed and cleaned from the fleshy particles, in case such should still exist, after which they are put in bags marked with the name and date of birth and death of the deceased. These sacks are preserved in a chapel-like building in the cemetery. When we saw this chapel it was nearly filled to the ceiling with such bags and heaps of them were laying outside, while skulls and bones in flat tin pans were bleaching all around. The manner of finally disposing of these bones after the chapel cannot hold any more bags, is unknown to me.

Two of the most interesting streets of Athens, one of which is called the Evangelistaria, branch off at the small ancient Byzantine church which stands about the middle of Hermes Street, in the direction towards Piræus. These streets are devoted almost exclusively to the sale of goods connected with orthodox Greek religious life and customs, such as wax candles of different sizes, colors and decorations which are used in large quantities at funerals, church services, baptisms, weddings and also as offerings to the church. There are sold ikons (pictures of saints), painted and of various metals, miniature silver and gold hearts, legs, arms, etc., which are favorite offerings to saints after the cure of diseases affecting corresponding parts of the body. The Greeks and Russians are very practical people in this respect, and although they love their saints, their motto remains "No cure, no pay." Some of the numerous saints are especially effective in cures and, like the Holy Virgin and St. Nicholas, enjoy more popularity than others. Their pictures and statues are frequently almost hidden behind these little anatomical offerings.

Among other things that may be purchased in these streets are wedding and funeral wreaths, baptismal outfits, and similar articles. They contain, furthermore, the

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stores and workshops of the ecclesiastical tailors, (made conspicuous by signs bearing the device of an open pair of scissors surmounted by a priest's headgear) and the studios of the ikon painters. Strangers will find here many things in the shape of curios which they may wish to purchase; it is advisable, however, not to offer or pay more than about half of the price demanded.

On a moonlit evening, after having secured the necessary permission through the hotel porter, I walked up alone to the Acropolis to smoke an after-dinner cigar among the ruins and to meditate on the past glories of Greece. I had visited the Acropolis several times before and had admired its beauties in the radiant light of the Athenian sun; I had studied the details of the little temple of Nike Apteros, and the Karyatides of the Erechtheion; I had climbed the stairs of the Propylæa, had wandered through the little museum of Acropolitan antiquities and had enjoyed the magnificent view from the Belvedere at sunset. Now I wished to see all this again in the mellow light of the moon under which all lines are softened and which is best suited for reverie and contemplation.

When I passed Constitution Square it was crowded with people, but the side streets were forsaken, and I met few persons as I passed the white marble statue of Lord Byron standing amidst the dark foliage of a little park, the arch of Hadrian and the gigantic columns of the temple of the Olympian Jupiter. Reaching the foot of the hill where the winding way to the Acropolis begins, I walked slowly with my eyes fixed upon the precipitous rock from the height of which the hoary walls threw opaque shadows across the way. The theater of Bacchus was wrapped in darkness and the half demolished rows of seats were hardly discernible through the iron grills. The empty arch windows in the Odeon of Herodes Attikus

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were but dimly outlined against the dark background. Leaving this massive structure behind I stepped from the deep shadow into the broad moonlit path which leads from here on, lined by a hedge of gigantic cacti, in one large curve to the foot of the Propylæa. Here, where in the daytime guides and itinerary venders of antiquities and

Choragic Monument of Lysicrates, Athens.

souvenirs waylay the gullible tourist, the most perfect stillness reigned and only the dark figure of a watchman moved about near the temple of Nike Apteros. However, as I entered the large court covered with broken columns and other marble fragments to which the stairway of the Propylæa leads, I noticed between the columns of the

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Parthenon several persons, who, like me, were paying a visit to the Acropolis in moonlight. Turning to the left I soon reached a spot from where could be had an unobstructed view of the front of the Parthenon above, the old site of Athens in front, and the modern city below me. I lit a cigar and was soon lost in deep reverie.

To the left at some distance, but plainly visible, rose the great tomb of Philopappos, the grandson of that unfortunate Antiochus of Syria, who was deprived of his throne by Vespasian. Somewhat nearer, separated from the Acropolis by a shallow vale, yawned the dark openings of the prison of Sokrates hewn into the rocky wall of a low hill. Directly below me lay the Areopagus and the uneven plateau of the small rock was so brightly illuminated by the moon that I could plainly discern the black fissures in the stones. Beyond and to the left of the Areopagus appeared the Pnyx, the rostrum of the Attic orators, and further on rose the Hill of the Muses crowned by the modern observatory. At a greater distance, isolated upon an open square, could be distinguished the noble outlines of the Theseion, and letting my glance run farther towards the horizon I saw a glittering stripe of the dark Aegean Sea. To the right, way below, stretched the modern city with its thousand lights, but the faint noise which rises from there during the day had ceased at this hour altogether.

The absolute quiet facilitated my reverie and helped my imagination to populate the site within view with all those historical figures which make the Acropolis and its immediate surroundings one of the most venerable spots in the world. The plateau of the Areopagus slowly filled with classical personages. I saw congregate there the members of the ancient tribunal whose origin dates as far back as the time of Kekrops, and before which even Orestes ap-

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peared in order to clear himself from the accusation of matricide. Yonder on the Pnyx arose the shades of Aeschynes and Demosthenes, and I heard the thundering philippic of the latter and the frantic applause of the people carried away by the power of his rhetoric. In the shadow over yonder, the spirits of the friends and pupils of the great philosopher were wending their way towards his prison to imbibe the last teachings from his lips before the cup of hemlock juice closed them forever. Up the winding path I saw the Eleusinian procession approach and mount the sacred stairs of the Propylæa. The mysterious chant sounded faintly in my ear. Suddenly some one touched my shoulder. With a startled move I turned quickly around. Before me stood one of those shabby genteel figures which during the day loaf about the entrance to the Acropolis in order to offer tourists their services as guides.

"You wish zee guide?" asked the man in broken English, politely raising his hat.

"Go to the devil!" I exclaimed sharply, provoked at the unwelcome interruption.

"Me can you show everyzing and explain," he continued, without allowing himself to be disturbed by my irritated manner.

"I do not need a guide!"

"Me do you vera cheap. No buzziness to-day. Only one drachma!"

"I do not need you." Thoroughly awakened from my reverie I rose and walked away in the direction of the Erechtheion. But something in the voice of the man had touched me, and his face looked so haggard in the pale moonlight that I could not refrain from turning around when I heard his steps behind me.

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"Here, take this, but I do not want your services!" I said, handing the man a paper drachma.

"No, no, me no beggar! Me you show everyzing."

I resigned myself to my fate and allowed him to accompany me. It did not take long to find out that the man was one of those ignorant fellows who, with fair local knowledge and a few names and dates learned by heart, feel themselves competent to act as guides, and whose services, I am sorry to state, are to the large majority of tourists quite satisfactory. I allowed him to speak without interruption and listened with seeming attention to his stereotyped recitals. My feigned ignorance when, for example, at the mention of names like Phidias, Perikles, etc., I inquired who they were, whether they were living or had been dead for some time, only increased his zeal, and I got to hear the most wonderful stories about the heroes of old Greece. From the Erechtheion we walked over to the rear platform of the Parthenon, which is almost totally destroyed and from whence the front part with its magnificent white columns and strong contrasts of deep black shadows offered such a magical view that I tore myself away only with reluctance.

"You still must see zee Belvedere," said the guide, after he had finished his suada about the Parthenon. And we repaired to the small, familiar point of observation, from which I had often enjoyed the charming view of Mont Lycabettus, the more distant hills beyond, the Stadion, the Temple of Jupiter, the arch of Hadrian and a part of the modern city. The scene in moonlight, although different, was not less charming. After allowing my cicerone again to finish a long recital about the various interesting points visible from here, I exclaimed, in order to reward him somewhat for his enthusiasm:

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"It is really very pretty here and I can easily comprehend why this spot is called Belvedere."

"Ah!" he said surprised. "You know why zee place is called zee Belvedere?"

"Certainly!—on account of the beautiful view which one enjoys from here."

"Ah!" he replied, in a disappointed tone, "I see you

Temple of the Wingless Victory, Athens.

not know. It is so called from zee Apollo de Belvedere."

"Really?" I said in a doubting tone. "And who was this gentleman?"

"Oh!" said he, glancing at me suspiciously, "he no gentleman! You really not know?"

"No," I replied, as earnestly as possible.

"Well, zat is funny! You not know see Apollo,—zee professor of music!"

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I had to bite my lips in order to suppress an almost uncontrollable desire to laugh. The conversation amused me to such a degree that I continued the same in a similar tone.

"Why!—is this professor so celebrated?" I asked. "What instrument does he play?"

"But, no instrument!—Is dead long time. Apollo he first find music."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed. "What countryman was he?"

"Greek,—certainly!" he replied proudly.

"Excuse me," I said; "judging by the name I thought it might have been a French or Italian gentleman."

By this time I considered that I had gained sufficient new information for one evening and discharged the guide who withdrew with many deep obeisances, after I had pressed a fifty-lepta piece into his hand as an extra gratification. The charm of my nightly visit to the Acropolis had been broken by this intermezzo, and I did not succeed in getting again into the right frame of mind for further reverie. I strolled a little while longer among the ruins of the great court and then returned to the hotel the way I had come.

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VI.

GREEK PRISONS.—PHRENOLOGICAL RESEARCHES BY MISS ELIZABETH. — A DEMOCRATIC COURT. — PANORAMA FROM THE LYCABETTUS.—ON THE "CZAR NICHOLAS II."—PASSENGERS TO ALEXANDRIA.—A LUCKY DOG.—REVENGE.—LANDING IN EGYPT.

Modern Athens, as to most strangers, seemed to be specially attractive to the C.... party, to which I had allied myself, and therefore it was not the classic monuments alone which excited our interest. The cultured public, through works of science and travel, has become so well acquainted with the numerous historical remains of the Greek capital that it would be carrying coal to Newcastle should I endeavor to write at length about these in a book which pretends to be not much more than a plain narrative of personal observation and adventure. The reader, therefore, will hardly miss anything if I omit a detailed description of the ancient sites and buildings and confine myself more to the modern city.

Our party divided their interest impartially between the old and the new. If, for example, we had spent the morning paying a visit to the Keramikos, the Stadion or some museum, we frequently used the afternoon for an excursion to Phaleron, Mont Lycabettus, etc., or we strolled through those quarters of the city which offered the best chances to study the life and the character of the people. During one of these walks a two-story building in the vicinity of the Stoia Hadriana, guarded by sentinels, excited our curiosity. Upon inquiry we were informed that

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this was the municipal jail and an accommodating officer politely offered to gain for us admission to it.

Through a low vaulted gateway we were conducted into a small court crowded with prisoners, among whom several soldiers of the guard were moving about. Through the iron-grated windows on the ground floor we could look into semi-dark cells which contained no furniture whatever and in which the numerous prisoners were occupied partly with dice or card playing and partly with the making of various small carved and braided knick-knacks which were offered us for purchase as soon as the inmates caught sight of our party. From the galleries of the upper story which ran all around the court and which were also crowded with prisoners, we were greeted with laughter and hilarious exclamations. The poor fellows were immensely pleased with our visit, which offered them a welcome change and an opportunity to sell some of their handmade little articles. They seemed to belong to all ranks of society, from the peasant in his picturesque national costume to the well-dressed merchant, and their features betrayed the most varied grades of intelligence. We were told that prisoners already sentenced and such as had not yet been interrogated by a judge were mingled here, and that frequently weeks passed before the latter received a first hearing. The food furnished the prisoners is said to be too little to live on and too much to starve on. If one of these poor devils should happen not to have any relatives or friends to supply him with food, he must depend for it on the compassion of his luckier companions in misfortune, else he has to suffer the pangs of hunger. Regarding sleeping commodities the conditions are even worse. Twenty to thirty prisoners are crowded into one cell which contains neither table nor chairs and where the damp and filthy floor offers the only place for rest and

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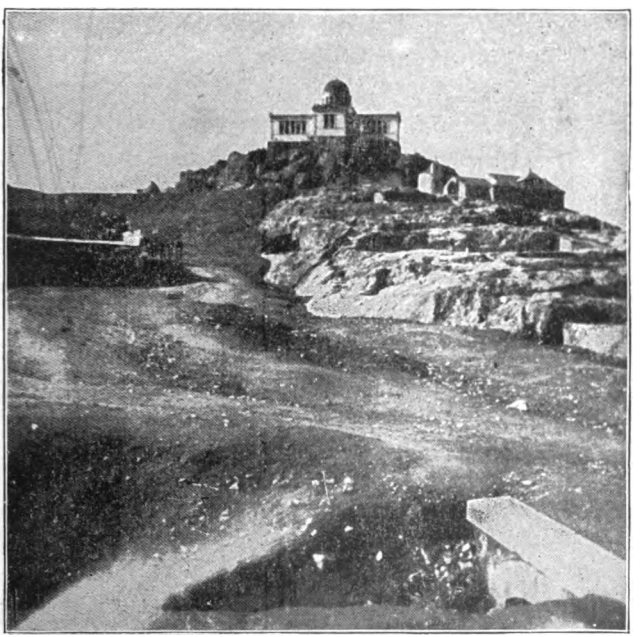
sleep. There is no distinction made as to age or grade of crime, and old men and boys, murderers and simple drunkards, share the same cell, sleeping body to body and eating out of the same dish.

It is remarkable, however, that no sad faces are to be seen among these prisoners. On the contrary, many of them



Hill of the Nymphs and Observatory, Athens

look joyous and some seem even to be extremely happy. Should they ever conspire to effect an escape it would be a small matter for them, as the prisoners have free intercourse with each other, and their guards, as far as one can observe, are of small number and decidedly negligent in the performance of their duties. There are no special ob-

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stacles put in the way of friends and relatives who wish to visit prisoners, and we ourselves observed inmates of ground floor cells, the windows of which opened onto the street, entering into conversations with passersby and receiving food through the iron gratings.

Becoming interested in Greek penal methods, we paid next day a visit to the state penitentiary, situated at a short distance from the city, the director of which was kind enough to conduct us personally through the institution. The penitentiary buildings consist of an old monastery-like structure, on the surrounding walls of which sentinels are placed at intervals in such a way that the outer vicinity as well as the courtyards of the building may be watched at the same time. This is the sole penal institution of the country and it contains only long-term and life criminals, but they seem to enjoy much the same sort of treatment which we had observed in the municipal jail. The prisoners move about freely in the semi-dark, vaulted corridors, and pay each other neighborly visits in their cells. Most of the doors were open and a glance into the rooms showed the inmates either slumbering on their beds, talking, or busying themselves with some light work which seemed more pastime than earnest occupation. Several individuals were loitering about in the court-yards while others were, like Neapolitan lazzaronis, lazily squatting in the sunshine. Only a few cells were locked.

At our request we were admitted into several of the latter which contained dangerous, life-term prisoners. Upon our entrance, the inmates, as a rule, arose with a pleasant greeting and willingly replied to such questions as were put to them. One of these fellows even submitted to having his palms and his cranium examined by Miss Elizabeth and Miss Rae, both of whom were enthusiastic amateur palmists and phrenologists. The result of these ex-

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aminations was indisputable. The signs of the palms as well as the elevations and depressions of the cranium pointed to brutality and degeneration, and a mistake in the interpretation of the mysterious lines and cranial bumps was impossible, as the living proof stood indisputably before our eyes. Lombroso could not have done it better.

This proof of infallibility on the part of Miss Elizabeth and Miss Rae filled my heart with hope, since my head and my palms had also been examined one evening at the hotel by the two charming sisters who, on that occasion, had prognosticated that I was to enjoy a long life and die a rich man. To-day, while writing these lines, I feel assured of the truth of the first part of this prophecy, for it is only the unlimited faith in this which encourages me to give, by the publication of this book, my enemies a chance to bring me to an earlier grave. As to the second part of the prophecy, I do not doubt for a moment that I am destined to roll in wealth from the proceeds of this book, and that I shall live to receive my publisher's check for the royalties of the thousandth edition.

The surprising willingness of the prisoner to allow himself to be examined in this way, did not, however, spring from a scientific or other unselfish motive. As we were about to retire from the cell after the completed examination, he brought forth a number of small trifles of his own manufacture which, while pointing out his services as experimental object, he offered us for sale at prices which were by no means modest. Truly the man deserved his fate. The idea of demanding a reward for the privilege of having two charming young ladies touch his dirty hands and slip their rosy fingers for several minutes through his greasy hair!

Proceeding farther through the corridors, the director took pains to point out to us various individuals as the

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heroes of notorious or especially remarkable crimes. Among others he showed us the man who only a few months before had fired a shot from ambush at King George, as the latter was driving in company of one of his daughters on the road to Phaleron. But by far the most interesting inmate of the penitentiary was a little boy of about five years, an orphan, whose father, a long term criminal, had been allowed to keep the little fellow with him until further disposition. Mrs. C.... expressed an opinion as to the baleful influence which this life in penitentiary must have on the growing boy, but the director informed us that so far the contrary was the case and that the little fellow was seemingly exercising a beneficial influence on the prisoners, whose general pet he was, and who overwhelmed him with self-made toys and saved for him the choicest morsels of the prison fare.

To strangers who interest themselves in the royal family, frequently occasion is offered to see some of its members during their daily walks and drives, and even an audience with King George or Crown Prince Constantine is not very difficult to obtain. I had the pleasure of being received by the latter without much ceremony during my first stay in Athens, through the intervention of his erstwhile aide-de-camp, Major Hadjipietro. The latter's acquaintance I had made by means of a written introduction from the American minister. The Greek court is the most democratic of all courts in Europe and this example of royalty is followed by the ministers and other high state officials. It does not take much formality to obtain an interview with one of these gentlemen, and I may cite as proof of the simplicity of these matters that I was, without previous notice, one evening asked by an Athenian acquaintance, the correspondent of a Russian newspaper,

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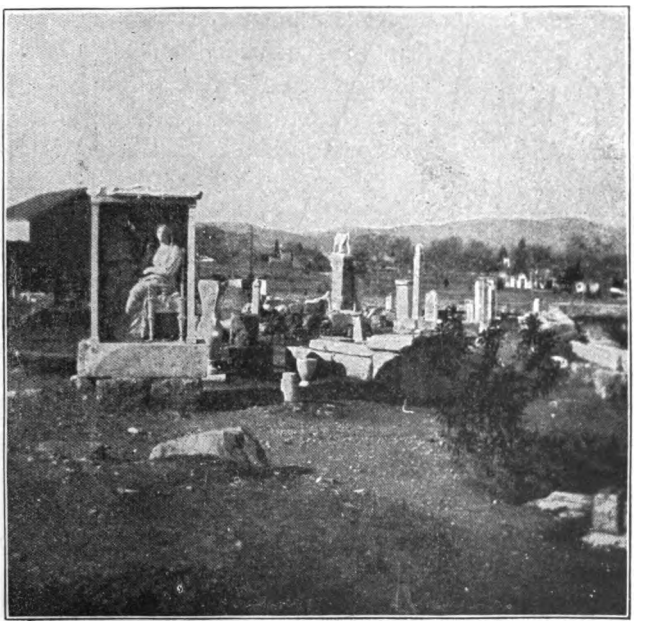
to accompany him to a reception given by the minister of war.

"But, my dear friend," said I, "I have not been invited, I do not know anyone there, and can really not conceive what would justify me in appearing at this reception."

"Let that be my care," he replied laughingly, "I will



The Ancient Cemetery of Athens.

introduce you to the minister. We are not so particular here."

On the afternoon of the day before our departure for Alexandria—I was now considered a member of Mrs. C....'s traveling party—we climbed up Mont Lycabettus in order to enjoy once more an extended view of the

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city and its farther environs. The ascent to the summit which is crowned by a small church, occupies less than an hour, but is somewhat fatiguing on account of the steep grade. The edifice mentioned is dedicated to Saint George and it is from this church that Mont Lycabettus takes its modern name of "Hagios Georgios." Its interior is without any interest whatever to strangers, but the outlook from the encircling wall is beautiful beyond description. Although the view from the summit of Pentelikon is more extended, this one is decidedly preferable, as it offers more detail. Old Attika from here expands free on all sides like a cyclorama, the observation platform being formed by the narrow summit of Lycabettus in the center. The admiring glance of the observer wanders over the Acropolis, the city and the plain, to the Piraeus, the Bay of Phaleron and over Aegina and Salamis, far out to the sea. Towards the west is visible the hazy purple of the distant mountains of Argos and Corinth. The Bay of Eleusis is hidden by a lower group of hills connecting in the north with Parnes. Towards the northeast the eye rests on the Pentelikon and may follow the historical road to Marathon, while in the southeast the horizon is shut off by the chain of the Hymettus ever changing its glorious hues. We stood there lost in admiration, observing the kaleidoscopic changes in the color tones of the landscape as the sun was sinking towards the west until the evening shadows at last gradually obscured the charming picture from view. The wondrous effects of this scene cannot be described for it is only the brush of the artist and not words which can fitly illustrate the misty tenderness, the rosy, orange, violet and purple tones, that make a sunset viewed from Mont Lycabettus a sight never to be forgotten.

Darkness was rapidly approaching when we started down hill, and the gas lamps on Constitution Square were

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illuminating the usual evening scenes when we reached our hotel to get the luggage ready for our departure.

This time it was a Russian steamer, the "Czar Nicholas II," which we were to take and the boat was ready for sailing when we alighted from our carriages next morning at the landing quay in Piraeus prepared to be rowed on board. At this moment an unforeseen incident came near separating me from Mrs. C....'s party. Some blunder had been made at the issuing of the ladies' tickets and nearly an hour passed before the misunderstanding at the steamer-agent's office nearby was so far cleared up that the ladies could go on board with their luggage. Even so, Mrs. C.... had to deposit the price of six tickets, which she did under protest, receiving a promise of reimbursement after the mistake should be cleared up to the satisfaction of the steamship company by the Athens ticket agent.

We had just mounted the ship's ladder, when the steamer weighed anchor, and a few hours later the main coast of Greece was only visible as a faint stripe of mist on the horizon, while before us one after the other the various picturesque islands of the Cyclades group rose out of the dark blue sea. The weather was magnificent and the air on deck so pleasant that most of the passengers did not leave it except for their meals. The "Nicholas II" was, in comparison with the Levant steamers of the Austrian Lloyd, large and roomy, but the quality of the fare was much inferior to that of the latter. The number of cabin passengers was not too large to crowd the promenade deck and in general this part of the traveling company, although mixed in nationalities, seemed to be very good. The steerage passengers consisted largely of Russian peasants making a pilgrimage to the Holy Land under the leadership of a pope (Russian clergyman). A consider-

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able part of the cargo was formed of live sheep which occupied not only a large section of the hold, but also a division of the main deck, and, in consequence, made themselves frequently and disagreeably noticeable to the ears and noses of the passengers. Among these four-legged passengers, which were in plain view from the rear part of the promenade deck, were sitting or reclining several Russian peasant women, whose favorite occupation during the sunny afternoon hours seemed to be the chase of parasites on each other's heads. Some times, however, they would chase on their own hunting grounds, but, of course, only in such places which were within comfortable reach and view.

Among the first-cabin passengers were several whose acquaintance I had already made in Athens, and I was especially glad to meet on board Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah Curtin with whom I had spent some very pleasant hours in the hotel. The noted English translator of "Quo Vadis" and other works of the Polish author Sienkiewicz is a man who had traveled considerably and is a remarkable linguist for an American. He is also an entertaining and genial conversationalist. Mrs. Curtin was almost as interesting a woman as her husband was a man, and the numerous later meetings which I had with this couple in Cairo, Sakkara and Luxor will ever be counted among my most pleasant traveling reminiscences.

Another American group that had been among the guests of the Hotel d'Angleterre were Mr. and Mrs. S.... and their son. They were, like myself, from C...., but, in spite of our co-citizenship, I cannot say that they were in any way sympathetic people. The couple were both devoid of all culture and refinement, but while the husband, by wise silence, hardly ever allowed this defect to become noticeable, the unceasing chatter of the wife be-

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trayed every moment her astonishing ignorance. Her favorite topic of conversation were the travels that they had so far made and which they had planned for the future, partly for pleasure, but mainly on account of her extremely delicate health. When Mrs. S.... did not speak of the Vatican in Paris or the Coliseum in Berlin,

Tartar Type on S. S. "Nicholas II."

(I exaggerate here slightly), she tried to entertain the company at the table or on deck with the enumeration of her numerous ailments. Her appearance, by the by, contradicted effectually her statements, her healthy complexion and full figure forming a strong contrast to the narrow, sunken chest, drawn-up shoulders and thin, pallid

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face of her husband who looked, next to her, like a living skeleton. The son, however, was a robust young fellow of eighteen years who attached himself to our Billy, whenever the latter had no knightly duties to perform in the service of Miss Anna.

Next to the persons mentioned, my special attention was attracted by a very handsome but exceedingly delicate, almost transparently thin American young lady who was traveling in company with her mother, and who was recognized by Miss Elizabeth as a former schoolmate. This young lady affected very aristocratic airs, and, with the exception of the C.... party, kept aloof from the other passengers. Her inseparable companion was an ill-tempered little poodle whom she kissed and caressed unceasingly and whose physical comfort seemed to be her sole care. The ever-barking little beast had a wardrobe trunk of its own and its toilet was changed two or three times a day. Its malicious little eyes partly hidden by long tufts of hair, adorned with pink, light-blue or red ribbons, observed carefully every one approaching its mistress. Besides a silver collar and a tail ribbon the little brute wore handsome covers of velvet and woolen goods, embroidered with the monogram of its owner, and when the deck was damp, its paws were encased in soft rubber shoes tied with silk ribbons. It had a little bed of its own, and its wardrobe, as the young lady once proudly confided to me, contained among other things, warm nightgowns, costumes for visiting and, for cold weather, fur-lined plush covers and shoes. I suppressed on this occasion the temptation to ask whether the dear little creature also wore jewelry with its visiting suits, but I shouldn't wonder if the beast possessed golden toe rings and visiting cards among its outfit.

I do not know why I had such a strong aversion against

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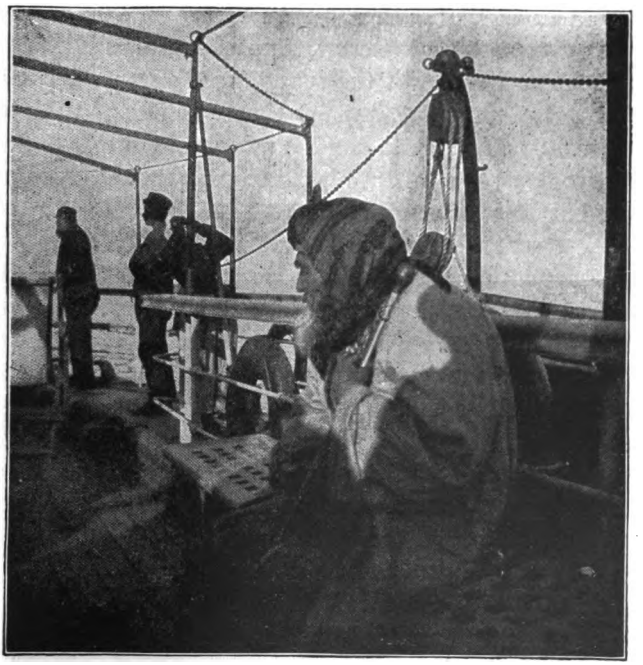
this little animal, unless it be that I saw so much affection wasted on it by its mistress which many a young man with a taste for thin sylphids would have appreciated so much more. When I expressed this thought to Miss Anna she suspected that I myself was envious of the poodle, but I must confess that I have never been enthusiastic



Turkish Passenger on S. S. "Nicholas II."

about types of womanhood which threaten to break asunder at the waist and I solemnly affirm that there was no selfish desire at the bottom of my aversion.

The other cabin passengers were of no special interest as they did not offer any material for study and observa-

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tion. The two days which the trip from Piraeus to Alexandria lasted, passed rapidly in conversing and reading, and the evenings in the salon were not less agreeable than the days spent on deck. Miss Elizabeth played the piano and sang, and although not gifted musically myself, I could be slightly useful, in that at her request I tried to teach her the correct pronunciation of the Italian song "Santa Lucia". When she began this song on the first evening out, she was accompanied by the dude-poodle's long-drawn howl. At the second rendition of the song, however, I stepped, seemingly inadvertently, on its tail, just as he was again taking his position next to the piano in order to begin anew his accompaniment. This happened right after the first line:

"Sul mare luccica l'astro d'argento"

and I am sure the beast must have seen not only silver but golden stars, for he jumped with a painful yelp into the lap of his mistress where he remained for the rest of the evening, after having been affectionately consoled by her.

The "Nicholas II" was to arrive in Alexandria early in the forenoon, but when we came on deck after breakfast on the day of arrival, the wide sea was still stretching unbounded before us. Not until two hours later did a slight vapor line on the horizon indicate the flat coast we were approaching, and another hour passed before the two landmarks of Alexandria, the Pharus and the Column of Pompey,became visible to the naked eye. One after the other, the white summer palace of the Khedive, the great stone molo and the long rows of buildings on the shore rose out of the waves, and when towards noon we steamed into the inner harbor, the graceful crowns of slender date palms bowed to us a first silent welcome to the land of the Pharaohs.

We were, however, greeted quite differently and in a

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much noisier manner when the steamer reached its landing place on the pier from where a horde of Arabs and negroes in long flowing gowns and a crowd of uniformed hotel agents, guides and traveling-bureau officials rushed on board to take possession of passengers and luggage. There was a mix-up of English, French, Italian, Greek and Arab, the like of which only the Tower of Babel may have seen. If the entrance into the harbor of Piraeus was scenically and historically more beautiful and interesting, it was certainly greatly surpassed from a picturesque point of view by the scenes on the landing quay of Alexandria. A glance towards the pier revealed among the crowd gathered there all color shades in complexion and costumes. Western European dress alternated with the long gown, the turban and fez of the Arab and Copt. Ladies in modern toilets were standing next to Mohammedan women, of whose bourko-covered faces nothing but inquisitive, lustrous eyes were visible. English officers and soldiers in red coats with short canes were pushing through the crowd, over which rose, here and there, the heads of tall negro soldiers of the Soudan in dark uniforms. In the foreground the gold-embroidered costume of a consular dragoman was glittering conspicuously, and somewhat aside from the mass of people stood several carriages, the restless horses of which were watched by bare-legged "sais" in short, white skirt-trousers and gold-embroidered zouave jackets. The loud conversation of this crowd on the pier was partly drowned by the still noisier clamor and cursing of the "hammals," who, laden with trunks and bags, were pushing their way recklessly through the people towards the custom-house and the public vehicles.

We regarded the picturesque groups on the shore for a

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long time with great interest and allowed the first attack of carriers and hotel agents to pass by, before we entrusted our luggage to one of the latter. Soon after we were well and comfortably lodged at the Hotel Abbat on the Place de l'Eglise.

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VII.

ALEXANDRIA, OLD AND NEW.—AN ARAB FUNERAL PROCESSION.—THE COLUMN OF POMPEY.—EGYPTIAN RAILWAYS. — FROM ALEXANDRIA TO CAIRO. — FACTORY CHIMNEYS AND MOSQUES; ELECTRIC CARS AND PYRAMIDS.

Alexandria, the second largest city of the dark continent, owes its foundation not, as is frequently believed, to the vanity of the Macedonian conqueror who thus wished to immortalize himself and erect a lasting monument of his campaign in Egypt. If we take into consideration its geographical situation, it will at once be clear that entirely different motives must have actuated the great ruler in founding this city on the western point of the Nile Delta. Alexander was surely far-seeing enough to judge at its true value the influence which a large seaport on this site was destined to have on the material and spiritual intercourse between Greece and the more secluded realm of the Pharaohs, and he had without doubt deeper motives, closely connected with the building up of the Greek world-empire which he planned. Alexander did not err, for soon after his death, even under the first Ptolemy, the city grew to great importance. At the time of Augustus it had a population of more than half a million, among whom the Greek element was always dominating. Like all cities of that period, Alexandria has seen its good and its bad days. At present it is of no special interest, and for the tourist the city forms only a point of transition from western civilization to the Orient: It is decidedly of semi-European aspect. Among the 250,000 inhabitants nearly one-

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fourth are Europeans, among whom, as in antiquity, the Greeks are most strongly represented. Since the rebuilding of Alexandria after the destructive bombardment by the English in 1882, its architecture has become thoroughly modern, but it was once the theater of great historical happenings. It witnessed Cæsar's grand triumphal entry after the assassination of Pompey, the magnificent feasts and orgies of Anthony and Cleopatra, and two of the greatest crimes of religious fanaticism, the stoning of Hypatia by a Christian mob, and the burning of the Alexandrian library by a Mohammedan conqueror, facts that must forever lend a sentimental interest to the city.

I should have preferred to leave for Cairo without a prolonged stay in Alexandria, which I had visited before, as it has by no means the magic charm possessed by such cities as Athens and Cairo, which one always likes to revisit. But the friendly ties which had linked me to Mrs. C....'s party induced me to remain, especially as it was only a day and a half the party intended to spend there. On the afternoon of our arrival we strolled through the Rue Chérif Pascha and the Rue Ibrahim, the two great modern thoroughfares of the city, which, in their character differ only slightly from those of European capitals, and visited in carriages the Arab quarters, which, on the other hand, are distinguished by filth and bad odors. The evening we spent in front of one of the numerous cafés on the Place Mehemet Ali. This large parallelogram of buildings, planted with shady trees, in the middle of which rises the equestrian statue of the founder of the present Khedivial Dynasty, forms the heart of the city. The houses composing it are all new and in modern style, since the former square, during the revolt of Arabi Pasha, was reduced to ashes, out of which it rose again like a Phoenix, new and rejuvenated. On pleasant evenings and Sunday

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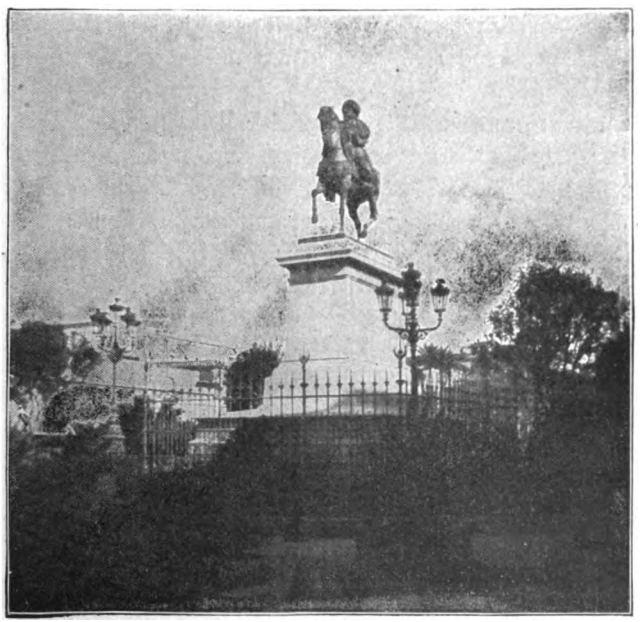
afternoons gay crowds surge here, sit in groups at small tables on the sidewalks, sip coffee and sherbet, listen to the music in the cafés, talk and laugh. The Place Mehemet Ali is also the favorite rendezvous of strangers, and there is no better place in the city to study the character of its Frank population.



Monument of Mehemet Ali in Alexandria.

During my first stay in Alexandria I had spent an interesting evening with Mr. Clark, the Oriental manager of the traveling-bureau of the same name, in the slums of the Arab quarters, which would be worth mentioning here were it not that I intend to introduce to the reader a similar quarter in Cairo which, from a moral point of view, is still more characteristic of native degradation.

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The next morning saw us, mounted on gayly-caparisoned donkeys, riding through the Rue de la Colonne and out at the Port du Nil on the way to the "Bumbus" column, as our donkey boy called it. (I have noticed that the Arabs always pronounce the letter P like B.) While passing the large Arab cemetery situated outside of the gate, we encountered a funeral procession coming from the opposite direction. We stopped and allowed the procession to pass. At the head of it were a number of men walking slowly, who chanted in incessant repetition the Islamitic confession of faith "Allah il Allah—Mohammed raz ul Allah" (there is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet). Following the singing men came several persons who, judging by their carriage and demeanor, must have been relatives of the deceased. Behind these mourners the bier was carried on the shoulders of four men who were relieved from time to time by others. Following the coffin walked the most peculiar group of women imaginable. Some of them, with streaming hair, were moaning and weeping loudly, twisting blue kerchiefs over their heads and before their faces as if wringing floods of tears out of them, while others, evidently uttering only sham lamentations, were calling out at longer or shorter intervals praises of the dead. These were the professional mourners. It was the head of a family which was being buried, for the dirge, according to the interpretation of the guide, ran somewhat like this: "Oh, my lord, oh, my camel, thou hast left us! Oh, my lion, oh, my glory, who will now take care of us!" This kind of lamenting may appear ridiculous to some, but to the Arabs the camel symbolizes the responsibility of the household and the greatest utility, while the lion is the symbol of protecting strength. Behind the hired mourners followed friends and acquaintances of the family and a number of

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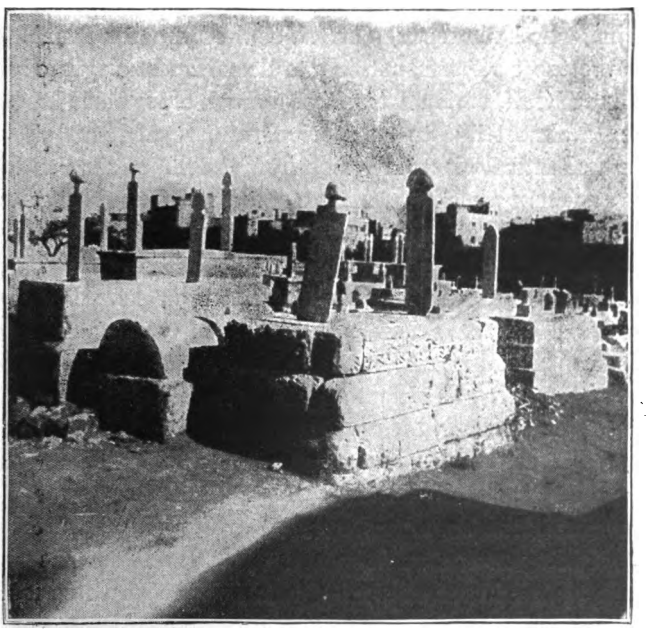
inquisitive idlers. The rear of the procession was formed by a number of half-naked children. The attention of these, however, was immediately detracted from the funeral when they caught sight of us, and when we moved on again after the procession had entered the cemetery, the whole baksheesh-seeking crowd followed us persistently until we reached the column of Pompey.



An Arab Cemetery in Alexandria.

The young ladies wanted to throw the importunate little beggars a few piastres. I prevented this in time, knowing by experience that such a proceeding would only make matters worse. Entire disregard of their clamoring and threats with the whip are the only remedy against the persistency of these young Egyptian gamins whose num-

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ber, when a piastre is thrown them, grows mysteriously like an avalanche, before one has a chance to escape.

We stood now at the foot of the heap of rubbish from which the great column, the only well-preserved monument of ancient Alexandria, rises to a height of nearly one hundred feet. The assumption that this shaft has any connection whatever with the great Roman has been proven false long ago. Even the Roman Prefect Pompejus, who had erected a statue of the Emperor Diocletian on the top of it, has nothing to do with the origin of the column itself, which dates from a much older period. One would almost like to be deceived and regard this site as the authentical place on which Pompey fell under the daggers of his assassins, were it not too well known that this historical drama was enacted in Pelusium, and not in Alexandria. With this undisputed fact the monument loses all the more in interest, since it does not even possess artistic merit. Neither do the lately discovered tombs at the foot of the pedestal nor the catacombs situated at a short distance from it offer anything remarkable. Of the celebrated Serapeum which is supposed to have been situated near the column of Pompey every trace has been lost. The old Pharus, at one time one of the seven wonders of the world, has been swallowed long ago by the waters of the Mediterranean and the new lighthouse does not even stand on the identical site. One may see that there is not much left for the archæologist to admire in Alexandria.

The collection of Græco-Roman antiquities, however, is interesting enough if one has not yet seen the treasures of Gizeh. We visited the museum in the afternoon after having spent the rest of the morning in a ride along the beautiful shores of the Mahmudie Canal which connects Alexandria with the Nile, and in a stroll through the magnificent gardens belonging to the Greek merchant prince

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Antoniades. The most interesting object to the ladies in the collection of antiquities proved to be a marble head of a woman with detachable wig which made it possible to follow the changes of style, and the debate about this bust was so lively that the other objects did not receive much attention.

In the evening we had occasion to witness a ball in the hotel at which the brilliant uniforms of the English officers were most conspicuous, the charming representatives of the weaker sex and the few civilians being greatly in the minority.

The following noon found us at the station, forty-five minutes ahead of time. In Egypt time is not money and if one has much luggage to attend to even an hour is not too much for the purpose of checking it and for buying the tickets. The ticket office, for example, is very frequently closed as early as ten to fifteen minutes before the departure of trains. It is also necessary to keep close watch on all luggage until it is checked, for the carriage hardly stops in front of the station before a mob of hammals pounces upon it and drags it into the hall without paying any attention to protests, and only by having a good dragoman along one is sure of having everything properly attended to.

As to the Egyptian trains, it is advisable to use only carriages of the first class. During my first sojourn in Egypt I was once induced to travel a short distance second-class, and the memory of that trip suffices even this day to ruffle my temper. It was a warm day and by arriving early at the station I had secured a seat next to a window. Soon after the car filled with a multitude of Arab and Greek merchants and farmers who were apparently carrying with them a large part of their merchandise and other belongings, for not only did they fill all the space under

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the seats, in the aisle and on the racks above the benches with satchels, baskets, bags and bundles of all sorts, but most of the passengers carried pieces of luggage even in their laps. The conductor found it difficult to squeeze through all these obstacles when he came to control the tickets, but he seemed to be used to it and did not offer any objection whatever against this transformation of a passenger carriage into a freight car. Soon after the train started, satchels and bags were opened and it did not take very long before every little space on the floor, not otherwise occupied, was covered with paper, empty wine bottles, banana and orange peelings, bones and other remnants of eatables. The fine dust penetrating through the closed windows, the thick smoke of cigarettes, the odors of garlic and the sweaty evaporations from the passengers made the atmosphere in the car exceedingly foul. Luckily the trip was to last only two hours and I soon left my seat and remained standing near the half-open front door, preferring to breathe dust-laden but pure air. Another disagreeable peculiarity of traveling on Egyptian railroads is that the native passengers, even of the third-class, are permitted during a journey to walk through all the cars, from one end of the train to the other in order to satisfy their curiosity, which goes so far that they even open the closed compartments of the first-class and put their heads in to see what is going on. Once I witnessed how on such an occasion a German traveler, provoked by the constant disturbance, crushed a finger of one of these inquisitive Arabs by the violent slamming of the compartment door. If the dusky fellow had not rapidly withdrawn his head he probably would have been guillotined. As it was, a few piastres proved a healing salve for his wounded finger and feelings.

The fast train, which we used this time, was not over-

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crowded, and since the dust at this season of the year is not very annoying, we could enjoy the view of the rapidly-passing landscape. Soon after leaving Alexandria the road crosses the Mahmudie Canal, the southern shore of which it follows from there to Damanhur. At the right and left of the embankments stretch large surfaces of

Arab Family.

apparently shallow water, one of which is Lake Abukir and the other the "Beheret Maryut" of the Arabs. Farther on come squalid Fellah villages, the dirty adobe huts of which are surmounted by graceful date palms. In the shadow of the hovels women and children are lazily squatting. In the cotton fields nearby the peasants stop work-

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ing to look at the passing train, while motionless donkeys stand listlessly in the sun, blinking their eyes. Most picturesque of all are the numerous files of camels carrying heavy loads along the dams and embankments, and which are, like silhouettes, sharply delineated against the blue sky. Altogether the landscape is of no special interest, being rather monotonous, but to the traveler who penetrates into Egypt for the first time, it offers a peculiar charm on account of its characteristic novelty.

There are only two large stations on the line between Alexandria and Cairo—Damanhur, the ancient city of Horus, and Tantah. The view of Damanhur, the houses and mosques of which stand upon a hill, would be very picturesque were it not that several factory chimneys, rising among the minarets, spoil the otherwise harmonious *ensemble.* Such industrial establishments together with modern methods of transportation often disturb the effect of an Egyptian landscape, just as the general progress of civilization in all classical countries flooded by the stream of tourists, frequently destroys the expected charm of the most venerable sites and monuments. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that many of these innovations have added essentially to the material comfort of pleasure-seekers. In reality, it is only sentiment which suffers, and the great majority of tourists are rather indifferent as to whether they reach the Pyramids by an electric tramway, or Karnak by railroad, as long as they get there quickly and comfortably. Most of them, in fact, prefer the modern way of transportation to the donkey, the camel and the *dahabieh.*

After a journey of three hours and a half, the express train arrives in Cairo. The station is modern and the arrival of the train is, as usually, awaited by numerous hotel agents, porters, interpreters and carriers, wrangling

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with each other about the travelers and their luggage. The competition is especially keen between the first-named, and if one has not chosen his hotel in advance, one is apt to be so confused by the exaggerated laudings of the various hostelries that it becomes hard to make a choice. If necessary, the agents underbid each other in prices and in this way it happens frequently that, between the quarreling parties, the onlooker, in this case the passenger, is the beneficiary. The ladies were inclined to go to the well-known, but at this season generally over-crowded, Shepheard Hotel. However, they followed my advice and selected, at least for the first period of their sojourn in Cairo, the Eden Palace Hotel, a new, but excellent house opposite the Esbekieh Garden, with the proprietor of which I was personally acquainted.

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VIII.

CAIRO.—TOBEY AND JIM CORBETT.—STREETS AND TYPES. — EGYPTIAN PEDDLERS. — IN THE BAZAAR. — HOTEL CONDITIONS.—THE FISH MARKET, A SINK OF INIQUITY.—ARAB STORY-TELLERS.—DERVISHES.—RELIGIOUS HUMBUG.

The morning after our arrival in Cairo I started out for the Place de l'Opera, where I expected to find my old friend Tobey at the foot of the equestrian statue of Ibrahim Pasha. My expectation was more than realized, since I found not only Tobey at his usual stand, but also our mutual friend "Jim Corbett." This I had hardly dared to hope. But while Tobey's eyes were lighting up at the sight of me, and he was grasping my hands with every sign of honest pleasure, Jim remained perfectly apathetic, not even a motion of his long ears at the sound of my voice as I greeted him betraying that he remembered me. The ingrate! How often had I treated him to a juicy stick of sugar-cane in order to keep up his moral courage when I noticed during one of our excursions in the city or its environs that he had become fatigued! It was quite different with Tobey. He certainly remembered very well the generous baksheesh which I had slipped into his hand at my last departure. But Tobey was a man, even if only a simple donkey boy, while Jim Corbett was nothing more than an ordinary jackass. But I am doing injustice to both; Tobey was not a donkey boy like the rest of his turbaned and long-gowned comrades, and Jim was quite an extraordinary ass.

It may interest the reader to know how and where I

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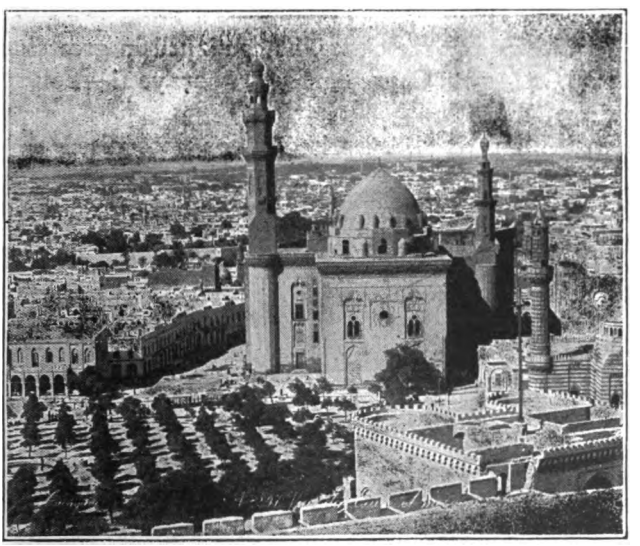
had made the acquaintance of this inseparable pair. During my last sojourn in Cairo I stood one day on the same spot at the foot of the Ibrahim monument negotiating with several of the donkey boys, who have their regular stands there, about an excursion to Heliopolis. None of the animals, however, came up to my requirements. While I still hesitated, trying to make the boys understand that



View of Cairo.

I needed a larger and stronger donkey, one of them called out in broken English, as he pointed to a rider coming in full gallop out of the Sharia el Maghrabi: "Here come Tobey—him good donkey!" The galloping donkey boy pulled up his animal in front of me and swung himself out of the saddle. He was about twenty-one years old, and his features betrayed considerably more intelligence than those of his comrades. His donkey was a strong,

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handsome animal and its white coat showed, on the upper hind and front legs, in excellent drawing, the designs made by means of a razor, which are so dear to the heart of the Cairo donkey boys. Its saddle and other trappings were also in the best of order. Tobey grasped the situation immediately and turning to me he said in quaintly broken English:

"Master, take my donkey—Jim Corbett best donkey in Cairo."

Then, looking at me closer, he continued in great surprise: "Oh!—you, Chicago man—I know you!—You not know me?"

"No," I answered, surprised to be recognised as a Chicagoan.

"What," said he, "you not know Tobey,—donkey boy from 'Streets of Cairo' in Chicago 'Expedition'?"

Now everything became clear to me. During the Columbian Exposition in Chicago my vocation had called me almost daily to the Midway Plaisance, and very frequently to the "Streets of Cairo," and my physiognomy had become so familiar to the then very youthful donkey boy whom, with other natives, the managers had brought to America, that he recalled it after a lapse of more than five years. I also remembered him now and the natural consequence of our meeting again was that I engaged his and Jim Corbett's services exclusively during the rest of my sojourn in Cairo whenever I needed a donkey.

Jim Corbett had many good qualities, but, just as strong lights throw strong shadows, so he had a peculiarity which almost obscured all his other virtues. This great shortcoming was a most terrifying bray whenever he met a charming representative of the weaker donkey sex. If the latter was especially attractive, he even stopped short and brayed until she had disappeared from view. All

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urging and lashing in such a case was in vain; Jim's gallant heart helped him to endure pain and insult with equanimity. I generally pardoned him gladly, because after such a serenade he usually made up for lost time by a double-quick gate. But one day my patience reached an end when he attracted the attention of the hotel guests on Shepheard's terrace by one of his sonorous love songs, while Tobey and I, by whip and boot, tried in vain to get him into motion. From then on I mounted Jim Corbett only outside the European quarter and only my regard for Tobey induced me to ride him at all.

All this was now forgotten in the joy of our meeting each other once more, and I again engaged the services of both with the order to Tobey (his real name was Mohammed) to secure six more donkeys, upon which our party intended the same day to visit the Arab quarters and the Bazaars.

In latter years, the donkey boy and his animal have lost much of their former popularity with Egyptian tourists, and the public carriages, which have largely usurped his place, almost threaten his existence. There is, however, no better means of transportation if one wishes to familiarize himself with the interesting life in the narrow, slippery streets of the native quarters which may not very well be explored afoot and which are not wide enough for carriages.

The ladies were ready when, after an interval of half an hour, Tobey appeared in front of the hotel with the necessary donkeys and boys. Billy, who admired the looks of Jim Corbett very much, begged me for permission to mount him. I gladly agreed to this, selecting for myself a big animal called "Moses," while the ladies respectively mounted "McKinley," "John L. Sullivan," "Mary Anderson," "Gladstone" and "Little Moses."

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Upon the patient backs of these donkeys with the great names, we were soon transported into the midst of the picturesque throngs of the Arab quarters near the bazaars.

The same vivid impressions which I had received during my first sojourn in Cairo forced themselves again upon me. It was as though I had for the first time stepped out of the hotel and found myself after a short walk in the "Muski" and its side streets, surrounded by that intensely Oriental and noisy street life which impresses the stranger so forcibly that he can never forget it. The modern quarters of Cairo are very handsome, and the gay multitudes in front of the great hotels of the Sharia Kamel Pasha and elsewhere in the neighborhood of the Esbekieh, are interesting and full of color; but modern architecture and the strong mixture of western life destroy here the thoroughly Oriental character which is so conspicuously perceived in the native parts of the city. Passing through the latter, one feels himself transposed back to the time of Harun al Rashid and many of the types encountered here remind one strongly of the picturesque characters in the "Arabian Nights." The roar of the streets, above which only a narrow stripe of blue sky is visible, and which are not unlike deep, dark canyons, is ear-splitting and the teeming life in them is completely bewildering. Men and women on foot, on horseback and on donkeys, heavily-laden camels, hand-carts and other vehicles, crowd each other, and the warning yells of drivers, the braying of donkeys, the roaring of camels, and the monotonous cries of numerous peddlers are mixed in such a chaos of noises as to make the place appear a veritable Bedlam. One gets so thoroughly bewildered at first that it takes quite a while before one is able to distinguish the details and to take in all the new and surprising sights of the animated picture.

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The most interesting figures in this throng, although in large minority, are the Arab women, clad generally in loose, sombre garments, with faces covered by black "Bourkos" (heavy veils) which frequently reach to the ground and are fastened over the bridge of the nose to a fillet by means of a brass or wooden ornament. They appear still more picturesque when seen carrying on one

Invitation to an Arab Wedding.

shoulder a naked child in straddling position or balancing an earthen vessel of graceful shape upon their heads. Very numerous are the "Hemali," venders of a cooling beverage perfumed with orange blossoms, which is sold from a large brass-ornamented vessel carried usually upon the back. The water sellers, "Sakki," also carry their goat-skins upon the back like they did in the time of

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Abraham. This type, however, is doomed to extinction in the city, since the modern conduits are already supplying with good water even the poorer native quarters where public drinking spouts have been established in many streets.

The peddlers of fruits, vegetables, sweet-meats, and the proprietors of itinerant kitchens may be heard everywhere. Their cries sometimes are in musical cadence, and they often recommend their goods to the public in very poetic language. Thus, Tobey translated to us the cries of a fruit peddler as follows: "Figs, figs, sweet figs! Sweeter than fresh cream!—Oranges! Figs!—True angels' food, full of honey!—Restores the health of the sick!" In one of the suburbs one day we heard a comical cry by a man who did not carry any goods whatever with him. It was a butcher, and what he cried out was this: "To-morrow, people, I am going to kill a young camel. Its flesh will be tender and sweet like that of a lamb!—Whoever eats of it will be satisfied!—If you like sweet, young camel's flesh, come early!—The pound costs only three little piastres!"

The odors from the various cooking establishments are not very tempting; neither are the dishes offered for sale by them; and if one sees their patrons standing in the street or squatting against a wall, eagerly devouring an unappetizing dish of "Pilaf" or fish, one says involuntarily, *"de gustibus non est disputandum."*

Among the tradesmen who conduct their business in small open shops or "al fresco" under a canvas shade, tailors and cobblers predominate. There are also many blacksmiths, tinsmiths, weavers, bakers, wood turners, and last, but not least, barbers. It is quite amusing to watch the latter shave the pates of their customers until they shine like billiard balls. Some of the tools used by these

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craftsmen would astonish their European brethren, as they frequently belong to a period dating back for centuries.

The costume of all these people is a long gown open at the breast, and their head-gear is the turban of various colors. Most frequently the white turban is seen. The right to wear this belongs exclusively to the descendants of the prophet. The Mecca pilgrims are distinguished by a green roll of cloth, while Copts and Jews generally wear black turbans and are otherwise clad in dark colors. The Mohammedan clergy, the "Ulemas," are distinguishable by a higher turban, the folds of which are rolled very regularly.

The sight of this teeming life afforded great pleasure to the ladies, who were so charmed by its novelty that we proceeded but slowly, as they frequently insisted on stopping. We had lost Billy several times out of sight, but this was not so much his fault as that of the gallant Jim Corbett. Reaching the bazaars at last, we dismounted and entered on foot. The exceedingly narrow streets spanned by awnings are hardly wide enough for two or three people to pass abreast. The wares exhibited here, as well as the booths and workshops of the merchants, can hardly be likened to the magnificence of the great bazaar of Constantinople, but the life is incomparably more picturesque and interesting. The keen eye of the shrewd disciples of Mercury had soon discovered the inexperience of our young people, who, stopping before every shop and pricing everything, were only too easily tempted to purchase. More than once I had to interfere in order to prevent the young ladies from buying things at a price which represented five times the amount of their real value. This naturally brought down on me the wrath of the eager merchants, and even Tobey, who, as I knew, received a commission on every purchase, was not quite pleased with

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me. In spite of his extended travels and experience, he was still Oriental enough to regard the cheating of a customer, especially if it be an infidel, as a laudable act.

Towards noon we returned to our hotel. Regarding the latter it is perhaps just to state that our accommodations left almost nothing to be desired. With few exceptions the hotels in Cairo and other places in Egypt frequented by tourists are excellent enough to satisfy the most fastidious requirements. The cooking in general is French, plentiful and good. The rooms are large and comfortably furnished and the service exceedingly efficient. The waiters and other servants, excepting a few European chambermaids, the services of which are exclusively reserved for female guests, are all Arabs, who wear a livery of white Turkish trousers, short embroidered jackets and the tarbush.

With such favorable chances of accommodation and with the fine weather which prevails in Cairo from November until the middle of March, it is not astonishing that the city has in latter years become the cosmopolitan Mecca of reconvalescents, pleasure-seekers and other tourists, who are attracted here not so much by the classic soil and the grand monuments of antiquity, as by the modern health resort atmosphere. To such guests Cairo offers sufficient attractions to make a winter's sojourn pleasant and not at all tedious. The Esbekieh Garden, a fine park in the center of the city and in the immediate vicinity of the hotels, contains a summer theater, cafés and restaurants, but it is not sufficiently appreciated by the majority of strangers who prefer to spend their afternoons on the terrace of the Shepheard Hotel instead of enjoying the shady walks and the music of the Egyptian or English military bands in the park. Opera, balls, receptions and other amusements, good public carriages and

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electric street cars add their share to the comforts of such travelers as cannot exist without the pleasures and advantages of Western civilization.

However, one may be really sorry for those fashionable sojourners who come here only to spend their days drinking tea in the hotel gardens, taking carriage rides to Shubra and the Gezireh Palace Hotel and pass their evenings at the opera or receptions instead of submerging themselves in this strangely interesting life, where one sees and learns something new every day. With a daily chance of admiring and studying the many magnificent Arab mosques and other gems of architecture, and above all, the priceless archæological treasures of the Gizeh museum, it is a sin not to do so. Although it is hard to believe that any visitor of Cairo should miss seeing the Sphinx and the Pyramids, yet there are such men. Thus, I once met a Frenchman who had stayed several days in Cairo and had departed without having seen those grand monuments of the past. But he related with great pleasure his daily visits to the beautiful Gezireh Hotel, on the terrace of which he had spent every afternoon admiring the handsome ladies who gather there for 5 o'clock tea. He had also seen the fish market.

This quarter, which has been mentioned before, is well worth seeing, but only for such as like to get acquainted with the lowest strata of the population and its depths of moral degeneration. There are similar quarters in the capitals and great seaports of many countries in Europe, Asia and America, but nowhere can be seen anything to approach even distantly the awful iniquity and repulsive vice which is exhibited in the crooked and narrow streets of the fish market. During the day this quarter is almost forsaken. Its population, especially that of the female sex, has withdrawn to their noisome lairs and one may

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only occasionally see a few loafing Arabs or a drunken English soldier staggering from one low dive to the other until the powdered and painted "decoy birds" in the latter, which belong to the lowest scum of European prostitution, have relieved him of his last piastre.

In the evening the locked doors and the grated window shutters on the ground floor are opened. Behind these the most hideous human creatures of the female sex exhibit themselves in cage-like recesses, seated upon tattered rugs, smoking cigarettes, chatting with each other, and grinning at the passersby. These are, throughout, Arab and negro women, with complexions shading from the lightest brown to the deepest black, and their faces, which bear the most pronounced stamp of vice, make them appear behind the heavy iron gratings like animals exhibited for show in a menagerie. Out of the low cafés and drinking places issue the monotonous sounds of Arab musical instruments, and through the open doors one may observe the female dancers closely surrounded by motley spectators. There is no stage exhibition and the performers frequently appear dancing before the door for the purpose of attracting visitors. From the windows of the upper stories are leaning black and brown, old and young sirens and their shameless invitations are extended to the inquisitive tourist as well as to the dirty Fellah, sinister-looking Bedouin, the red-coated soldier, the donkey boys, and all the Arab loafers of which the majority of the throng in the streets consists. To resist the charm of these sirens it is, however, not necessary to have oneself securely chained down, as Ulysses and his comrades found it advisable to do. There is no danger whatever. The sirens are anything but tempting.

The interiors of the houses into which one may freely enter are just as filthy and noisome as are the holes which can be observed from the street. Very conspicuous is the

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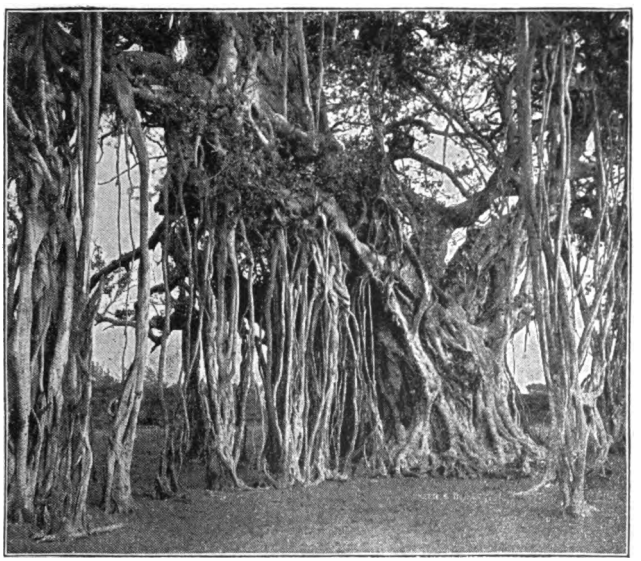
large number of children and half-grown boys which form a part of the multitude and which generally crowd to those places where the moral atmosphere is least fitting for them. The few native policemen, who move about unconcernedly in the streets, do not pay any attention whatever to these revolting conditions, and they interfere only in case of personal encounters between natives. Such,



Banyan Tree in the Esbekieh Garden, Cairo.

however, occur very rarely, since the Egyptian Arabs, although they will quarrel for hours, hurl the vilest insults at each other and twirl their canes threateningly before the faces of an adversary, hardly ever get to blows.

It is strange that the English government, which alone is responsible for the astonishing progress and the substantial improvements which have made Egypt a civilized

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nation and have transformed Cairo into a beautiful, half-modern city, allows this sink-hole of iniquity and shame to exist in its present form. The sole explanation to be found for this is that for the sake of greater political objects to be achieved, like in India, the government is not willing to disturb the religious and moral life of the natives. This may be good statesmanship and good policy, but, after all, perhaps something could be done to cover up, at least, the worst phase of these degrading conditions, the perversity of vice, if it is impossible to eradicate it. Here, missionaries of Christianity, is work for you more laudable to undertake than the saving of innocent heathen souls!

As hundreds of years ago, so to-day, the numerous "shoara" or public story-tellers are still popular in Cairo, and the people crowd around them on the streets or in the cafés as in the times of Sultan Saladin, listening with intense rapture to the tales of adventure, love and obscenity which they narrate. The performance of such a "sha-ir," a real type from the "Arabian Nights," with large turban and long white beard, we attended one night in an Arab café which we had entered under the leadership of Tobey. The crowd was listening with great attention to the narrator, who was frequently interrupted by applauding cries of "Allahu Akbar!" at which occasion the musician seated next to the *sha-ir* thumped his "darabuke" most energetically. We tried to have the story interpreted for us by Tobey, but he was so absorbed in listening that he paid no attention to our request. "I tell you by um by," was all he would say and not until the narrator had finished and Tobey had yelled himself almost hoarse, together with the rest of the audience, could we induce him to give us a synopsis of the story. The hero of it was a Mohammedan youth who had experienced countless bloody ad-

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ventures with heathens and Christians, in the course of which he always emerged as victor, not only in single combat but often against overwhelming numbers of enemies, killing hundreds of infidels. The frequent "Allahu Akbar" cries by which the sha-ir was interrupted, accentuated always the death of one or more of the heathen or Christian dogs. The pleased audiences do not tire of listening the whole evening with undiminished attention to the frequent repetitions of such a story.

Almost every one has heard of the howling dervishes whose exercises may be witnessed in Cairo every Friday afternoon against payment of an admission fee. These exhibitions are of peculiar interest to the spectator although one is somewhat puzzled as to whether the ecstasy is genuine or not into which the dervishes seemingly work themselves by violent motions of the upper body and head and through incessant repetitions of the Islamitic confession of faith culminating in rapidly uttered "Hoo!—Hoo!" cries. Apparently it is no sham, for sometimes a howling dervish, with foaming mouth, will drop down in convulsions, in which case, however, the others do not concern themselves about him but keep on with their performances. Incomparably more interesting was the special exhibition of an "Ilwan" dervish which we witnessed one evening in a small room of an old house in the Arab quarter. After this fellow had worked himself, by movements similar to those of the howling dervishes, into the necessary state of ecstasy, he wrapped himself amid continuous gyrations in a burning sheet, allowing the flames to lick his half-naked body. Following this he gulped down the contents of a glass filled half with water and half with oil, on the surface of which a burning wick was floating, and finally, between his teeth, crushed the tumbler to powder which he swallowed with awful grimaces.

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During this procedure the blood was running out of the corners of his mouth. After he had further swallowed a couple of glowing coals and had tried to gouge out his eyes with a large wire nail, we became disgusted with the performance and left.

The pious traveler who comes to Egypt full of gullibility and religious sentiment will find frequent occasion to gain pleasure and satisfaction at the view of sites allegedly connected with events related in the Bible and the New Testament. One has certainly to be Paul and not Saul if one is to descend with religious awe to the bottom of Joseph's Well in the Cairo citadel, which is sometimes pointed out as the identical shaft into which Joseph had been thrown by his brothers, and again as the dungeon in which the wife of Potiphar is said to have tempted the future originator of grain corners.

Another biblio-historical site is the so-called "Well of Moses," situated in the Mokattam Hills at a short distance from the city, and in the vicinity of which the Jewish lawgiver is said to have herded the sheep of his father-in-law, Jethro. This site, however, must at that distant period have had quite a different aspect, for besides a rocky cleft filled with water, there is at present nothing to be seen that would furnish nourishment even for a single rabbit, much less for a herd of sheep. For miles around no blade of grass, no tree or shrub grows upon the rock and yellow sand.

During a visit to the Isle of Rhoda, where the interesting Nile meter may be seen, and where stands the rag-covered miraculous tree of the holy "Mandura" to whom the Mohammedan sick, praying for health, offer their bandages, the identical spot on the Nile shore was pointed out to us where the baby Moses had been found in the

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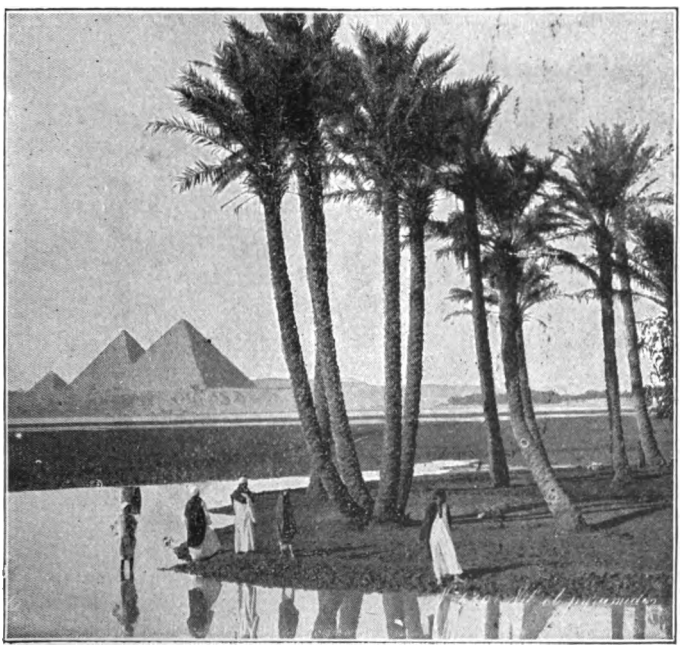
bullrushes by the daughter of Pharaoh. What hoary memories!

Making an excursion to Heliopolis to see the only obelisk in lower Egypt which still stands on its original site, one passes the small village of Matariye. In a garden facing the road stands the so-called Tree of St. Mary, in



The Pyramids of Gizeh.

the shade of which the Holy Virgin with the Christ-child is said to have rested on her flight to Egypt. But it takes considerable religious faith to connect this sycamore with the mother of the Saviour, and one would have to deduct from our calendar at least 1500 years to be able to imagine that it ever offered protection to her and the Child. The

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tree can, at the utmost, be 300 years old, even though its mutilated trunk and gnarled branches, which are now surrounded by a protecting fence, make it perhaps appear older. The origin of the pious legend may possibly be sought in the circumstance that the well from which this garden is irrigated furnishes sweet and cool water, while the other wells in the vicinity are strongly saline. Blessed are they that believe!

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IX.

THE MUMMIES OF THE PHARAOHS.—AMERICAN PUSH IN EGYPT.—ON THE TOP OF CHEOPS' PYRAMID.—MARK TWAIN.—AN ADVENTURE IN THE BOWELS OF THE PYRAMID.—ACHMED.—THE SITE OF MEMPHIS.—ACHMED'S SACRIFICE.—THE TOMB OF TI.—THE APIS TOMBS.

Interesting as modern Egypt is,—and one may get acquainted with it in Cairo from all points of view,—it is still without doubt the ancient relics and monuments from the time of the Pharaohs, the mute witnesses of an old and highly developed culture which form the strongest attraction for the majority of the strangers sojourning here. Nowhere may the history and development of the mysterious Egyptian people be studied so well as in the magnificent museum of Gizeh, which shelters under its roof treasures the like of which no other institution of the same kind can boast.

This open book of Egyptian history which here unfolds its leaves in more than eighty rooms contains so much that it would take months to get acquainted with its entire contents. The grand collection is housed in an erstwhile palace of Ismail Pasha, situated in a small park half-way on the road to the Pyramids. In front of the great entrance stands upon an elevated postament the sarcophagus of Mariette, the French Egyptologist who was the founder of the museum. It seems as if his body still stands guard over the treasures which he took from the ancient ground with so much zeal and effort.

Only with the deepest reverence may one walk through

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these halls, the contents of which transpose the visitor back thousands of years, offering a clear insight into the religious, artistic and domestic life of the ancient Egyptians. It is a peculiar feeling that overcomes one at the view of the simplest objects exhibited in these rooms, such as chairs, bedsteads and other household articles which were in daily use more than four thousand years ago. One regards with the greatest interest the finely wrought pieces of jewelry which once adorned the body of a daughter of the Pharaohs, whose mummy is exhibited in an adjoining room. Groups of small, artistically carved, wooden soldiers allow the presumption that they may have served as toys for a royal boy, who perhaps later was leading great armies to victory. The numerous closed sarcophagi of Egyptian rulers and other personages set one off in a reverie and the mind becomes overwhelmed by thoughts in the hall where, in glass cases, are lying, freed of their bandages, five kings of the XVIII and XIX dynasties, the glory of whom was once ringing through the ancient world, and whose features can be regarded only with sacred awe. What names these are! "Amenophis I, Tothmes I, Tothmes II, Rameses II, the great Sesostris, Rameses III." The bodies are fairly well preserved, but how long they will continue to remain so is questionable. One can well understand the curiosity of the Khedive Tewfik Pasha, who had these mummies unwrapped in order to see face to face the bodies of the great rulers, the finding of which in the tombs of Dar el Bahri caused such tremendous sensation in the scientific world, but it is nevertheless a profanation to exhibit them in this manner. How long will it be ere the work of dissolution stemmed by the embalming art of the ancient Egyptians, will be complete and the world deprived of the most costly treasures which the museum of Gizeh contains?

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The view of these royal mummies inspired me to the following effort:

"A museum's lofty hall contains,
Bedecked with grime and dust,
The mummy of a Pharaoh,
Millenniums old. I trust,

The Mummy of Rameses II.

And daily pass before its shrine,
Irreverent and loud,
A multitude of thoughtless men,
An idle, noiseful crowd.
But rarely does one contemplate
The ancient mummy there;
And of attention it receives
But very slight a share:

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For swathed in his linen straps,
The king lies dead and cold,
And rags are cov'ring now the limbs
That glittered once with gold.
And yet in ages gone and past
He ruled a country fair;
His royal word was then a law
Obeyed with zealous care.
Like Isis and Osiris was
He feared in all the land,
And stillness reigned when he waved
His mighty royal hand.

Before his spear and valiant arm
Fell city, fort and town,
And conquered foes in many lands
Did tremble at his frown.
When death, at last, had conquered him
They built a pyramid
In which for all eternity
His royal corpse was hid.
Alas! the cruel hand of fate
Has dragged him from his tomb;
To be exposed to stares profane
Is now his ruthless doom."

While these royal bodies slowly but surely approach their complete dissolution, numberless generations will still look up to the dizzy heights of the gigantic pyramids which their ancestors of the IV dynasty, Cheops, Chefren, and Mencheres, built even centuries before them. It is too bad that these monuments of a hoary past may be reached to-day in such an easy and comfortable manner. An electric tramway—*horribile dictu!*—leads almost to the foot of the great Pyramid, in the shadow of which stands a modern hotel, the Mena House, where one may dine *table d'hote* for five francs per person. It is sure that if the Pyramids were at a greater distance from Cairo and were not to be reached by modern means of trans-

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portation, the first impression at their sight would be greater than it is. When I saw them for the first time I had driven out in a carriage, and I shall never forget the circumstance which spoiled the impression of my first view. Walking up the road which leads from the Mena House to the plateau of the desert, I noticed a small

American Enterprise.

camel caravan being photographed there with the Cheops Pyramid as a background. The animals were laden with cases, and great white blankets hanging down their sides showed in large letters the words: "Drink Schlitz beer, the beer that made Milwaukee famous."

Although disagreeably impressed by this desecration, I had to smile at the Yankee business spirit, which knows

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how to get advertisement even out of the Pyramids, and I was only wondering that the enterprising advertising agent had not made his legend read as follows: "Drink Schlitz beer, the beer that Cheops drank."

I had a somewhat similar experience during my present trip, when one week later I noticed in the vicinity of the Temple of Luxor a bicycle advertisement reading as follows: "Ride a Monarch and keep in front." This time it was a Chicago firm which was advertising its goods in Upper Egypt, and I really saw an Arab who was riding one of their wheels on the way from Luxor to Karnak. I was wondering just as much about this circumstance as about the fact that the bare-footed fellow was able to propel his machine, which was equipped with rat-trap pedals, upon the sandy road without lacerating his feet.

Unlike last year, I came this time to the Pyramids on foot. Not that I had made the whole way from Cairo "*per pedes apostolorum.*" I had been invited by a Greek friend to an automobile excursion to the Mena House, and he had, at my request, been amiable enough to include Miss Elizabeth and Miss Anna in the invitation. But we had bad luck. A part of the motor got out of order when we were still more than a mile from the Pyramids, and in order to accomplish the ascent of old Cheops which the ladies had planned, we were compelled to leave the automobile and its owner to their fate. We heard later that the vehicle had to be brought back to town by means of horses. We had, therefore, to walk the rest of the way, greatly to the regret of the two young ladies, who would have liked to arrive at the Pyramids in the latest style. The rest of our party had arrived before us, and we found Billy already engaged in a scuffle with the Bedouins of the Pyramid, who tried to get bodily hold of his person for the ascent. Soon everything was arranged, and with

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the exception of Mrs. C...., who followed the climbers with a field glass from her carriage, and myself, who had mounted the Pyramids before, the whole party started upwards.

Although one is pulled by two Bedouins, who take hold of the hands, and pushed by another one from the rear, the exertion of mounting is such as to be felt for days after in all the limbs. The descent is, according to my experience, still more fatiguing, since one cannot employ the help of the Bedouins to the same extent. To avoid reducing the clothes to tatters by sliding over the rough stones one has to jump the yard-high steps. A stout English lady of my acquaintance, after making the ascent, had to remain two days in bed, and was compelled for a week after to support herself by a cane in walking. I also remember the lameness of my own lower limbs, which made itself painfully noticeable for several days, especially on descending a stairway.

As I was following with my eyes the young ladies, I vividly remembered my own ascent the year before, and recalled all the impressions I had then received. Approaching, at that time, the Pyramid group of Gizeh, they seemed to me from a distance less gigantic, by far, than they appeared after I had reached the foot of the first one and looked up to the top along one of its inclined sides. I believe that this first disappointing impression is caused by the lack of an object of comparison. A fairly correct idea of the astonishing size of the Cheops Pyramid is received if one stops about half way to the top and takes, for several minutes, an eye measure upwards of the remaining part of the ascent, as well as downwards of the distance covered. The fatigue which one feels makes the top appear still higher than it is, and the small human beings at the foot and the dwarfed appearance of the Mena

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Hotel, which looks like a modest little house, make it clear that one is well up in the air. The triangular surface on which you are seated is so great that not only do the people climbing about on it appear like insects, but you feel like one yourself. After reaching the top, which is surmounted by a flag-staff, you think yourself far removed from the earth, and only then the true gigantic size of this most remarkable of all monuments reveals itself to the eye and mind.

The point of the Pyramid, as well as its former smooth outer mantle, disappeared centuries ago, and the small platform at the top can now hold a dozen people comfortably. The great stones are covered with hundreds of names and initials which have been engraved here, as well as on many places of the ascent, by sentimental tourists. The instruments of graving are furnished by the accompanying Bedouins against a baksheesh.

It was on a sunny but windy day, when I stood up there for the first time and holding on to the flag-mast, contemplated the strange and weirdly interesting view. How different this panorama was from all others which I had seen! Towards the east stretches a fertile plain, traversed by narrow channels of irrigation, which reaches to the bank of the Nile, the glittering ribbon of which separates the green fields from the city. In groups and long lines along the channels high palm trees raise their graceful crowns into the air. Among the wide fields are scattered picturesque Fellah villages. Above the dimly visible maze of the houses and mosques of Cairo rises the citadel, the cupolas and minarets of which, with the brown and yellow slopes of the Mokattam Mountains, form an effective background. Towards the south, although at a great distance, the pyramid groups of Sakkara, Dashoor and Abusir, to the north those of Abu Roash, are plainly out-

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lined on the horizon. In both directions the landscape appears desolate and without trace of vegetation; its color tones are restricted to various shades of yellow and brown, and the evening sun alone adds violet and purple tints. The mysterious Sphinx near the foot of the Pyramid seems to be a memento of death and silence symbolized in the great desert towards the west. Somewhat to the left, in a southwesterly direction, rise the second, third and three other small pyramids. Deep down in front of the spectator lie the mastabas of the old empire; farther on a row of destroyed tombs in a rocky cliff. Then comes the great yellow waste of sand and the low stone ridges of the Lybian Desert which, like the ocean, seems to stretch away endlessly. Everything around reminds one of death and desolation.

Nowhere in the world may such a sharp contrast in nature be observed as at the pyramids, where blooming fields and populous villages are separated only by a sand-cliff from the monuments of death and the gruesome solitude of the desert. What events these gigantic stone heaps have witnessed in the course of the centuries! The armies of Sesostris, of Kambyses and Alexander marched past here. The Macedonian phalanx was followed by the Roman cohorts. The Islamitic hordes, the Saracens, Arabs, Mameluks and Turks, and later the great Corsican fought in their shadow. But they do not tell their story, and only hesitatingly did they give up their own secrets, which they had jealously guarded for thousands of years, to the men of science who patiently and tirelessly explored their bowels.

Before I started down again, a Bedouin whom on my arrival at the top I had noticed eating on a stone, approached me and offered to run down Cheops and climb up to the top of Chefren for two shillings within ten

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minutes. I immediately remembered the fellow whom Carter Harrison mentions in his book "A Race with the Sun," and inquired his name. "My name Mark Twain," he replied proudly. It was the same man. Although I had no special interest in seeing a skinny Arab climb up and down the Pyramids, the task seemed difficult enough to induce me to convince myself of the possibility of its execution. I accepted, therefore, the proposition, and must confess that the sureness of foot with which the fellow, jumping from stone to stone, gained the ground, the fleetness with which he traversed the distance to the second pyramid, and the simian agility with which he mounted it, were truly astonishing. He had hardly taken more than nine minutes to accomplish his task. While he stood on the apex motioning with his arms, I took a snap-shot of old Chefren. The distance, however, was so great that "Mark Twain" appears on the picture only as a black speck even when seen through a magnifying glass.

On the same afternoon I entered the interior of the Cheops Pyramid accompanied by only one Bedouin. The vivid memory which I have retained of the suffocating atmosphere in these subterranean chambers and corridors causes me to wonder even to-day why the Egyptian government, which charges an admission fee, does not furnish bathing suits for this visit. They would surely come handy. If anywhere else one goes down a damp mine shaft one is furnished with suitable clothes, and in the Stock Yards of Chicago one receives rubber shoes and a rubber coat for the purpose of preventing blood stains on the clothes. So, why not have a bathing suit when one visits a place, the temperature of which corresponds with that of a steam bath? Considering this temperature and the smoothly-paved narrow corridor, the roof of which gradually gets so low that one has to creep on hands and

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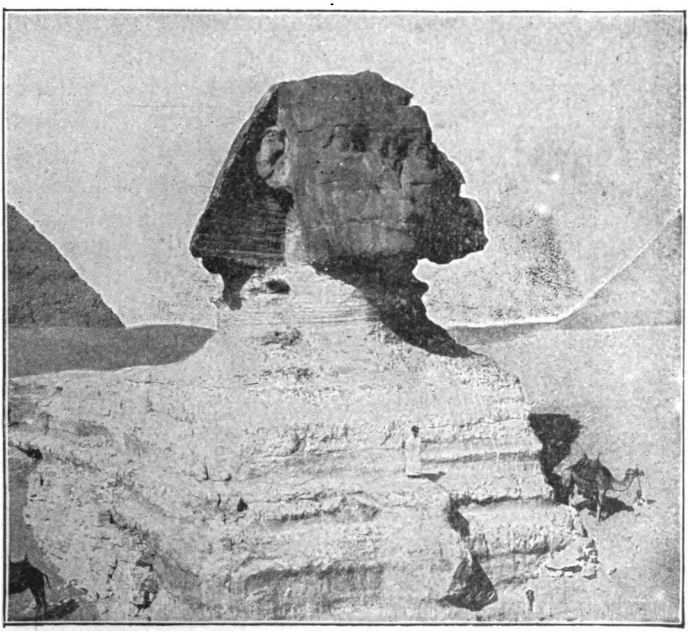
knees, it is hardly worth while for a layman to visit the king's chamber. This, after all, is nothing more than a square room lined with granite, containing only the coverless broken sarcophagus of the king, whose mummy was stolen by grave robbers centuries ago.

There is another circumstance besides the stifling at-



The Sphinx.

mosphere which makes me think of the interior of the Cheops Pyramid only with unpleasant feelings. My guide had descended into a dark shaft which leads to the so-called chamber of the queen. While he was lighting a magnesium wire for the purpose of showing me the walls and depth of the shaft, he accidentally dropped his candle

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and we were suddenly in the dark. I had omitted to provide myself with a light and neither the guide nor I could find a match in our pockets. Though I knew very well that there was no danger in these corridors, where guides and tourists were coming and going at short intervals, yet the situation was extremely unpleasant. I sat on the edge of the shaft, out of the depth of which the guide advised me to remain quiet and to await the arrival of other visitors who could not be long coming. The heat was stifling and the darkness—Egyptian. The outlook of being compelled to sit here for half an hour or an hour was not very pleasing, and I gave vent to my feelings towards Yussuff in a rather energetic manner. Luckily, only ten or fifteen minutes had elapsed, when I heard voices and noticed lights approaching. That I felt greatly relieved to get out into the bright sunshine from the darkness of the pyramid, I need hardly affirm. During the whole time in there, I had experienced a peculiar oppressive feeling which I could not explain, but which may have been caused by the thought of the tremendous stone mass of millions of tons above me, and I greeted the air and light like one escaping from the tomb.

All these memories of my last year's trip I recalled while walking down the sandy road to the Sphinx in order to look again into the mysterious mutilated face which witnessed the building of the pyramids. When I returned, the young people had descended again and prepared after a short rest to penetrate into the chambers. It was already dark when Bill and I on donkeys, and the rest of the party in carriages, returned to Cairo.

This was the last time that I took part in the excursions of Mrs. C....'s party. My plan to go from Egypt to Ceylon and India necessitated a disposition of my time which did not allow me to remain any longer with these

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amiable friends. However, I had the pleasure of meeting them again accidentally at the Paris Exposition after my return from the far Orient, and we spent some time together in that gay capital of the world.

Before starting for Upper Egypt, where the time at my disposal was enough to allow me to visit the magnificent ruins of Thebes, I made an excursion to Sakkara mainly to see once more the tomb of Ti, the splendid bas-relief sculptures of which reveal so much of the daily occupations and the general life of the ancient Egyptians, while, at the same time, they represent the old Egyptian art in its highest development.

I have omitted until now to mention a person who had served me during my last sojourn in Cairo as guide on such excursions which had to be made by rail, and consequently made Tobey's and Jim Corbett's services impossible. His name was Achmed. I had met him again on the first morning after our arrival at his usual post, one of the arcade columns in front of the hotel. His half-blind eyes lit up visibly as he recognized me, and the old, well-known phrase dropped from his lips: "I am your servant, master." This sentence was stereotypic with Achmed and followed all answers which he gave to questions, as regularly as day follows night. Achmed was a moralist. He stayed within his four walls at night. When I requested him once to accompany me for an evening stroll to the quarters of the fish market, he refused to grant my request with the following words: "I am your servant, master—I am good man—plenty bad boys go fish market —I no go."

I thought, therefore, of Achmed when I planned my excursion to Sakkara. The day before I had met Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah Curtin on the street and had found out that they also intended to go to Sakkara on the following

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day. We naturally decided to go together. The train leaves at 8 o'clock in the morning, and we met promptly at the depot. Achmed was already waiting for us and took immediate charge of the provision baskets, kodaks and field glasses. We reached the small station Bedrashein, where donkeys must be secured, in less than an hour. After a prolonged struggle with a horde of donkey boys we succeeded in selecting our animals. The donkeys of Bedrashein are not so large as those of Cairo, but they are infinitely more lazy and stupid. How often in the course of the day I longed for Jim Corbett, in spite of all his gallant eccentricities! Mr. and Mrs. Curtin are, like myself, rather above medium size, and we looked, therefore, somewhat ludicrous upon our little donkeys.

The road leads at first over a low embankment to a charming palm wood which shades a large part of the site of ancient Memphis. But whoever is not informed of this fact by guides or Baedeker, will never suspect during the pleasant ride through this wood, that he is tramping over the site of one of the greatest cities of antiquity. Beside a few insignificant heaps of air-dried mud bricks and other debris, nothing points to the fact that once the streets of a city were spreading here, which, as late as in the middle ages, covered many square miles of ground. To-day the plow of the Fellah furrows the soil of Old Memphis and only filthy hamlets rise over the few remains of stately temples and royal palaces.

However, not all the witnesses of its great past have disappeared. Somewhat deeper in the wood lie, prone upon the ground, two fallen and mutilated colossal statues of Rameses II, the proportions of which are astonishing. One of the gigantic torsos is of granite, the other of fine limestone, and the latter fragment, to get a good view of which one has to mount a wooden stairway, must have

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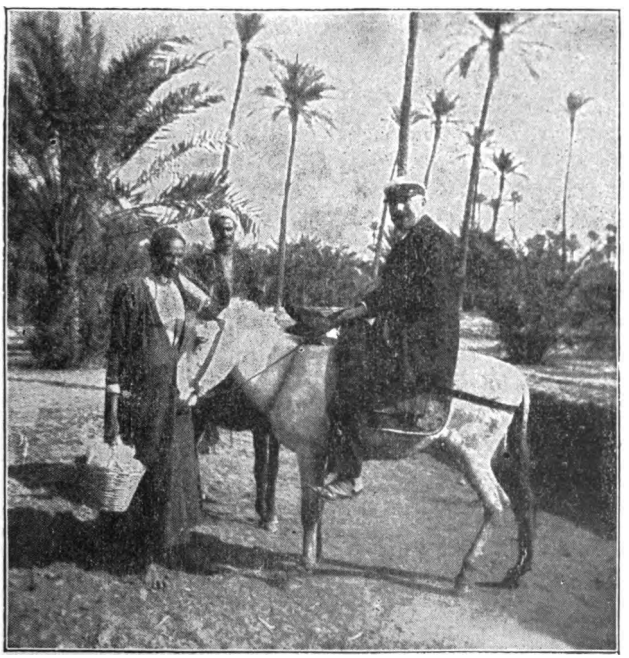
measured at least forty feet in height in its complete condition. Coming out of the palm wood one sees before him in the distance the two pyramid groups of Dashoor and Sakkara, the latter village and to the left Mitraheen, another hamlet. Riding past these villages one reaches the sandy plateau upon which is situated the great burial



On the Way to Sakkara (Achmed in Background).

field of Sakkara. The numerous tombs which have frequently been opened and covered up again, and which have served as resting places not only for man, but also for ibises, cats and other sacred animals, do not offer anything worth seeing. The pyramids also appear insignificant in comparison to the group of Gizeh. Only the Step

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Pyramid and another one with broken outlines are of interest on account of their unusual shapes. The first one is probably the most ancient monument in the world. While passing this City of Death, we were much molested by Arab boys from the nearby villages, who, in the most importunate manner, offered antiquities which they claimed to have found on the spot, but which more probably originated in some Egyptian factory of antiques.

In the so-called Mariette House, the terrace of which is free to all strangers, we unpacked our provisions. It was nearly noon. Achmed accepted a part of our lunch, but refused, as a good Mohammedan should, a glass of wine. His religious conscience, however, could not have been so very strict, for when Mrs. Curtin after lunch, which had in part consisted of ham sandwiches, asked him why he did not drink wine while he ate pork, he replied with evidently feigned indignation that he did not do that. When I pointed out to him that he had just eaten several ham sandwiches, he said in a comically reproachful tone: "Why you tell me that, master?" Two other Arab guides who stood nearby had overheard this conversation and apparently began to tease Achmed. He retorted angrily at first, but disappeared eventually around the corner of the house for the purpose of getting rid of the unclean pork by a voluntary sacrifice. His demeanor during the rest of the day showed plainly that he would have preferred to digest the sandwiches in peace, and on the way home he sadly said to me: "I am your servant, master, but me no think it is bad eat pig, if you not know it."

As mentioned before, the tomb of Ti is one of the most interesting monuments of the earliest period of Egyptian history. According to the inscriptions, Ti must have been an important personage, something like a superintendent of royal buildings, and his well-preserved tomb shows by

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its magnificence and the portrayed subjects of its wall decorations that he also was a rich man. Perhaps he understood the science of making something out of an office. I naturally dare to express this suspicion only because it is probable that no descendants of the Ti family are living in the United States and that no libel suit is likely to follow.

However, Ti has by his mastaba in so far rendered a service to posterity, as the sculptural representations on its walls have given us such a comprehensive picture of old Egyptian life as, if I am not mistaken, can be found only upon one other Egyptian monument, the tomb of Mery. We learn from these reliefs which, in spite of the well-known stiff and angular style of the Egyptians, really possess artistic merit, that most of the trades and agricultural occupations in that early period (4500 B. C.) were conducted in about the same manner which is even to-day in use among the Fellahs. Though modern methods have been introduced on the estates of the Khedive and other rich men, and a few urban artisans are beginning to use some modern tools, the population of the country still follows faithfully in the tracks of their ancestors without allowing themselves to be touched by the advancing civilization. The same wooden plow which had been used in the time of Menes suffices the Fellah of to-day, and if he, at present, does not have his grain thrashed out by rams, it is only the animals but not the method which he has changed.

The low reliefs of the death chamber and the other rooms represent, among others, the occupations of mowing by means of a sickle, of grain cleaning, ship building, carpentering, cabinet making, fishing, dairy farming, accounting and geese fattening. One panel also shows the preparation of the dumplings used for feeding the Capitolian

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birds. If there were no better proofs of the Jewish bondage in Egypt in existence, the strongly marked predilection of the modern sons of Israel for fattened geese would furnish a good argument to prove that their ancestors must have acquired this taste before they fled from Goshen to Canaan.

The mastaba of Mery, not far from the tomb of Ti, is almost as interesting as the latter and resembles it in its general decoration, without, however, having the same claim to artistic merit. What I remarked specially in this tomb, were the relative proportions in the portraits of Mery and his wife, the latter appearing like a pygmy next to a colossal giant. While it is a peculiarity of old Egyptian portrayals that kings and sometimes other great personages always appear gigantic in comparison with the rest of the persons depicted (thus Ti), the fact that Mery, not a royal personage, had his wife portrayed so much smaller than himself, throws an interesting side-light on the position of woman of that period. "Now, an American woman would not tolerate that," remarked Mrs. Curtin, with a glance at her husband, when I called her attention to this sculpture.

While in Alexandria every trace of the Greek Serapeum has disappeared, the burial field of Sakkara has at least preserved the subterranean part of the great sanctuary which once was devoted to the service of the Egyptian Serapis. The vaulted corridors which were first discovered by Mariette in 1851 served exclusively as resting places for the sacred bulls revered under the name of Apis. They contain a number of deep recesses containing more than twenty black or red sarcophagi which once enclosed the embalmed bodies of the sacred steers. These granite or limestone sarcophagi are of colossal dimensions, but are mostly broken. I do not think I am mistaken

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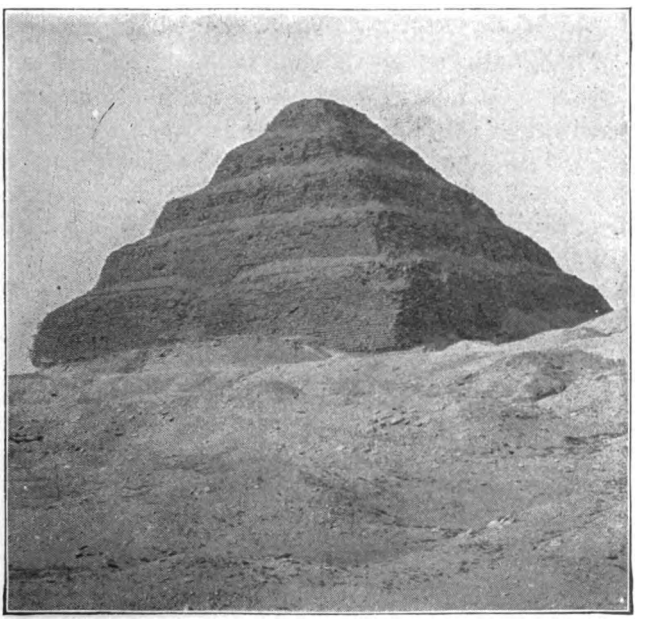
when I state their proportions to be about 12 feet in length, 7 feet in width and 10 feet in height. The thickness of the walls is between 12 and 14 inches. Since the sarcophagi are hewn throughout of one block, one may imagine the difficulties under which they were transported here and put in position.



The Step Pyramid, Sakkara.

At the finding of the Serapeum by Mariette a single chamber had been found untouched, and I quote here the relative words of the scientist in his report of the discovery: "By an unexplained accident one chamber which had been closed in the thirtieth year of Rameses II had escaped the pillagers of the tombs, and I had the good fortune to discover it untouched. Three thousand seven

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hundred years had not been able to effect any change, and the finger prints of the Egyptian who put the last stone into the wall, which had been erected in order to mask the door, were plainly visible on the mortar. On a heap of sand in a corner of the room naked feet had left their traces. Nothing was missing in this chamber of death, in which an embalmed steer had been buried for nearly four thousand years."

In spite of the tribute of admiration which I had to pay to these Apis tombs, the ironical thought forced itself upon me that with all our boasted progress, we of to-day are still imbued with a spirit of similar idolatry and that we are building tombs and monuments of bronze and marble to many a nonentity who wandered through this world in the disguise of a great man.

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X.

FROM CAIRO TO LUXOR.—THEBES, THE ANCIENT CITY OF HUNDRED GATES.—BLIND CHILDREN.—THE RUINS OF KARNAK.—THE TEMPLE OF LUXOR.—IN THE VALLEY OF DEATH.—COOK TACTICS.—THE GREATEST STATUE IN THE WORLD.—THE COLOSSI OF MEMNON.—ROMAN AND GREEK GLOBE TROTTERS.—KARL NEUFELD.

The railroad journey from Cairo to Luxor was anything but agreeable, and would have been even worse had not the view of the changing landscape detracted my attention from the unpleasantness of the journey. The heat was stifling, and the poorly fitting windows allowed the fine dust to enter in such quantities as to cover, within the shortest time, everything with a thick yellowish layer. The dust penetrated even into the provisions and made them almost unfit to eat.

The Nile remains in sight for long distances at a time, and where the high banks occasionally hide it from view its presence is often revealed by the graceful sails of a dahabieh. Here and there pyramids rise in the distance, and the plain alternates with precipitous mountains, the barren slopes of which are bathed by the stream. Sugar plantations and cotton fields follow each other, and the landscape is dotted with cattle, donkeys and camels. Aside from the people at the stations, not much of the population is seen.

The train was to arrive in Luxor at 10 P. M., but the fourteen hours of the time table grew into eighteen. The locomotive had been stopped at Girgeh by an attack of whooping cough. One could hear it puffing, but the train

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did not move from the spot. While I was explaining to the official in the small station building the difference between a "train de luxe" and a "train de Luxor," describing to him at the same time the beauties and advantages of one of our fine American trains such as the "Pioneer Limited" of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad, I thought sadly of the good berths and other comforts of this flyer and wished myself from Girgeh to—anywhere between Chicago and St. Paul. But everything has an end, and so had this journey.

It was 2 o'clock in the morning when we arrived in Luxor. The Grand Hotel, in which I had taken rooms, borders with its tropical garden on the Nile, and the view in the morning when I pushed aside the curtains of my room and looked out of the window was exceedingly attractive. Like a charm it made me forget the disagreeable experiences of the day before. After breakfast and before formulating a further plan, I took a stroll into the village which, like Karnak and a few other widely scattered hamlets, occupies a part of ancient Thebes, the City of Hundred Gates. Luxor is an insignificant place, the inhabitants of which make, directly or indirectly, a living from the tourists which frequent its three hotels during the winter season. Their income depends largely on the gullibility of the strangers who buy here numerous curiosities and antiquities, especially scarabaes, which are manufactured by thousands in the village. I do not wish to say, however, that everything sold in Luxor is bogus, as I was told that the village also counted some honest people among its inhabitants.

In the deep sand of the streets crowds of children were playing, and here more than anywhere else in Egypt one may notice the large number of little unfortunates either half blind or about to become so within a short time. I

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am not a competent judge of the causes to which may be ascribed the many cases of blindness in Egypt, but it seems as if the criminal neglect of the parents, who expose children of the most tender age with their dirty little faces to the swarms of flies which gather around the corners of their mouths, their nostrils and especially around

The Road to Karnak.

their eyelids, was mostly to blame for it. Such a poor child defends itself at first as well as it can against these pests, but soon gets used to them, and it is a daily sight to see babies sitting quietly in the sun, around the black eyes of which are ranged thick rows of flies, which they

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attempt to drive away by blinking, only when a specially aggressive insect threatens to crawl into the eye itself.

Returning to the hotel I found Achmed Hassan, one of the best guides of Luxor, waiting, whose services, meanwhile, had been secured for me by the manager of the hotel. Hassan proved himself a guide who took his duties seriously and always tried to do his best. I gladly overlooked, therefore, the little extra profits which he managed to make out of the hiring of boats, donkeys, and of the distribution of baksheesh entrusted to him. Like my old friend Achmed in Cairo, Hassan was also blind in one eye.

Our first ride was to Karnak, the road to which is partly shaded by magnificent palms and does not take more than half an hour to traverse. The distant view of the groups of ruins as one approaches from Luxor is at first disappointing. One has from descriptions formed an exaggerated idea of these imposing temple remains, and now at the first sight of them nothing more is visible than a few pylons and a single obelisk surmounting an extended heap of ruins. Approaching nearer, however, one cannot fail to gain the conviction that these are the greatest and most important monuments of old Egyptian architecture.

Leaving the sacred lake of the much demolished Moot Temple to the right, we rode as far as the avenue of well-preserved ram sphinxes which leads to the Gate of Evergetes I and the Temple of Chons, where we dismouted to continue our way through the ruins on foot.

I will not and cannot go into a detailed description of the remains of these grand creations of human art and power. More competent pens than mine have done this. All I have to say to those who have inclination and means for travel is: "Come, see, and wonder!"

From the height of the Giant Gate of Ptolemy which forms the entrance to the main group of courts and

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temples, and from where one may survey the vast field of ruins, my eyes absorbed the overwhelming picture of the grand ensemble, and I must confess that nothing that I had seen until then had impressed itself on my mind so everlastingly. The pyramids are gigantic, but in view of their grandeur it is only the feeling of the colossal that

General View of Ruins of Karnak.

forces itself on the mind, and one can hardly count them creations of architecture. Before I had seen Karnak, the Coliseum at Rome had always appeared to me the most imposing building of antiquity and I could hardly imagine anything greater; but it dwindles into nothing when compared with these ruins. If the two could be placed next to

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each other, the relative proportions of the first toward the latter would appear somewhat like the handiwork of man compared to that of Titans, for it really seems as if Titans only could have piled up the mighty gates, columns and architraves which millenniums have not been able to demolish altogether. Much has been destroyed, but one can still form a good picture of the vast temple grounds from the top of the first pylon, and with a little power of imagination one can see the halls, courts and temples as they stood under the Pharaohs who erected them.

The view of this waste of ruins in moonlight is especially impressive, and anything more effective than the deep shadows which the mighty pillars of the great hall of columns throw upon the ground and upon each other, even a painter could hardly conceive. Everything appears enlarged and more gigantic than in daylight, and when walking through the halls and courts my own small shadow lost itself in the heavy black masses, I felt like a dwarf in a palace of giants.

It is asserted that in the night-time jackals and frequently hyenas, roam near and among the ruins of Karnak, and an experienced guide offered for a pound sterling to furnish the necessary arms and ammunition for a night hunt in his company. He also guaranteed the appearance of game in case I was willing to lay in wait for several hours during two or three nights, either near these ruins or near the tombs of the kings on the other side of the river. I should have refused the offer, even were I a hunter, for I cannot imagine anything more weirdly picturesque in the nocturnal solitude of the temple ruins and the Valley of Death than the presence of these animals, and under no circumstances would I have destroyed the effect of such a view by firing a shot at them.

The Temple of Luxor, which is situated close to the

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river bank, has not by any means the proportions of Karnak, but its size is still such that not many years ago it contained a part of the village, the houses of which were built in between its half-buried columns. In consequence of the continued excavations these have, however, now disappeared. The pillars and statues have almost entirely

The Pylon of Evergetes I.

been freed of the covering debris and only a small mosque and a few insignificant huts stand at present upon the rubbish heaps at one end of the temple. More so than in Karnak the annual Nile floods seem to have been the destroying element in Luxor, and if the managers of the Egypt Exploration Fund or the government do not con-

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template very soon to put a stop to Old Father Nile's destructive work by suitably constructed dams, the strongly affected foundations, and with them the whole temple, must fall within a measurable time.

Next morning shortly after sunrise we started to visit the tombs of the kings on the west shore of the river. A large row-boat awaited us at the rear of the hotel garden. Its crew consisted of an old Arab and a young fellow of about fourteen years, and it was only with difficulty that they could propel the heavy boat through the water. In order to get force and regularity into their strokes they accompanied them with rhythmic repetitions of the words: "Allah hele! Hele Allah!" (God help me! Help me God!) The poor devils ought to have rather invoked the help of a third oarsman, for they were nearly out of breath and covered with perspiration when we reached the low island opposite Luxor, where our donkey boy Khaleel awaited us with two donkeys. The stream on this side is very shallow, and there being no landing stage I had to be carried ashore on the arms of the two oarsmen, which, after their exhaustive work of crossing, did not prove an easy matter. Hassan, to wade ashore, had only to take off his slippers and pull his gown over his knees.

Having crossed the narrow island, we had to ford a second shallow Nile arm. The water in several places reaching to the bellies of the donkeys, I was compelled to lean over the neck of my animal and to pull up my legs, in which position Hassan took a snap-shot of me. I had instructed him already in Karnak in the use of a kodak, and the picture of my landing upon the arms of the oarsmen was his first work.

From the western shore the way leads through green fields, past a small village and the Temple of Sethos I., to the ancient cemetery of Drah Abool Neggah, near which

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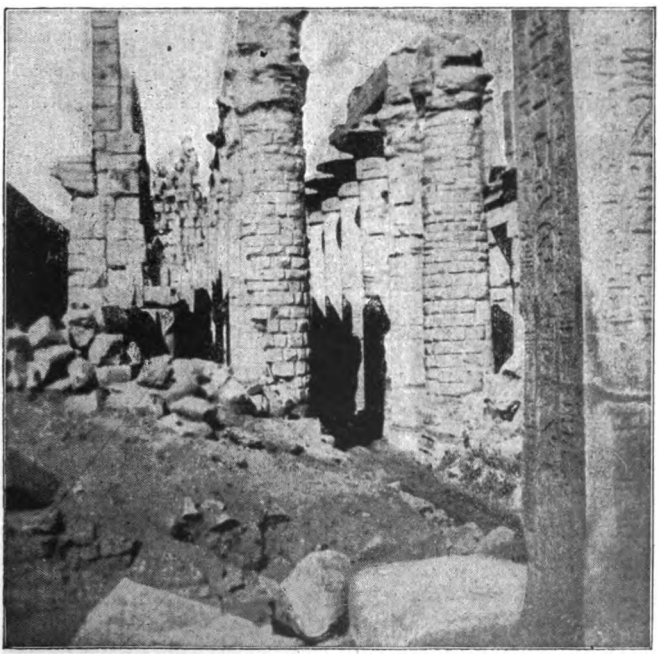
is the entrance to the winding ravine through which the tombs of the kings are reached. The farther one advances in this gradually narrowing gorge, the more one is overcome by a feeling of entire solitude and utter loneliness. In every direction the eye meets only barren, precipitous rocks, the yellowish brown coloring of which assumes



Columns in Temple of Rameses II.

deeper tones only where the glaring rays of the sun throw their shadows. Nowhere in this landscape, which seems to be a refuge of death, can a sign of life be discovered. No shrub, no weed, not even a blade of grass could take root in this burnt desert, where at noon-time the sun sends down his fiery rays without a trace of humidity lessening

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the scorching glow. The deep blue sky looks like a heated glass bell, and the vibrating air is swept only, from time to time, by the wings of a falcon, or an eagle circling high above the awe-inspiring valley. All around reigns endless quiet; no bird is chirping, no lizard is flitting over the ground, not even the buzzing of an insect disturbs the depressing stillness of the desert, majestic in its barren grandeur. Truly this vale has been created for the dead, and nowhere in the world could the mighty kings who reigned in Thebes have found a better site for their eternal sleep.

The stillness of this ravine is deeper in the day-time than at night, when the howling of jackals and hyenas and the mournful cry of owls echo from the rocky walls. With the falling darkness the bats, too, emerge from the empty tombs and the ghostly desert shows a nocturnal life which makes it even more gruesome than the awful stillness of the day.

The sad impression which one receives passing through the gorge becomes even more sad when one reaches the valley called "Biban el Mulook," in the rocky walls of which are hewn the tombs of the kings. The barren ridges and slopes here take on peculiarly grotesque shapes, giving the valley the aspect of an abode of spirits or witches.

Dark openings in the rocks leading downwards mark the various royal tombs, which show great similarity of construction. Through a modern iron-grated door one reaches a broad corridor, followed in a sloping line by two others which lead to an ante-room, and through this into the large chamber in which the sarcophagus stands. The corridors frequently contain side chambers and niches which served for the disposition of utensils to be used by the dead on their trip through the land of spirits. The walls are adorned with bas-reliefs and paintings, the

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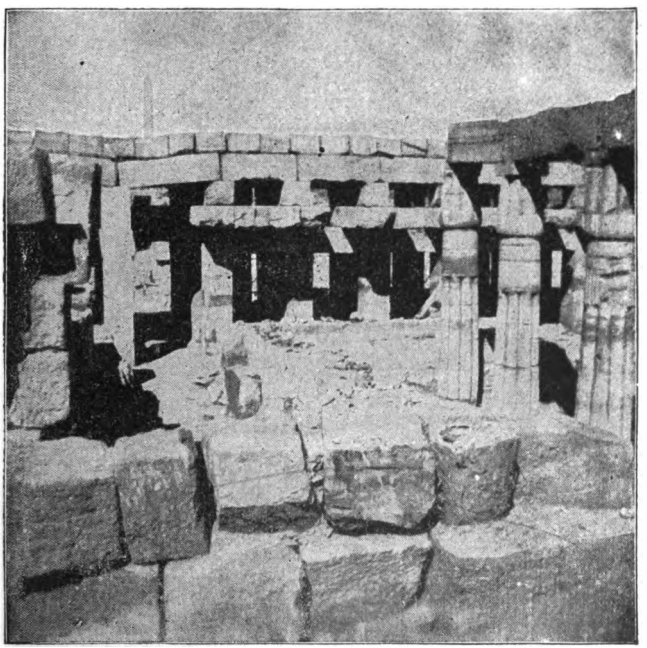
colors of which have often preserved their entire freshness, and the subjects of which relate mainly to the voyage of the king in the realm of death. The most beautiful of these tombs is that of Sethos I., also called Belzoni's Tomb (after its discoverer), the artistic wall decoration of which surpasses by far that of the other tombs, con-



Hall of Alexander the Great.

taining besides, on the vaulted roof of the death chamber, a series of highly interesting astronomical pictures. Naturally, the tombs do not contain any longer the royal bodies and even the sarcophagi have partly disappeared. The mummy of Sethos I. is now deposited in Gizeh, to-

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gether with those of the other kings which have been found hidden in the tomb recesses of Dar-el-Bahri.

Before we had examined more than three or four of these interesting tombs the noon hour had arrived, and I gave up, therefore, my intended visit to the "Biban-el-harim" (tombs of the queens). Hassan had sent Khaleel with the donkeys ahead to Dar-el-Bahri and we followed now, in the burning heat of the midday sun, the steep foot path which leads there over the mountain ridge. I shall never forget the exertion which this walk of less than an hour cost me under the vertical rays of the scorching Egyptian sun. It spoiled for me the magnificent view over the Nile Valley from the top of the mountain, and robbed me of all interest in the beautiful Temple of Hatasoo. My tongue was cleaving to the palate with thirst and my brain seemed to be cooked when we reached at last the valley on the other side, where we found Khaleel and the donkeys waiting for us.

Thomas Cook & Son have here a so-called "rest house," where hungry and thirsty travelers are supposed to receive food and drink upon the payment of moderate charges. Hassan led the way to this place for the purpose of procuring me a drink of water, as I hardly felt able without a refreshment to reach the Temple of Dar-el-Bahri, where our provisions awaited us. I was, in fact, near fainting. Arriving in front of the house, Hassan entered to ask for a glass of water, wine or any other drink. He soon returned, however, reporting that he was unable to secure anything. Dismounting and entering the house myself, I begged the European manager for a drink of water or anything else, offering to pay well for it. Without taking notice of my polite request, this gentleman asked me whether I was traveling with a Cook ticket or with a Cook party, and upon receiving my negative reply, he curtly

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refused me any refreshment, giving as his excuse that only Cook's tourists were served in the rest house. I left without further appeal, but was lucky enough to meet in the immediate neighborhood of the "rest house" an Arab who, at Hassan's request, immediately hurried to one of the empty tombs of Assasif, which was his lodging, and

Fording a Shallow Nile Arm.

from where he quickly returned with a pitcher of water. The water was not cool, nor was the vessel very clean, but never had a drink tasted so well to me. I rewarded the Arab with a shilling and bought from him, besides, several trifles he had for sale.

The terrace construction of the Temple of Dar-el-Bahri

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differs essentially from that of other Egyptian temples, and this difference, with the picturesque background of precipitous cliffs against which the structure leans, make it one of the most interesting of the many temples on the western Nile shore in the vicinity of Luxor. A large part of its three terraces is hewn from the living rock and many of its chambers are cut into the cliff itself. Unfortunately, the artistic wall decorations of the temple were badly mutilated through the fanaticism of Coptic monks who took up their abode in it during the first centuries of the Christian era, and only little is left in good preservation.

On the way to the tombs of El Assasif, not far from Dar-el-Bahri, I noticed that many Arab families were installed in forsaken tombs in which they seemed to live as happily as other Arabs in their miserable hovels. Near one of the latter I noticed a peculiar round structure of mud bricks measuring approximately six feet in height, with a diameter of about eight feet, the flat roof of which was bordered by a low curb. According to Hassan, the space within this curb was used as a sleeping place for children, who are thus protected against the bites of scorpions and other vermin.

The tombs of El Assasif are uninteresting, and even a visit to the great tomb of Peteamenope is anything but pleasant. I would have gladly excused Hassan if he had not led me into the latter. Although by no means possessed of the keenest sense of smell, still the odors emanating from the myriads of bats which inhabit this tomb made it impossible for me to penetrate far into it.

In the course of the next few days we crossed twice more to the western shore of the river. With feelings of awe and admiration I wandered through the temple ruins of Medinet Haboo; I visited the tombs of Abd-el-Koorna,

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roamed between the grand columns of the Rameseum, and gazed with wonder at the fallen colossus of Rameses II. This giant statue, which exists now only in fragments, was the largest of the many Old Egypt boasted, and it excites, even in its broken condition, the admiration of all visitors. One may form a fair idea of the size of this

Biban el Mulook, the Valley of Death.

colossus by looking at the dimensions of the fragments left. Thus, the ear is more than three feet long. The width of the torso from shoulder to shoulder is about twenty feet, and if one were to judge by the length of one of the fingers, which measures nearly five feet, Rameses II. must indeed have ruled with a heavy hand.

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One morning we visited the colossi of Memnon in order to hear the sound which one of them is said to emit at that time. However, we must have arisen too late or else the colossus was not in the right humor to give a performance, for although I listened attentively he neither sighed nor sang. In order to induce him to it a light-footed Arab boy climbed up the statue and—lo! the colossus emitted a plaintive tone—after the dusky urchin had hit him in the ribs with a heavy cane. This was not very astonishing, for I too should certainly have uttered a moan, had I received that blow. It does not make any difference, however, whether the Colossus of Memnon, as the myth tells us, utters a sound at sunrise or not. The fact is that all travelers are interested in the giant statue in consequence of this myth. The numerous inscriptions which cover the legs of the northernmost colossus, which is supposed to be the one with the musical taste, prove that this interest has existed for many centuries. Most of the inscriptions are in the Greek and Latin language and originate from the time of the Roman Empire. Some of them are dated, and many of the names engraved there can be found in the pages of Roman history. A better proof that the traveling vandals who think to immortalize themselves by engraving their names or initials on every historical building or monument are not a product of modern times cannot be found. One may forgive, however, the ancient globe-trotters the sentimentality or vanity which induced them to mutilate this monument, for, in the first place, globe-trotting at that time was infinitely more difficult than at present, and secondly, the poetic and prosaic mementos of their visits are of historical interest.

I should have liked to continue my journey in Upper Egypt at least as far as Assouan, but East Indian steamers do not wait for passengers any more than do other

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vessels, and my time just allowed me to return to Cairo and from there reach Ismailia on the Suez Canal, where I intended to embark. The return trip to Cairo was not unpleasant, as I used the night train which leaves Luxor in the afternoon. Soon after the train started, I made the acquaintance of a traveling companion who excited my

Entrance to Tomb of Sethi I.

interest in the highest degree. The compartment I occupied contained only one other gentleman, with whom I soon entered into conversation. My companion came from Khartoum and betrayed a thorough knowledge of Egyptian and Soudanese conditions. In answer to my question as to whether he had lived for any length of

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time in these countries, he said that he had resided in Khartoum rather longer than was enjoyable for him. At the same time he handed me his card, and the name which I read thereon immediately made everything clear to me. My traveling companion was Karl Neufeld, the German merchant, who had lived twelve years in captivity with the Mahdi, from which he was delivered by the English at the re-taking of Khartoum under Lord Kitchener.

Neufeld was a tall, bony man with sunburnt features and a thick reddish-brown beard. He spoke fairly good English with a strong accent, but his conversation betrayed, neither in this nor in his native language, the man of culture one might justly suppose the author of his book, since published, to be. However, he is a good narrator, and it was I who gave him the advice to deliver lectures in Germany, England and America, which, considering the vivid interest displayed by the public in the re-conquest of the Soudan, would undoubtedly result in good financial returns. Neufeld has, in fact, followed my advice. I have not heard any of his public lectures, but what he told me in an impromptu way at the time of our meeting about the Mahdi and his followers, as well as of his own adventures and sufferings during a captivity of twelve years spent mostly in heavy chains, was certainly most interesting. As he was showing me the scars which the iron fetters had left on his ankles he spoke with feeling of the black Abyssinian woman whom the Mahdi had forced him to marry, and to the dog-like fidelity of whom he owed his life on more than one occasion. This forced marriage had resulted in the birth of two children, and since his liberation Neufeld found himself in a peculiar dilemma as between the gratitude which he owed this black woman and the duty towards his legitimate wife, an English lady, who had patiently waited twelve years for

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his return. At the time of our meeting he was just coming back from a visit to his black family in Khartoum, and his English wife with a grown daughter was awaiting him in Cairo. This dilemma seemed to cause him much unrest and moral pain, and the only way which he saw out of it was to secure the future of his Abyssinian family and then to abandon them. The older and only legitimate rights of his first wife made this action compulsory, and love had to come before gratitude.

In Cairo I parted from Karl Neufeld, and although he urged me most cordially to make the acquaintance of his English wife, circumstances did not allow me to avail myself of his invitation.

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XI.

THROUGH GOSHEN.—TEL-EL-KEBIR.—ISMAILIA.—IN THE RED SEA.—ENGLISH TRAVELERS.—PERIM.—DIVERS AND MERCHANTS OF ADEN.—TA-RA-RA-BOOM-DE-AY!—SOKOTRA.—P. & O. OFFICERS.—LANDING IN CEYLON.

I had engaged my passage in Cairo for the voyage from Ismailia to Ceylon by the steamer "India" of the Peninsular & Oriental S. S. Navigation Company. Since the arrival and departure of these steamers at the stations on the Suez Canal do not occur according to an exact time table, I left Cairo twelve hours before the "India" was said to be due in Ismailia. The trip to this city from Cairo is a short one, lasting only about four hours, and from a scenic point of view may not be called very interesting. He who knows Egypt from Alexandria to Luxor cannot even find the charm of novelty in the dirty railway stations, the squalid Fellah villages, and the monotonous fields which alternate occasionally with small date palm groves.

Interesting, at best, are only the groups of Arabs which one sees at the various railway stations, the importunate hawkers of bogus antiquities, dates, oranges and sugar cane, with their picturesque costumes and their Oriental vivacity, as well as the living figures in the flat landscape, such as heavily laden camels and donkeys, lazily marching along the yellow sand dams. Here and there the fields are crossed by narrow irrigation channels and frequently long stretches of cacti line the railway embankments. Ancient monuments, in other parts of the country so frequent, are entirely lacking here, and only the ruins

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of the old city of Bubastis (invisible from the train) are situated near a station, the name of which has escaped my memory.

Along the road to Ismailia the station Tel-el-Kebir offers the greatest interest. In close proximity to it you may see the small cemetery, enclosed by a gray wooden fence, in which the English officers and soldiers are buried who fell on that battle-field in 1882. The train passes so closely that one may readily read the inscriptions on the white tombstones. Soon after a part of the battle-field itself is passed, on which Arabi Pasha engaged in the last struggle for Egypt's independence.

At Aboo-Hammad begins a stretch of desert, and from here on nothing is seen but yellow sand and rough gravel, until at last, like an oasis, the green clumps of trees appear on the horizon, which designate Ismailia, the middle station on the Suez Canal. The usual ear-splitting clamor of carriers and hotel runners greets the traveler on his arrival at the station. Turning my baggage over to an agent and pushing through the bustling crowd, I was soon comfortably installed at the "Victoria," a branch of the celebrated Shepheard's Hotel in Cairo. There I gained the information that the "India" would not arrive before the next evening, thus leaving me twenty-four hours for the study of the city. One does not, however, need that much time for this task. Two or three hours are sufficient.

During the work of building the Suez Canal, Ismailia had been a lively town, but its importance to-day is far surpassed by that of Port Said and even Suez. Of the 1200 Europeans who live here in the Frank part of the city, one sees very few in the forsaken looking streets, and even the Rue de Commerce, the business thoroughfare, looks as sleepy as the few men who loiter about the Greek cafés and wine rooms. The city itself, aside from the

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Arab quarters, is clean and regularly laid out. The streets spread star-like from a small park in the center and are lined by most magnificent acacias. In some of them, like the Rue Guichard and the Avenue Poilpré, one walks as under a vast green canopy. The most important public buildings in Ismailia are the summer palace of the Khedive, the offices of the Suez Canal Company, a one-story building in fine Arabic style, and the French Hospital, situated outside of the city near the mouth of the canal, which broadens here into Lake Timsah. A visit to the office buildings of the Canal Company, the two charming courtyards of which are adorned by bronze busts of C. Lemasson and Jules Guichard, two men who took prominent part in the building of the canal, is very interesting. In one of the rooms is shown a twelve-foot wooden model by means of which the exact location of all vessels passing through the canal may be at any moment ascertained. This is done by means of small wooden cubes bearing on narrow cardboard strips the names of the passing boats. The position of these cubes is changed from hour to hour according to the telegraphic advices received from the various stations which are situated along the canal at equal distances of 10 kilometres. In this way only is it possible to give the passing vessels the necessary orders for stopping whenever it is necessary to let another vessel pass, and to know with certainty the place where a certain boat at a certain time must be.

I saw all there was to see in Ismailia on the afternoon of my arrival and during a part of the following morning, and passed the rest of the day in the company of an Australian preacher and of the well-known English actor Kyrle Bellew, who had also taken passage on the "India." We were much interested in watching small negro boys dive for nickel piastres which we threw into the lake from

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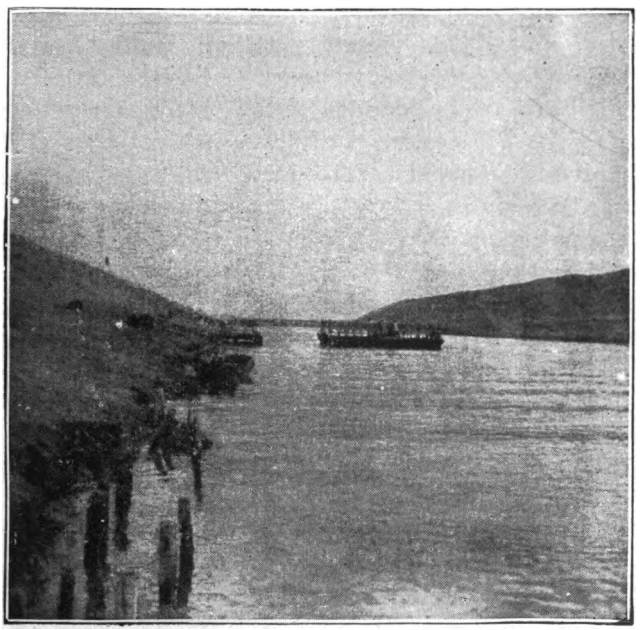
a landing bridge. At half past seven in the evening the search light of the "India" loomed up in the distance and soon after she cast anchor in the lake. A small tender brought the few passengers on board and an hour or two later the "India" passed into the narrow channel between Lake Timsah and the Bitter Lakes. At daybreak we had



The Suez Canal near Ismailia.

left Suez behind us and were sailing, favored by magnificent weather, in the gulf which divides the Sinai Peninsula from the African continent. The two coasts remained in plain view during the whole day. On the right stretched the sandy shores of Egypt, which, towards evening, gave place to a chain of low hills; on the left the picturesque

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Sinai range, the rugged and craggy hind peaks of which were plainly discernible to the naked eye, rose abruptly from the water. The celebrated holy mountain, however, remains invisible. In the evening we witnessed a beautiful sunset behind the Nubian Mountains. The wonderful clearness of the air seemed to bring the sharp profile of these lofty peaks into closest range, although, according to the captain, the coast was at a distance of more than seventy miles. On the following day there was no land in view and only the numerous flying fish, which may be noticed so frequently in the Red Sea, offered some distraction. The temperature which was between 80 and 85° Fahrenheit did not vary much even at night and the windsails attached to the port holes, as well as the punkahs in the dining salon which were kept in continuous motion by Lascar seamen, proved very agreeable. The stiff conventionality at dinner is slightly dispelled as we get farther south and the white linen suit of the tropics frequently mingles with the monotonous black dress suit and the "Tuxedo," but even for the white coat the etiquette is severe; it has to be cut in the form of an English Naval Officer's jacket and is worn with a silk sash instead of a waistcoat.

The social conditions on the steamer were exceedingly conventional. The passengers consisted mostly of Englishmen traveling to the Colonies, or of Australians returning from a "home" visit to their own penates. It is a peculiarity of the latter which I had occasion to verify on board the "India," that they are always speaking of England as "home" although they themselves, or even their parents may have been born in Australia, while very frequently they do not show any sympathy whatever towards the English. For instance, one of my neighbors at the table, a Mr. Elliot of Melbourne, ridiculed continu-

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ally the peculiarities and especially the stiff manners of our English fellow-passengers in spite of his British patriotism with which he defended the English war policy against the Boers. The fact that the "India" had on board Lord Stafford-Northcote, the newly appointed governor of the Province of Bombay, with wife and suite, added materially to the conventionality among the passengers. The servility and deference with which the free Britons always talked of his "Lordship" and the flunkeyism with which everything turned about his person, was really ridiculous, and it was funny to see how the young fellows going to the Colonies for the purpose of making a career tried to outdo each other in homage to nobility.

Among all the passengers with whom I got acquainted in the course of this eleven-day journey, there were only a few whose conversation could afford any pleasure, and among these few I felt myself mostly attracted by an amiable couple, Mr. and Mrs. Niels Hoy of Christiania, who were on a trip around the world and spoke German and English fluently. We spent many hours in pleasant conversation which otherwise would have dragged heavily, and the enjoyable days which we later had together in Ceylon will ever count among my most agreeable reminiscences.

On the morning of the fourth day out, we passed the Straits of Bab el Mandeb between the Island of Perim and the Arabian coast. Perim, an English possession, is strongly fortified and from board ship one notices on the gray, barren hills only the lighthouse and several larger barrack-like buildings, one of which is said to be the cable station. The Union Jack floats proudly from a high flagstaff while on the opposite side, on the Arabian shore, the Turkish colors are waving from a concealed fort. Soon we were in the Gulf of Aden and towards noon the south

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coast of Arabia became dimly visible. At four o'clock the "India" cast anchor in the outer harbor of Aden, where mail was discharged and taken on, and passengers for Bombay were transferred to the S. S. "Arabia." Although Aden is notorious for its murderous heat, the temperature at this time of the year was bearable, and many passengers prepared to spend the few hours which the "India" was to remain in the harbor, in an excursion on shore. The anchor had hardly dropped when the steamer was surrounded by a number of small boats manned principally by Somali negroes and containing Hindoo, Jewish and Arab peddlers, who came to offer ostrich feathers, leopard skins, antelope horns, peculiarly woven baskets, and other strange objects. Soon a lively traffic in "Pigeon English" was established between the occupants of the boats and the passengers, while the mail bags were transferred to a small steamer. The latter had brought several officers on board the "India" who came to receive Lord Stafford-Northcote, who was to board the "Arabia" here in order to continue the voyage to his new post.

Like in Ismailia, there were many small Somali boys diving near the steamer for small coins thrown into the water, but they were by far less modest than the little Egyptians. They would dive for nothing but silver. The larger the coin the greater was their zeal, and the certainty was remarkable with which they could, on the fly, distinguish a nickel or a copper piece from a silver coin thrown into the sea. It was "shilling! shilling!" what they wanted, and only when such a piece, or at least a sixpence, was thrown, did they dive like lightning into the blue water regardless of the numerous sharks which are said to infest the harbor of Aden. We were told though that sharks were real epicures who prefer the white skin of Europeans and rarely attack a negro. This must be

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so, for one can hardly believe that even a Somali boy would risk his life for a shilling. Whether a Caucasian really tastes better I am not in a position to decide, but if one may put faith in the biblical tradition, which records the only case that may, perhaps, be cited as authority, this is not so. Jonah was spit out very soon after the

Arab Coast near Aden.

whale had swallowed him and there is certainly no reason why a whale should not be believed to have as fastidious a taste as a shark.

That part of Aden which is visible from board ship consists of the P. & O. offices, artillery barracks, commander's building and several scattered smaller houses stretching

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along the slope of the barren, rugged mountain which forms the background of the city. Rowing ashore one lands at the Prince of Wales' wharf, and finds himself on Steamer Point, the main square of Aden, where at the arrival of steamers the multi-colored population congregates. On this square are situated the two hotels of Aden and the various stores, from the doors of which yellow, brown and black faces grin pleasantly at the stranger inviting him to buy. "Ostrich feathers! Postage stamps! Photographs! cheap! cheap! very cheap!" such is the war cry with which these fellows rush at their victims, and it is almost impossible to escape them. One has to buy. The only salvation is to take refuge in one of the small carriages, the turbaned drivers of which offer their services for a tour about town which may be extended, if the time allows, to the celebrated "Tanks," ancient and remarkable water cisterns situated at some distance from the city. Like all the passengers who had landed, I did not escape my fate. Muncherjee Eduljee Manakjee was the name of the noble Parsee to whom I succumbed and of whom I bought among other things a bunch of ostrich feathers, the real value of which was to be determined by my better half after my return home. The ever present illustrated postal cards were also offered and I hastened in duty bound to send off a dozen or two. My lady friends would never have forgiven me had I failed thus to remember them from Aden. I also bought a talisman in the shape of a leather fillet guaranteed to possess the virtue of keeping the devil away. This treasure I purchased from one of the boatsmen who succeeded in softening my adamant resolution not to buy by a soft Somali love chant and afterwards by the touching tunes of "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" and "Daisy, Daisy." Both of these songs seem to be very popular among the natives. I was, however, bun-

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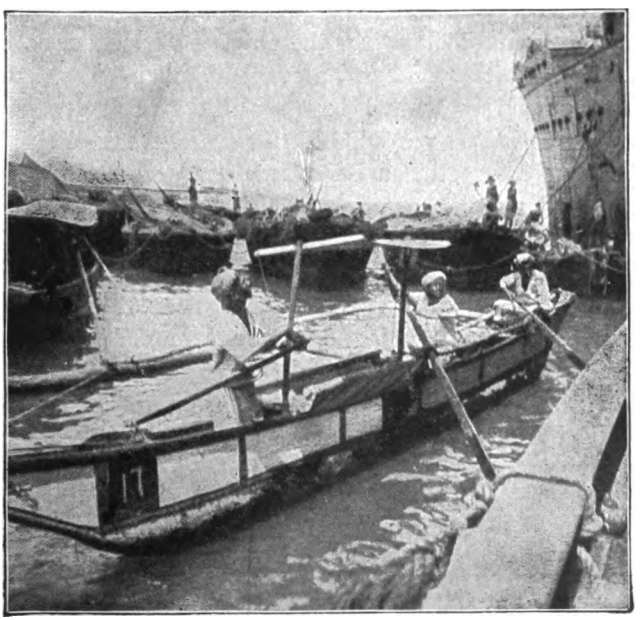
coed with this talisman; the only tempter I can keep away when I put it on my head is my wife, who says I look too ugly then to be approached.

At nine o'clock in the evening the "India" weighed anchor again, and soon the few shore lights of Aden disappeared in the darkness. On the evening of the next day



In the Harbor of Colombo, Ceylon.

we passed Cape Gardafui, the easternmost point of Africa, and on the following forenoon the great island of Sokotra came in view. I should have liked to visit this strange island which has, as yet, not been thoroughly explored, and my glance rested with interest on the mysterious coast as long as its hazy outline was visible on the horizon.

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We were now in the Indian Ocean. The weather during the next few days remained steady and clear. The sea was as smooth as I had never seen it before, and the temperature during the day was bearable. The nights, however, to be pleasant, could have been somewhat cooler. The monotony of the ocean was broken only from time to time by the appearance of a distant funnel or sail, and the best thing to do was to dream the days away, sleeping and reading and looking for the airiest places on deck.

In the late afternoon hours prize competitions in various sports and games were held, in which principally the younger passengers participated, for even here the British stiffness affected all non-Britons so that the latter were satisfied to remain spectators. Neither did any of the ship's officers participate in the sports when off duty. However, the regulations of the P. & O. Steamship Company are very strict. They enjoin the officers from taking part in the amusements of passengers or to enter into lengthy conversations with them. These regulations are not only strictly followed, but the officers go not unfrequently so far that the brusque answers which one sometimes receives from them in answer to a polite question come very near being insulting. The treatment of passengers on the steamers of the P. & O. line is altogether unsatisfactory, especially if one considers the high passage rates exacted from cabin passengers. In strong contrast to the German and Austrian Orient lines, where politeness of the officers, excellent fare and service are the rule, the P. & O. Company seems to regard their passengers as milch cows, which for mediocre food and indifferent attention are supposed to furnish good dividend cream. It has become proverbial among the travelers on this line that its steamers are not made for the passengers, but the passengers for them. The increasing competition

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of other lines is, in consequence of this policy, already cutting deeply into the former monopoly of the P. & O. Company, and the instinct of self-preservation will eventually force it to adopt the necessary reforms.

On the day before our arrival in Colombo, one of the numerous Lakhedive Islands came in view, and the sight of land made many a passenger shake off his lethargy. The excitement, however, lasted only a short time and soon things proceeded again in the same old sleepy way. At last, on the following morning, Ceylon, the Gem of the Indian Ocean, rose like a slight mist out of the blue waves. Gradually the outlines of the shore became clearer and clearer. At noon the details appeared more distinctly and soon after, Colombo the Beautiful lay before us. With pleasure I listened to the rattling of the anchor into the deep.

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XII.

In the Harbor of Colombo.—Catamarans.—Sharks and Divers.—Hotels in Ceylon.—Crows as Executioners.—Jugglers.—Tropical Street Views.—Mohammedan Jewelers.—Peculiar Vehicles.—The Cinnamon Gardens.—The Cocoanut Palm.—Ridiculous Caste Spirit Among Servants.

The first view which the traveler gains of Ceylon, coming by sea to Colombo, is decidedly disappointing. A long, flat coast, the background of which is formed by hazy blue chains of hills, stretches from north to south, and only after the steamer has entered the harbor, which is protected by a gigantic mole, can the rows of buildings and the luxuriant cocoa plantations along the shore be discerned. But life in the harbor itself is picturesque and interesting in the highest degree. Steamers and sailing vessels of all nations are lying at anchor (Colombo is a main port for all Eastern-Asiatic and Australian steamer lines, which have their coaling stations here), and numerous small boats of most peculiar and varied shapes are furrowing the dark blue water. Among the latter the so-called Catamarans are especially striking. These are exceedingly narrow boats, with steep sides, the most conspicuous feature of which are two long poles connected with a floating log, the object of which is to prevent capsizing which otherwise would be unavoidable in the slightest swell. A catamaran is ordinarily manned by two natives, who use spade-shaped oars, and contains one or two small benches in the center for passengers, who sit cramped in this narrow space behind each other, being

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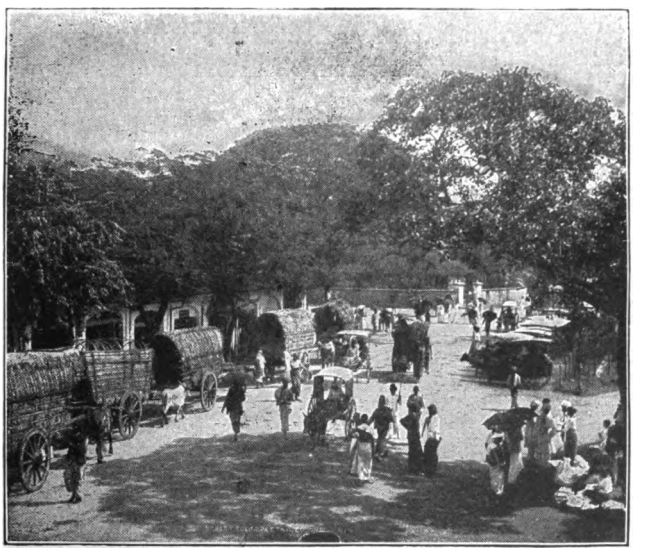
only protected by a small awning from the burning sun of the tropics. In the prevailing heat one envies the unavoidable, half-naked fellows in their primitive boats (three roughly-hewn logs, pointed at both sides and connected with ropes), who, in kneeling position and using split bamboos for oars, row around the steamer offering to dive for coins. The college yell of these Singhalese



Street in Colombo.

students of deep sea silver fishing is "di! di! di!" *i. e.*, dive! dive! dive! in incessant repetition. This kind of diving has by this time ceased to be novel or entertaining and I shall from now on prefer to "sink" my money in a more practical way. That the water is more dangerous for these poor boys than in Aden is proven by the mutilated limbs of several divers, the missing parts of which

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have evidently found their last resting-place in the stomachs of voracious sharks. Since the skin of the native Singhalese is of dark brown shade, one is compelled to attribute to the Ceylon sharks a fine sense of discrimination which enables them to make a distinction between a Singhalese or Tamil and a negro.

While preparations for landing are made native tailors board the steamer for the purpose of soliciting orders for Khaki and white linen suits from the passengers. They carry samples with them, and since their work is good and delivered within twenty-four hours, they are doing a thriving business. Mr. Hoy and I ordered each three complete garments, among them white dress suits, which were delivered to us thirty-six hours later at the hotel and the average price of which was only a little over ten shillings.

The "India" had anchored at a considerable distance from the shore and we landed in a small steamer. The custom house difficulties were only slight and we were soon seated at a good "tiffin" (luncheon) in the semi-dark dining-room of the Grand Oriental Hotel, enjoying the view of the sunny harbor and the cooling air waves produced by numerous electrical punkahs. I wonder what they would do here without punkahs? One needs them everywhere; in the dining-room, in the easy chair on the veranda, and at night over the bed, it is they alone that make life bearable. The two best hotels in Colombo catering to white tourists are the "Grand Oriental" and the "Gall Face," both of which are furnished with the comforts usual in the tropics. Suitable to the climate the hotel rooms contain no carpets or rugs. The beds are surrounded by mosquito nettings and one sleeps with open doors on hard mattresses and pillows. The service consists exclusively of bare-footed male Singhalese in white

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clothes. Four meals are furnished. The first one (early tea) is served in the early morning in the room, and is generally taken on the closed private veranda "en negligée." It is followed by breakfast between nine and ten; tiffin is taken between twelve and two, and dinner at eight o'clock in the evening. The etiquette at the last meal is strict, even black dress suits being seen occasionally in spite of the torrid heat. The menu always contains numerous curries, which, by the way, taste much better here than in England or America.

What we noticed first in Colombo were the extremely red color of the soil in the streets near the harbor and the numerous crows, the croaking of which in the early morning disturbs the deepest slumber. The latter are so fearless and greedy that at breakfast on the private veranda they often snatch the food from the table in the presence of the eater. We remarked, however, that the crows of Colombo make themselves useful as mice-catchers. There are plenty of the little rodents in the hotels and since the servants, without exception, are Buddhists, who regard the killing of an animal as sinful, they would rapidly increase were it not that the crows take the sin of killing them on their own black consciences. The mice are caught alive in traps, and it is funny to see the kitchen servants appear on the street every little while holding by the tail a squirming mouse, which they are careful to deposit where the waiting birds can quickly catch it.

Even on the first afternoon of our sojourn in Colombo we had occasion to admire in front of the hotel the juggling art of an Indian fakir, who, among other feats, performed the celebrated trick of the growing mango tree. This, like many others, appeared to us quite wonderful, until several days later, upon payment of a few rupees, I learned the trick with several others from a fakir in

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Kandy. This made me more sceptical about certain miraculous tricks of which I had heard, like the one where a rope is thrown into the air on which a Hindoo boy climbs up and apparently disappears into space. This trick no Colombo fakir could perform, but I hoped to get a chance to see it in India if it existed outside of the imaginative brain of exaggerating travelers.

Colombo is not large and the European quarter, called "Fort," contains no buildings of prominence outside of Queen's House, the residence of the Governor, and the stately post-office. But the streets of the "Fort" and especially those in the thickly populated native quarters of "Pettah" and "Colpetty" are crowded with picturesque figures. From clearest white to darkest black, all shades of the human skin are represented. And just as variegated are the color tones of the gay costumes. The most conspicuous figures are the Singhalese with their long, deep-black hair, knotted in the back and adorned by a crescent-shaped comb on the top of the skull. The generally delicate and feminine expression of the faces of the men roused a suspicion in me that some of the bearded ladies which one sees in European and American shows may be simply lighter colored natives of Ceylon. The dark-skinned Tamil, marked by circular white spots on forehead and ears, the Tamil woman, always with several nose rings and pierced ear lobes, which are stretched by the weight of heavy ear-rings to such a degree that one may easily put two fingers through the hole; the smoothly-shaven Moor, and the half-naked Rikshaw boys, as well as the yellow-clothed Buddha priests with the inevitable sunshades, are all highly interesting types.

Characteristic of Colombo are the Mohammedan jewelers, who have their stores in the arcades of the Grand Hotel. Immediately after arrival of steamer passengers

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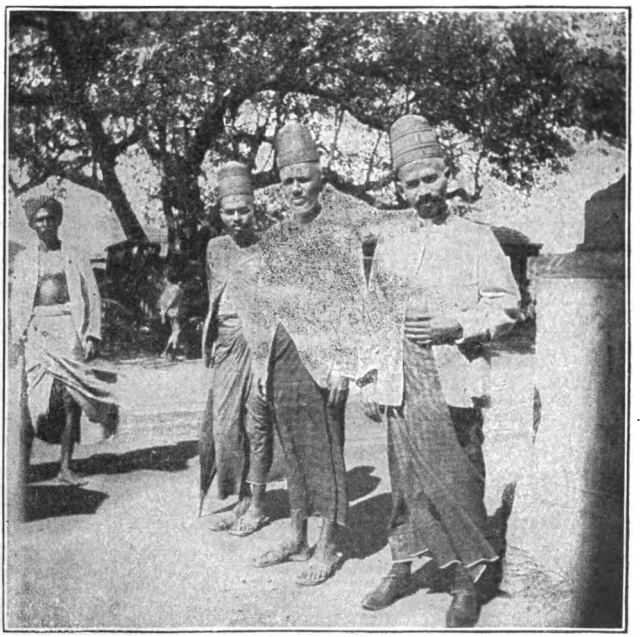
they appear on the hotel veranda, their pockets bulging with packages, in order to offer their bijouterie with irresistible persistency. Like hawks on a dying victim, these bare-footed sons of Mohammed, their smoothly-shaven heads covered by high, silk-embroidered caps, rush upon



Mohammedan Jewelers in Colombo.

the harmless passenger, and it takes patience and equal persistency to repulse their attacks on your purse.

Among the vehicles on the streets, the small, two-wheeled rikshaws are most conspicuous. They are drawn by half-naked fleet-footed natives and form the principal means of transport for the European population. A small steer with short horns and big hump harnessed to a light

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vehicle also serves for passenger transport, but my experience teaches me to warn every one against the use of this vehicle. Although the steer can take a rapid pace if it pleases him, he does this only under continuous, ear-splitting yells of the driver, who belabors the hind part of the animal with his fists, twisting his tail from time to time and even biting it when the animal proves too obstinate. Truck service is performed principally by the "tonga," a wagon covered with a high palm-leaf roof and drawn by two white Zebus.

Children are carried on the hips, and men perform this task with the same parental affection as women. The latter, however, are not often encountered in the streets.

The vegetable as well as the fish markets of Colombo are quite attractive, although in point of cleanliness one must not be too particular. They first astonish by their great wealth of tropical fruits and vegetables, while the latter are conspicuous by the great variety of fish on the counters. Among others young sharks are sold, the meat of which, according to the natives, is quite palatable. If the sharks could speak, they would possibly return the compliment. The butcher trade is followed exclusively by Mohammedans, since the religion of the Singhalese Buddhists forbids them to kill any kind of an animal.

The venders of bethel, which is much chewed here, are generally women, who sell the disgusting mixture squatting on the ground under shady trees. This mixture is composed of the leaf and chopped-up nut of the Bethel or Areca palm, some tobacco and "chunaam" (a chalky mass). It tints the teeth and lips of the chewer a dark orange or reddish color.

Few distractions are offered to strangers and European settlers in Colombo. There are no regular theaters, and it is only rarely that dramatic performances are given by

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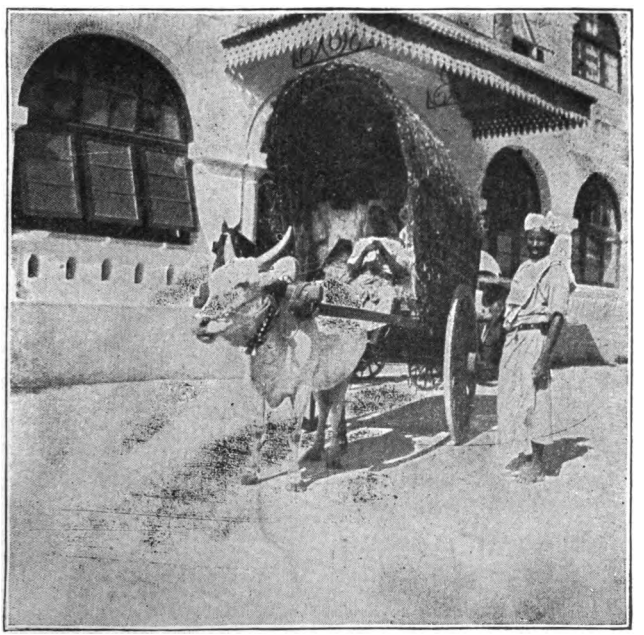
traveling English troupes, who occasionally stop here for a few days on their way to Australia. As in all English colonies, there is a good club in the city which, however, is not open to strangers unless they have letters of introduction. Some fine excursions can be made in the vicinity, among which one to the Cinnamon Gardens is much



Bullock Cart in Colombo.

favored. I was somewhat disappointed in these gardens of which I had formed quite a different picture. The cinnamon trees here are hardly more than large shrubs growing to a height of six or eight feet, while in an uncultivated state they attain a considerable size. We were told that the small trees were cultivated because they furnish

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a more superior article of commerce than could be gained from larger ones. I have tasted the tender bark of these trees, but the strong aroma contained in the bark of commerce was absent, although the young shoot had an agreeable spicy taste and odor. Mt. Lavinia, a sea-shore hotel about seven miles distant from Colombo, is one of the prettiest spots in the vicinity, and the road leading there offers a fine opportunity to admire the luxuriant tropical vegetation of Ceylon.

The cocoa-palm is the most numerous and popular tree of the island. It is a real blessing to the native population whom it furnishes with food, lodging and clothing. There is hardly another tree in existence which is of such general utility as the cocoa-palm, the slender, graceful shape of which, also, adds much to the charm of tropical landscapes. Its green fruit furnishes the poor native his milk; the dried nut gives him solid food and vessels to keep it in. From the sap of the trunk he makes sugar and alcoholic liquids. The wood and the foliage are used in building and roofing his hut. Of the leaves he also makes fans and mattings. With the oil which he presses from the nut he cooks his food, fills his lamps and anoints his hair. From the fibre he weaves clothing, sails, hats, nets, and a hundred other articles too numerous to mention.

On the way to Mt. Lavinia our carriage was followed by a crowd of naked children, whose cries of "Papa—mamma, give me a penny!" did not cease until a few coppers had been thrown to the most importunate ones running at the side of the carriage. Mr. and Mrs. Hoy, who are childless, naturally felt highly flattered at such affectionate filial ejaculations, and had I not dissuaded them from throwing more money at the little beggars, we should have had their paradisiacal escort all the way to Mt. Lavinia.

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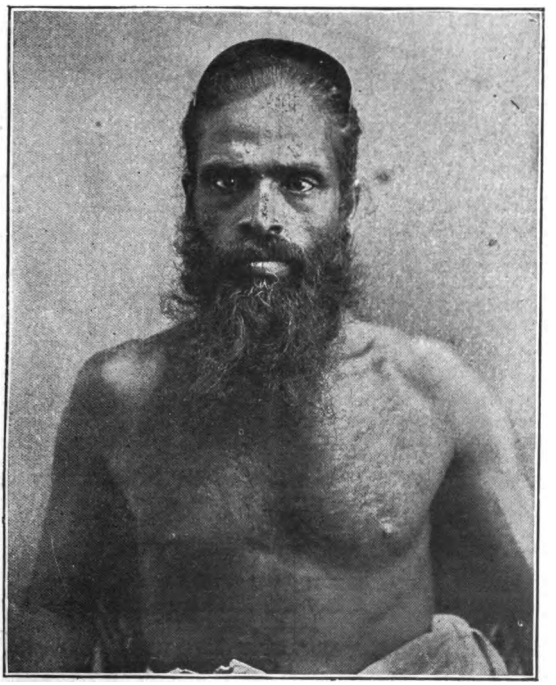
Very peculiar are the conditions relating to housework in the bungalows of the acclimated Europeans where the lady of the house is entirely dependent on the numerous servants absolutely necessary here, even in the smallest households. A white lady cannot perform any kind of menial work, and ten or twelve servants in a small family



A Singhalese

are not uncommon. The spirit of caste among the native servants borders on the ridiculous. The cook, for example, thinks it below his dignity to serve at the table or to clean his kitchen; for the latter purpose he keeps a private coolie; the "boy" (as all servants are called) who cleans the room will not wash the windows; the rikshaw

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boy will not clean the clothes of his master and the Ayah (nurse) would not dream of making a bed, etc. "Against my caste" is their invariable answer if they are requested to do some work which is outside of their specified duties. Since a white lady cannot go to market without being outrageously cheated, the purchase of provisions is entrusted to the cook, who receives for this purpose a daily sum for which he has to account every evening. To try and stop the unavoidable small pilferings by discharging the offender would be useless, for one cook will cheat like the other, and in the end they still buy the provisions cheaper than a lady could do herself. The wages, as may be expected, are very low, and the servants have to find their own food and lodging. Their requirements in regard to nourishment, however, are very modest, and the climate permits them to lodge with Mother Nature if they cannot find better quarters. A lady whose guest I was one evening, showed me a small outhouse in her garden, used to store gardening tools, etc., in a corner of which her rikshaw boy and his bride of six weeks had gone to housekeeping. A mat on the floor and a few cooking utensils formed the whole outfit. Judging by the smiling expression of the young wife, she seemed to be perfectly happy and if the German poet's assertion that "for a loving couple there is room in the smallest hut" ever can be taken literally, it was evidently true in this case.

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XIII.

EXCURSION TO KANDY.—THE SHRINE OF THE TOOTH.—THE PARADENIYA GARDENS.—ELEPHANT PROCESSION AND DEVIL-DANCERS.—KANDYAN CHIEFS.—ALI FEHMI PASHA.

My stay in Ceylon was limited to about two weeks, and much as I should have liked to visit the less known interior districts of the island, the enervating climate of Colombo had made me so apathetic, that outside of the early morning hours and the cooler evenings I spent my days near the electric punkah in my room or in the bath-tub. However, I did not miss the beautiful excursion which my Danish friends had planned to Kandy, the ancient Singhalese capital.

Kandy is situated about seventy miles inland and is, on account of its altitude, a much more agreeable abode than Colombo. The journey by rail is short, lasting somewhat less than four hours, and the landscape which may be admired from the train is more than charming. Soon after the bridge over the Kelani Ganga is passed, the up grade begins and the continuously changing panorama shows alternately numerous rice fields dotted with natives and small buffaloes, shady palm groves, picturesque lonely valleys, steep precipices, wooded hills, and in the distance, —ever growing more distinct,—the rugged peaks of the high mountains in the interior of the island.

The train is comfortable, having even a dining-car, and stops only at a few stations, the names of which are always designated in the English, Singhalese and Tamil languages. At these stations most delicious fruit, such

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as mangoes, bananas, pineapples, jack fruit, pepoi, etc., may be purchased for a song, and these tropical delicacies look so appetizing that one cannot withstand the temptation to try them. Among the fruits unknown to me the pepois and the mangoes tasted best. The latter have an incomparable flavor, which seems to be a mixture of all finer fruits. If, as the Singhalese assert, Ceylon is really the site of the biblical Paradise, then it must be believed that the mango was the forbidden fruit which Eve could not resist. To enjoy a mango thoroughly one should eat it clad in fig leaves, or in the bath-tub, for after peeling it the luscious meat, as slippery as an eel, keeps two hands busy retaining it.

Kandy is surrounded by gently sloping hills, and its picturesque situation is probably surpassed by few cities in the world. Its most important building is the governor's summer palace, but the stranger is infinitely more interested in the Queen's Hotel, a hostelry the excellent management of which invites to a longer stay. Immediately in front of this hotel stretches the shining surface of the sacred lake, the shores of which are fenced in by an elaborate stone balustrade. In the middle of the lake rises a small palm-grown islet, opposite to which and close to the shore is situated the celebrated "Shrine of the Tooth." This is a temple in which one of the most revered relics of Buddhism, a real tooth from the mouth of Buddha, is preserved. Admission to the temple is freely granted, but an "obolus" is demanded at almost every step. A small bridge over a narrow inlet of the lake, which teems with sacred fish and turtles, leads to the entrance, which is always surrounded by crippled beggars and hawkers of wax candles and flowers, of which the latter disseminate an overpowering odor. Upon entering a smoothly-shaven priest in a yellow robe holds out to the

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visitor a plate containing a silver rupee serving as a decoy, but a ten-cent piece will answer the purpose. This guide now explains in broken English the horrid frescoes in the first hall, which represent the different punishments of hell for the various sins committed by men. In the second hall, the door of which is formed by an antique piece of

A Tamil Lady

sculpture, another obolus is demanded, and here beautiful flowers which serve as offerings to Buddha are sold. From here one enters a smaller room through a richly-gilded and painted door, the sides of which are ornamented by sculptured lions and tremendous elephant tusks. An iron safe in this room contains a rich gold umbrella, and

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several priests and temple servants, the latter in plate-shaped white hats, busy themselves at tables covered with heaps of white flowers. A small stairways leads to the upper story and to the holiest of holies, the door of which is carved in ivory. The odor of flowers and incense is suffocating, and after having admired the silver table and the golden shrine which contains seven small caskets, the last of which is said to enclose the sacred tooth, one is glad to escape through a small open space into the temple library, from the round balcony of which one may have a charming view of the sacred lake and the surrounding mountains. The library contains many interesting manuscripts written on prepared palm leaves, strung on cords, and bound in richly decorated wood or ivory covers. Having examined everything conscientiously, I asked the priest and the temple servant for permission to take a snap-shot at them in the courtyard, to which they consented without any reluctance, upon payment of a baksheesh.

However instructive a visit to this temple may be, the Paradeniya Gardens, the 150 acre botanical park of Kandy, surrounded on three sides by the Mahavili Ganga, are a sight of far greater interest, the like of which probably no other city in the world, except Singapore, may boast. Neither the Hoys nor I were botanists, but in spite of this disadvantage we delighted in the view of this rare and luxuriant vegetation, which is not only pleasing to the eye, but also to the sense of smell, for besides the rarest orchids and palms there grow here all the spice trees and —but I better stop or else I betray too much of my ignorance of this magnificent world of plants. However, one thing will have to be mentioned: We stood here under an Upas tree and our intelligent Singhalese guide assured us

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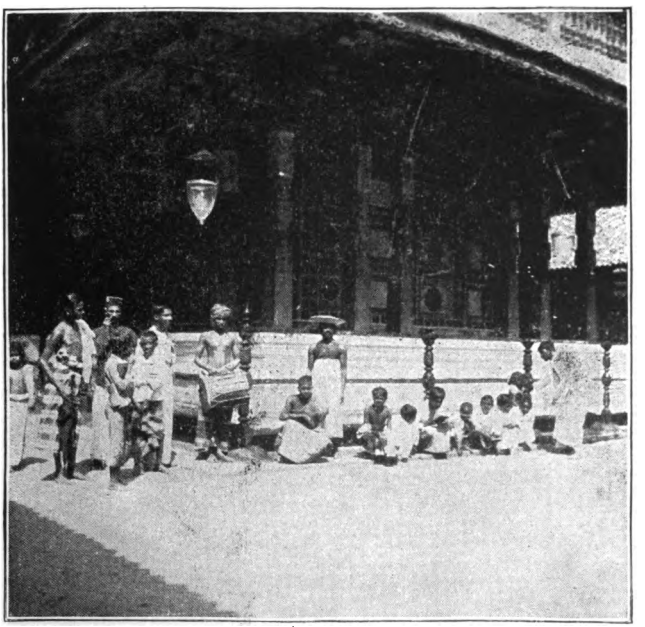
that, contrary to common belief, there was no danger whatever in falling asleep under it.

The landscape in the vicinity of Kandy is most charming, and since the heat is not as oppressive as in Colombo, one may enjoy the beautiful drives over the mountain roads which are named after English ladies, like Lady



The Shrine of the Tooth, Kandy.

Gordon's and Lady Walker's Drives. Especially enjoyable is the latter, which leads to the shore of the Mahavili Ganga where the holy elephants are stabled which play an important part in the religious processions of the Buddhists. We saw these elephants when they were taking their daily bath in the river, where they were spouting

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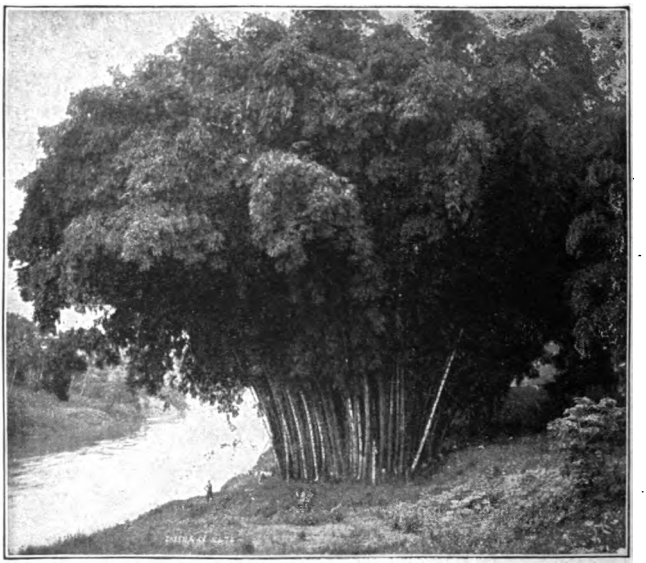
through their trunks streams of water over their broad backs while the attendants cleansed their thick skins with stiff wire brushes. We had no chance to witness one of these processions which form an important part in the religious festivals of Kandy, and the following description is taken from the report of an English correspondent in



Bamboo in the Paradeniya Gardens, Kandy.

the suite of the present Prince of Wales during the latter's sojourn in Ceylon:

"It was dark when the performers began to assemble at the entrance to the pavillion grounds—a long line of men and animals in fantastic dress. The air flamed with torches and reeked with cocoanut oil, and thousands of natives filled the lanes with a medley of color. Their

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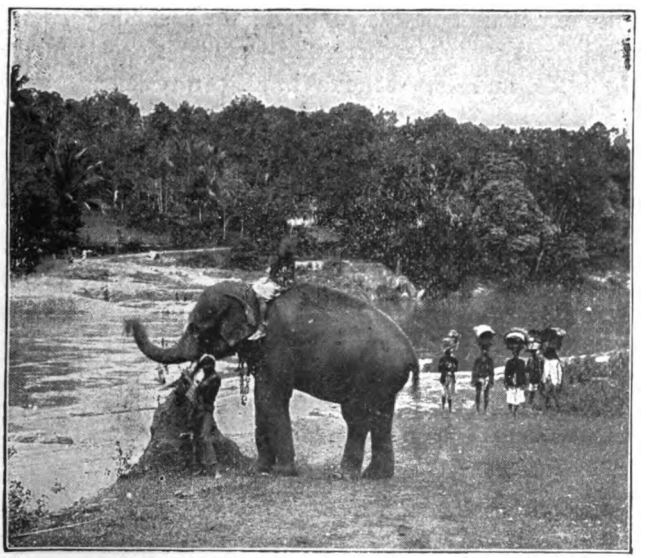
royal highnesses, having dined, came out upon the balcony of the white house with the massive white pillars. The gardens were shrouded in blackness and silence. Suddenly from the distance came the sound of the tom-tom and the shrill note of the chettey-pipe.

"There is a subtle sameness in all eastern music. The tom-tom and the pipe of the devil dancer were in my ears



One of the Sacred Elephants in the Mahavili Ganga, Kandy.

as the echo of the dervish drum and omobeina sounding the charge of Omdurman. The head of the procession appeared. It was a white elephant on a cart drawn by a patient bullock and attended by a headman in flat, round cap. One was naturally curious to learn why this very obvious property animal should have the place of honor, seeing that so many magnificent beasts were behind.

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'Because it is beautiful,' said the head man, hiding under an air of grave courtesy his surprise that anyone should doubt its claim to be leader.

"Noisily and slowly the procession unfolded itself in waves of yellow light from hundreds of long torches held by brown-skinned Singhalese. The order of their coming was after this fashion: First walked a company of men in loose robes of white and red, or clad only in camboy or waist-cloth, the light gleaming on their shining bodies. Behind them marched three elephants in rich trappings, the middle and largest one having a crimson, gold-embroidered cloth drawn over his head, leaving only eyes and ears uncovered. On their heels whirled the devil dancers—lithe figures stripped to the waist, the perspiration streaming from their dark bodies as they leaped and turned, chanting a strange monotonous chant to the beating of drum and the shrieking of pipe. Some were children, others white-haired, of a solemn countenance that was grotesquely out of harmony with their strange antics. No chief of any pride and dignity would deign to appear in these processions without his devil dancers. I do not know whether rank is measured by the number or by the energy of the dancers. It was none the less manifest that distinctions exist even in the devil worshipers, for the number, the dress and the noise seemed to be in proportion to the gravity and magnificence of the chieftains who followed these cyclones of color and sound.

"The Kandyan chief may be a handsome and even an imposing man. He has the dignified solemnity of the Turk and the beard of the prophet. His dress, too, is splendid. In the days of the kings it was simple white, but since they can no longer be courtiers at home, the chiefs have put on the dress of their kings. Around the waist are wound nearly sixty yards of white silk, em-

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broidered with crimson and gold. The many folds are gathered at the waist into a great bulk and end in gold fringes that fall over white linen trousers with broad frilled edges. The feet are bare, but on the head is a hat in shape not unlike a shrine, and in wealth of gold and gems not unworthy the altar of some saint. The upper part of the body is clothed in a zouave jacket, richly embroidered in red and gold, and worn over a white-frilled

Devil Dancers.

shirt. Each chief has on the second finger of the right hand a ring of enormous size, resembling in shape the apostolic ring of the pope.

"The chiefs walked in lines of six or seven between the elephants and devil dancers and torch-bearers. When they drew near to the balcony, there was a short halt and the procession, turning to the left, re-formed in front of the pavillion. The elephants ranged themselves in line on the green lawn, that shone a strangely vivid green in the

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light of the torches. The devil dancers gathered together in the center and gave themselves up to a frenzied whirl. Not the dancing dervishes of Damascus, nor the howling dervishes of Berber, could excel them in antics and noise as they perspired and turned and threw themselves into the air with an energy and an abandon that had at least the semblance of religious frenzy. Their exertions were rewarded by a few words of thanks from the duke, who declared himself greatly pleased and interested."

In certain parts of Ceylon there are still existing some wild elephants, and a kind of spotted tiger called "Chittah" roams in considerable number the distant woods of the interior. While the latter, if I am not mistaken, may be hunted without restriction, it is necessary for an elephant hunt to secure a special permit from the governor's office, for which a license fee of 100 rupees has to be paid. But even with such a permit one is allowed to shoot one elephant only, and since such a hunt is otherwise connected with considerable expense, there are not many amateur sportsmen who come to Ceylon for this sport. To the latter Africa still offers more and better opportunities. This explains the comparatively high prices which, for example, are asked in Colombo and Kandy for elephant's feet, which, by the removal of flesh and bones, are made into original cane and umbrella stands. Seventy-five to one hundred rupess are charged and paid for these. Chittah skins are not excessively dear, but the price for a fine Royal tiger skin in Ceylon, and even in India, is 500 to 1,000 rupees.

We left the serene and peaceful mountain capital after a sojourn of several days, since Mr. and Mrs. Hoy wished to embark on a certain steamer for Singapore. On the way down to Colombo we made the acquaintance of an interesting traveling companion, Ali Fehmi Pasha, one of

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the Egyptian generals who were banished to Ceylon after the suppression of the Egyptian revolt in 1882. From him we learned, among other information, that of the seven exiles who at the time had been brought to Ceylon, only Arabi and himself were living, both residing at Kandy. Speaking of the English he expressed himself very favorably, paying a high tribute to their merits in

Kandyan Chiefs (Four Brothers).

regard to the progress and civilization of Egypt. Since our meeting with Ali Fehmi, he, as well as Arabi Pasha, have received permission to return to their native land, and it is my belief that the English government has made friends out of these formerly irreconcilable enemies who will be valuable aids in the further work of development in Egypt.

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XIV.

TROPICAL HEAT.—ON THE "VALETTA."—PHILEAS FOGG II.—CALOO.—ENTRANCE INTO THE HOOGHLI RIVER.—DISAGREEABLE ROOMMATES.—CALCUTTA OBSERVATIONS.—A GIANT TREE.—IN A PARSEE THEATRE.—NATIVE RESPECT FOR WHITE RACE.—THE HOWRAH BRIDGE.—THE BATHING GHATS.—BURNING OF PLAGUE BODIES.—KALIGHAT.—FIGHT BETWEEN COBRA AND MONGOOSE.

Before I left Colombo, newspapers and travelers had repeatedly stated that not only the plague, but cholera and small-pox were raging in a fearful manner, both in Calcutta, which city I next intended to visit, and in other parts of India. Luckily, I am not afraid of epidemics, and, having learned from travelers with much experience in the Orient that the danger to the European population was not especially great, as these diseases select their victims mainly from the dirtiest native quarters, this information did not induce me to change my plans of travel.

I took passage on the steamer "Valetta," which was to make the voyage from Colombo to Calcutta in four to five days. During all that time the weather was as favorable as it had been during the voyage from Ismailia to Colombo, but the heat in the Bay of Bengal was by far greater than any I had ever experienced before at sea. Although I had not exposed myself for a minute to the sun, the effects of the hot wind, which seemed like a blast from a furnace, were such that large strips of the outer epidermis were peeling off my face and hands by the time we arrived in Calcutta.

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The company on the steamer was not numerous and consisted mostly of American globe-trotters who had come to Ceylon by way of San Francisco and Japan. There was one family on board whom I had noticed at the Queen's Hotel during my sojourn in Kandy, and they were the only persons I had any desire to get acquainted

Garriwalla and Caloo.

with. They were Mr. H...., a banker from the State of New York, his wife, daughter and son. We met afterward again several times, in various Indian cities, and I must confess I should have gladly attached myself to their party, which intended to follow the same traveling route as I did, had not another traveling companion been repug-

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nant to me who stuck to the H....'s like a leech which they could not, or would not, shake off. This was a Mr. K...., a disagreeable individual, whose loud voice and vulgar manners in general made him exceedingly distasteful to all. His temper was, besides, so irascible and choleric that it nearly made the milk sour at the breakfast table. To all these good qualities he added that of the greatest cowardice.

My neighbor at the table was an original. He was a tall, stout, and jovial-looking man, who was on a vacation trip around the world, in such haste as to make one suspect that he intended to rob Phileas Fogg of his laurels. He limited his sojourn in India to five days, in which, as he assured the company, he would see more than any other traveler in five weeks. Withal, it was his intention to go from Calcutta to Bombay via Delhi, and to make stops not only in these cities, but also in Benares, Agra and Jeypore. How he did it I do not know, but his name attached to a certain date which I later found inscribed in the register of the Esplanade Hotel in Bombay, proved that he had really arrived in the latter city on the sixth day after our landing in Calcutta. I suppose, however, that he could hardly have paid attention to anything outside the table d'hote meals at the hotels, since eating and drinking was his greatest weakness. He ate like Gargantua and complained about his appetite. His familiarity knew no bounds. Being introduced to other gentlemen, he never thought of adding the prefix "Mr." in addressing his new acquaintances. He simply used the family name, and if, in the course of time, he had a chance to learn it, frequently only the Christian name.

My most important discovery on the "Valetta" was Caloo, a native of Calcutta, whose services I engaged for my proposed overland trip through India, as it is almost

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impossible to get along without such a servant in the central part of the country. Caloo was a Mohammedan, slavishly servile and as honest as an Indian servant can be. He was fairly useful and willing as long as he was not ordered to render services which he considered hard work, such as the carrying of baggage in and out of

The Howrah Bridge in Calcutta.

steamers, vehicles, etc. His main occupation was to bring early tea to my bed, wait on me at the table, assist me in my bath and to keep my clothes and shoes in good order. I had no reason to doubt his honesty or his identity, the latter of which had been established without question by a peculiar mark, a scar on his left cheek,

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which was specially pointed out in his testimonials. (It is a general custom in India to add personal descriptions to testimonials of private servants, as these documents are often misused by the servants exchanging or loaning them to each other.) Caloo's attentions were such that he did not even allow me to cross the street or to dismount from my carriage without holding a parasol over my head, and at night he slept, wrapped in a blanket, like a faithful dog on the threshold of my door. For all these services Caloo received a salary of one rupee and four annas (about 40 cents) per day with which he had to find his own food, and I paid royally, according to Indian ideas. He was of not much use as a guide, but his knowledge of the country and its people, and the circumstance that he spoke English fairly well, enabled me sometimes to make use of his services even in that capacity.

We reached the mouth of the Hooghli River, one of the numerous arms of the Ganges on which Calcutta lies, at low tide, and during a short anchoring the Lascars threw out a shark-line. In the expectation of some good sport, the passengers congregated at the stern end of the steamer, but the monsters of the deep would not bite, and thus we missed the exciting spectacle of catching a shark with hook and line.

After the monotony of the glassy surface of the Bay of Bengal, the view of the green palm-grown shores, the peculiar Indian boats with their standing oarsmen and the numerous birds of prey which enliven the river, proved very agreeable, while the "Valetta" slowly drew up stream the distance of eighty to one hundred miles from the mouth of the Hooghli to the city. The custom-house examination was soon finished, and a short drive in a box-like vehicle brought us to the Grand Hotel.

The room assigned to me was very large and con-

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tained, outside of a twenty-foot punkah and the usual furniture, a bird's nest in a hollow corner of the wooden rafters of the ceiling, occupied by two sparrows, which did not seem to be disturbed in the least by my appearance. Several small lizards were also crawling contentedly up and down the walls. Of the presence of other

A Native Policeman.

small animals in the room I became conscious during the following night. Later experience taught me that one must get used to such things during an Indian journey. The adjoining bathroom contained, outside of a peculiar tin tub, in which a bath could be taken only by throwing

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the water over one's head and body, another necessary piece of furniture which had to be removed and returned every day and which, although it was used by our grandfathers, has been discarded in our time by all civilized nations. I mention this once for all, as I found the same arrangement in all other Indian hotel rooms that I had occasion to occupy.

Comparing Calcutta to other Indian cities from an architectural point of view, it is devoid of interest. Although a new city, most of the buildings appear old and greatly neglected. The only exceptions are the Vice Royal Palace within a well-kept park, the High Court of Justice, Writer's Building and a few larger houses on the European thoroughfares, Chowringhee Road and Esplanade Row. The Great Maidan, a gigantic square, sparsely grown with trees, in the middle of which rises an observation tower, is adorned by various statues of English generals and serves the native population as a pleasure resort. One may see here of an evening Hindoo boys playing tennis and football, riding bicycles, and in general imitating the sports of the Sahibs.

The Eden Gardens on the river are reserved for the higher classes, and it is hither that every evening between five and seven o'clock a stream of the fashionable world of Calcutta is directed, to enjoy the cool of the evening and the concerts of the Military Band. The streets leading to the gardens are extremely dusty, which condition need cause no wonder when one considers the primitive way in which the sprinkling is done by coolies with pails and goat skins. The Zoological Garden is nicely laid out, but is vastly excelled in the number and variety of animals contained therein by similar European institutions. The interesting Botanical Garden situated several miles outside of Calcutta contains, among other remarkable things,

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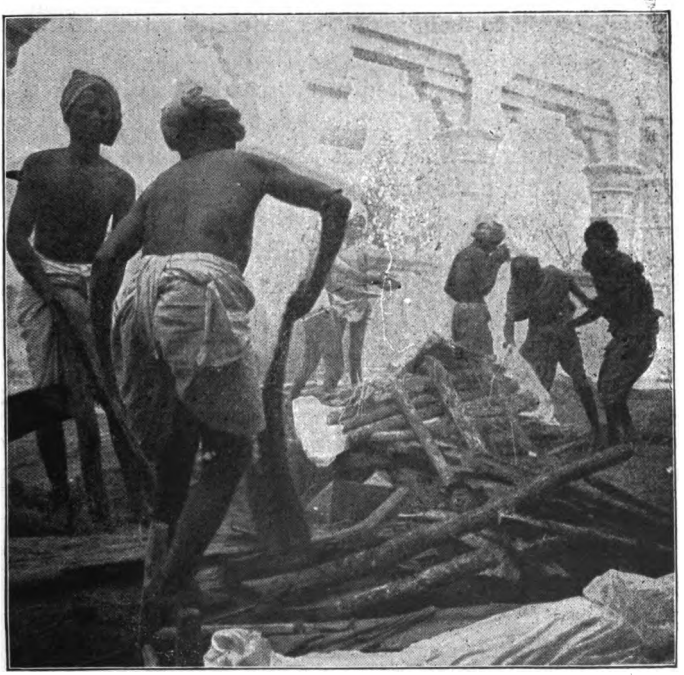
a giant Banyan tree whose crown of foliage measures nearly 1000 feet in circumference, and this alone is worth a visit.

Of historical sights Calcutta has none. The celebrated "Black Hole" in which, during the revolt of June 20, 1756, one hundred and forty-six English prisoners were



Burning of Plague Bodies; First Stage.

squeezed into a space twenty feet square, so that only twenty-three of them survived the first night, has been demolished during the building of the new postoffice, and only the paved floor of this horrible dungeon is preserved at present.

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Calcutta is poor in European pleasure resorts. For over a year and a half a German-Bohemian Ladies' Band had performed in an English and American bar, but I could not make out how these poor girls can make their living, since they are generally in the majority as against the audience. Undoubtedly of more interest than the few European resorts are those of the native population, although a visit to them is always connected with small and unavoidable annoyances.

One evening we visited a Parsee theatre, in which a play adapted from the English was brought on the stage in such a manner that I was shaking with laughter during the whole performance, although the play was supposed to be a drama. The orchestra consisted of two squeaking organ-shaped instruments which were partly hidden behind the scenes on either side of the stage, and a tom-tom, which was beaten somewhere in the background. This background represented, by the way, the city of Venice, with numerous gondolas surrounded by snow-covered mountains. The accommodations for the audience consisted of the ground floor parquet and a balcony. The interior of the boxes was hidden by old lace curtains, through the holes of which one could occasionally see a pair of black eyes or brown hands. The actors were mostly very young people, and the endless dialogues were chanted in a most ridiculous manner. The curtain went down after every act by magnesium light and with such slowness that it seemed wonderful how the actors could remain immovable for such a long time in their statuesque poses.

During our perambulations by carriage (one does not walk here) through the streets of Calcutta, my special attention was attracted by the fact that the native police and soldiers saluted all decently dressed Europeans, and

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it even happened that sentinels presented arms to me. I was told that the English have ever been careful to teach the native population due respect for Europeans in general. In this they have certainly succeeded admirably, and the submissiveness which the lower classes show in their intercourse with the Sahibs, easily demonstrates how it is possible for the English to govern such a large and thickly populated country with a handful of white soldiers and civil officials, even in such dangerous times as during the first period of the South African war.

The narrow streets of the native quarters are full of interest for those who have not seen other Indian cities, and it is generally far better to stroll through them on foot. This, however, was not advisable during our sojourn in Calcutta on account of the plague and other infectious diseases then raging, and when sight-seeing I invariably used a carriage. Among the vehicles seen in the streets one may notice here and there closed palanquins, which are especially used by Mohammedan women. A bamboo cart with heavy wheels, and a box-shaped public conveyance (garri) with turbaned driver and runner (sais) is often encountered. On the quays are seen heavy truck carts, with thick wooden disk wheels, drawn by steers, and the river itself is crowded with steamers, sailing vessels and native boats of all kinds.

During the first days of our stay in Calcutta I did not notice much in the crowded streets of the European and native quarters that pointed to the great mortality to which the newspapers daily alluded under conspicuous headlines. One morning, however, I made up my mind to pay a visit to the Nimtollah Burning-ghats on the shores of the Hooghli River, where the Hindoos dispose of their dead by cremation, in order to convince myself of the conditions. We had started in a carriage, but since

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the heat was not too oppressive, I dismounted near the Howrah bridge, a wooden structure which spans the river, with the intention of walking from there to the Burning-ghats. The Howrah bridge offers a view, the like of which, as regards picturesqueness, is not even surpassed by the Galata bridge in Constantinople. The constant stream of vehicles and humanity of all shades and types crossing and recrossing here simply beggars description. Down stream, not far from the bridge, are situated the various Bathing-ghats, where all day long men and women seemingly cleanse themselves in the yellow water. The bathers go into the water in their clothes, which they, on emerging from the bath, allow to dry again on their bodies. The heat does this very soon, almost while they are dressing their hair, and while the Hindoo priests, who have temporary booths there, paint the washed-off caste signs again on their foreheads and noses. These priests are certainly doing a good business, and that they appreciate the value of time, I could learn from the circumstance that one much-occupied priest used a rubber stamp with various color pads, to perform his work more expeditiously.

In the immediate vicinity of the Bathing-ghats native barbers ply their trade in the open air and under the burning sun without even the protection of the large sunshades so common in India. Both tonsorial artist and customer squat on their haunches during the work, and offer a most ludicrous sight to the foreign visitor.

Only a short distance further down, the smoke from the Nimtollah ghats rises in the air. This crematory, the principal one in Calcutta, consists of a large roofless building in the shape of a parallelogram enclosed by four walls. Admission is free to anyone who cares to walk in, but, if I am not mistaken, there are few strangers who

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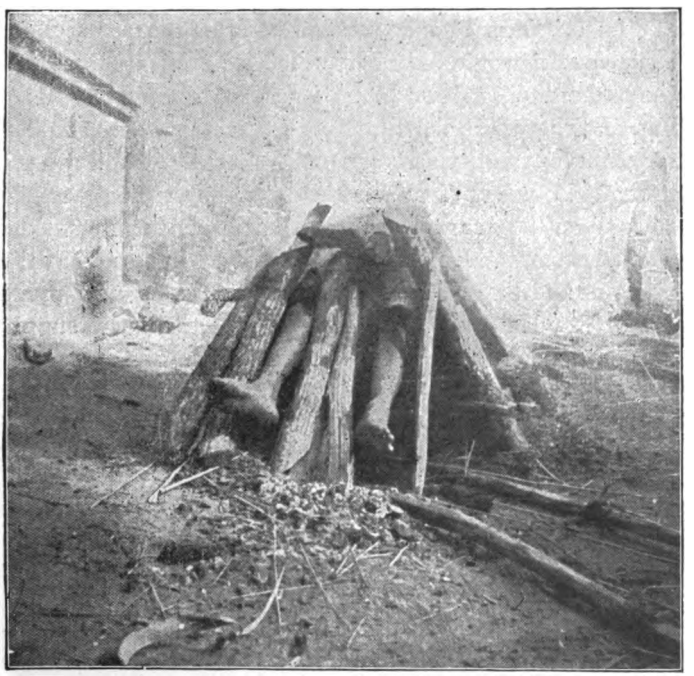
would have availed themselves of the opportunity under the conditions existing when I paid my visit there. As the newspaper reports of the following morning had it, there were ninety bodies disposed of in this special ghat the day I visited there, a large majority of whom had died of the plague and other contagious diseases. A stately-



Burning of Plague Bodies; Second Stage.

looking native policeman was stationed at the entrance, who, after receiving a small baksheesh, conducted me inside, where I found about a dozen assistants, clad only in breech clouts, busy in preparing the bodies and funeral pyres. About fifteen of the latter were burning in various

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stages of consumption as I entered, armed with my camera and strongly puffing a cigar as a sort of sanitary precaution. Caloo, in spite of his zeal and officiousness, had declined to accompany me, and awaited my return on the outside.

Through the thick smoke which filled the space I could at first scarcely distinguish the various objects, and had not an occasional puff of wind cleared the atmosphere somewhat, it would have been impossible for me to secure the photographic views which I was so desirous of obtaining. During these short intervals, however, I was enabled to observe what was going on. As the bodies were brought in, wrapped in white sheets, they were placed in rows upon the ground, awaiting their turn for cremation. The attendants were constantly employed in removing the ashes of the burned-down pyres and building new pyres out of wooden fagots, of which there was a large supply heaped up in one corner. In building one of these pyres they placed six or eight fagots close together upon the ground and piled as many more crosswise in several layers on top, before the body was placed upon it. On top of the latter more wood is piled in conical shape until the whole heap reaches a height of about five feet, allowing, however, the extremities of the body to protrude. As soon as a pyre is completed, some burning fagots from another pyre nearly consumed are used to set it aflame. The wood being very dry, it does not take long to develop a strong blaze, and within a few seconds the sheets are burned off the corpse, exposing the protruding limbs between the fagots.

About half an hour is necessary to change a body into an unshapely black stump, and only a little more time to burn it entirely to ashes, out of which only a few larger fragments of white bones protrude. The penetrating odor

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of the burning flesh is exceedingly nauseating, and is another obstacle which makes it extremely disagreeable to secure photographic views of the proceedings within the ghat. While operating with my camera I was much scared by several pistol-like detonations around me, the cause of which remained unexplained to me until I left

A Snake Charmer and Juggler.

the ghat. Upon an inquiry addressed through Caloo to the native policeman, I was told that these explosions were caused by the bursting of skulls as the gases developed within the cranium of the bodies. I was glad to leave the gruesome place, but am pleased to state that my photographs were a success.

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Next to the burning-ghats a visit to Kalighat is most interesting. This is an old temple about three miles from the center of the city where blood sacrifices are offered to the goddess Kali. The small temple is squeezed in between narrow little streets and courts and has an unimposing appearance, but the fakirs and other indescribable individuals which lounge about the courts and temple halls give the whole a peculiar attraction which cannot fail to leave its impression on the visitor.

On the afternoon before our departure from Calcutta, we had occasion to witness a peculiar fight between a mongoose, a small short-legged animal with bushy tail, and a cobra. Among the many destructive animals of India the snakes are the most dangerous, and many thousands of natives annually fall victims to their deadlv bites. Among these reptiles the cobra is the most feared, since its bite is sure to prove fatal unless immediate steps are taken to nullify the effects of the venom, and not even then is safety assured. Fortunately, the cobra finds in the mongoose an arch-enemy which never hesitates to attack it, and it is a peculiar fact that this alert little animal nearly always emerges victor from a fight with such a big venomous serpent. although it is no more proof against the poison of its enemy than man. A fractional part of a gramme suffices to kill it.

The fight we witnessed was proposed by one of the fakirs who in Calcutta, as in Colombo, perform their tricks for the benefit of strangers in front of the hotels. Having exhausted his art, he asked the Sahibs whether they would like to see a cobra and mongoose fight, and receiving an affirmative answer, he raised the lid of a basket, out of which crawled immediately a great cobra. At the same time he opened a sack in which something was moving, and out of this emerged quickly a mon-

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goose. The serpent, as soon as it noticed the latter, tried to escape. But the mongoose gave it no time. Suddenly, like a flash he leaped into the air and when he alighted in a wriggling mass with the snake, which had quickly raised its head in defence, we could see that he had grasped the upper jaw of the cobra between his teeth and held on to it like grim death. The desperate wriggling of the snake, which tried to free itself from the grip of its opponent, was in vain. The mongoose held tight like a vise, although one could hardly follow the rapid movements of the two enemies. Round and round they whirled, until they finally sank to the ground exhausted and a truce was declared, which lasted, however, only a short time. The mongoose withdrew a short distance and the snake did not move for a minute or so. Then it raised its ugly head and tried again to escape, but the mongoose was quick, and leaping up once more, he caught the cobra as before by the upper jaw. The second round then began, but the fight was shorter than before. It was impossible to follow the details, as the animals formed a hissing and snarling mass of fur and scales which turned like a whirlwind, now in the air and now on the ground. Soon the body of the snake stretched, its rings relaxed, and the mongoose shook the serpent as a terrier shakes a rat until there was literally no life left in it. Then he dropped it, and his master returned him to the sack.

We left Calcutta after a sojourn of one week, during which I had seen many new things, but the capital of India did not make such a lasting impression on me as the cities in the central part of the country, which we visited later, and which are of greater interest in every respect.

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XV.

PLAGUE INSPECTION.—BENARES.—HINDOO NEW YEAR. THE SHORE OF THE GANGES.—ADVENTURE IN THE MONKEY TEMPLE.—FLOATING CORPSES IN THE GANGES.—THE BATHING PILGRIMS.—ALL KINDS OF FAKIRS.—A SOLOMONIC JUDGMENT.—LUCKNOW.—PEOPLE WITH BUTTERED HEADS.

The country traversed by the East Indian Railroad Company between Calcutta and Benares is flat and uninteresting. The distance is about 500 miles and is covered in a little more than fifteen hours. There is nothing to be seen but scanty groups of trees, rice, indigo and opium fields. The province of Bengal is thickly populated, but the scattered villages seen in the distance are built of mud and appear to be dirty and neglected. At a small station called Chausa, the passengers were subjected to a plague inspection, which, however, was not very strict in the case of white travelers, while natives had to undergo a severe sanitary examination before being allowed to proceed on the journey.

As the road nears Benares, the landscape improves considerably in aspect, its grayish tone changes often to a dull green and numerous mango trees and other orchards are seen. The clumps of trees seem to be thicker and shadier, and frequently hedges of aloe and cactus line the road embankment. The first view of the city is gained from the train as it passes the great railway bridge over the Ganges. This structure is a fine example of the modern art of engineering, but it forms a strong contrast with the ancient town, the main approach to which it

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affords, reminding one involuntarily of the sacrilegious electric tramway to the Pyramids.

Benares is an old city. For centuries it has been considered the religious capital of India and has enjoyed the reputation of being a sacred seat of Hindoo learning. It is called the Athens and sometimes the Oxford or Canterbury of India. The great majority of the population are Hindoos and the number of the steady inhabitants is considerably augmented on special holy days by large influxes of pilgrims. From all the provinces of India the believers in Buddha stream hither to pray on the banks of the holy river, to bathe in it and to drink from its greenish waters, in spite of the danger of infection, lurking in crowds that come from all parts of a country never free from epidemics. For these pilgrims death has no terrors. To die in Benares and to have their bodies float down the holy river, or to have their ashes scattered over its waves, is salvation and a passport to heaven.

One hardly expects to find good accommodations in Benares. However, the best hotel there may satisfy moderate expectations. Aside from the legions of hungry fleas and the lack of cool drinking water, there was nothing to complain of, and only the name of the hostelry was a disappointment to me. Hotel de Paris! What an irony! The only thing that might possibly remind one of the fine hotels of the French capital are the little bloodsuckers, which in their own manner do in a small way what the French shop-keepers and hotel proprietors do on a larger scale.

We could not have selected a better time for a visit to Benares. It was a great fete day, the Hindoo New Year's day. In consequence of this the streets of the inner city were almost entirely forsaken, as the gayly attired population had surged to the ghats on the river,

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where a sort of fair was being held. When I say "gayly attired," I beg my readers to imagine in this case white, flowing garments sprinkled with red or blue paint, and foreheads and cheeks smeared with crimson, which make the wearers look like butchers coming from the slaughter house. The sound of strange instruments emanating from the crowd, mixed with the laughter and clamor from a thousand throats, and the bright colors (generally red, yellow and green) under the glowing rays of the Indian sun gave the whole scene a highly picturesque appearance.

Through this motley crowd were pushing dirty fakirs and jugglers, hawkers of all sorts of articles, and other types, about the identity of which I was frequently uncertain. Among others a Hindoo Samson gave a strong man performance which was really remarkable, considering that Dhabil Chowdry (such was the name of the man) was a pious Hindoo who lived almost exclusively on rice. Towards evening a row started in the crowd which necessitated the interference of the police, and I was glad to escape from the surging mass and from the red and blue dust clouds created by the playful throwing of finely powdered colored chalk which made respiration difficult.

The best view of Benares can be had by taking a boat and being rowed down stream from Tulsi to Ram Ghat. The endless variety of temples and palaces on the shore is simply astonishing. One may see here the most wonderful buildings in all possible shapes and stages of completion and destruction, many of which are sadly out of plumb and threaten either to drop into the river or to fall backwards or sideways on their neighbors. The latter condition is the consequence of the regular annual floods of the Ganges, which wash away the shore and thereby

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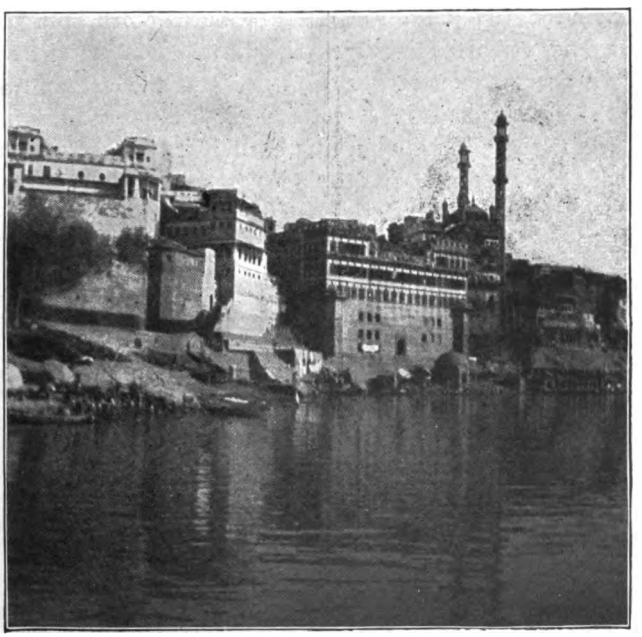
frequently cause an uneven settling of the foundation walls.

Numerous and wonderful are the old lores and fairy tales connected with the various temples and other buildings, and our Hindoo guide thought the most conscientious relation of these not only his duty but a pleasure.



The Mosque of Aurangzeb, Benares.

Thus, for example, there is at Rao Sahib Ghat a colossal figure of Bhima which, according to the Brahmins, is annually washed away and faithfully brought back again by the Ganges. The Gauri Well at Khedar Ghat is said to cure without fail all diseases of the human body. In the neighborhood of this well is the stone of Mansarwar

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which is supposed to grow daily about the size of a millet seed. At the Bhaira Ghat I had occasion to buy a fan of peacock feathers (very cheap, by the way), with a guarantee that it would keep away from me all evil spirits. With this fan I have no better luck than with the talisman I bought in Aden, and after a while I shall begin to doubt the efficacy of both pagan and Buddhist amulets.

Between the great mosque of Aurang-Zeb, the two octagonal minarets of which rise to a height of 232 feet above the surface of the Ganges, and the Bisheshwar Temple, is situated the celebrated Gyan Kup or Fountain of Knowledge, in which Shiva himself is said to have his abode. Next comes the shrine of Annapurna, the goddess of plenty, the small Temple of Shunkareshwar, in which women pray for handsome sons (a thing which seems unreasonable considering the looks of the mothers), and the Holiest of Holies, Mani Varnika and Charanpadak, where on an elevated round stone the footprints of Vishnu can be seen. These, by the way, are about the size of those of a small child. The Temple of Nepali is highly interesting, but I shall have to forego all detailed description on account of its most erotic sculptures. They form a frieze around the outer wall and rows of small silver bells seem to call special attention to them. Speaking of the temples, I will also mention here the Monkey Temple, remarkable only through the large crowd of monkeys which inhabit its courts and pillared halls, as well as the neighboring trees. This and the Golden Temple are situated in the city at a considerable distance from the river. The Golden Temple derives its name from its gilded cupolas, and contains the court of the holy cows with the crimson stained stone carving of an archaic steer. I was allowed to watch the devotions in the temple through a small hole in the wall, but it was impossible to discern

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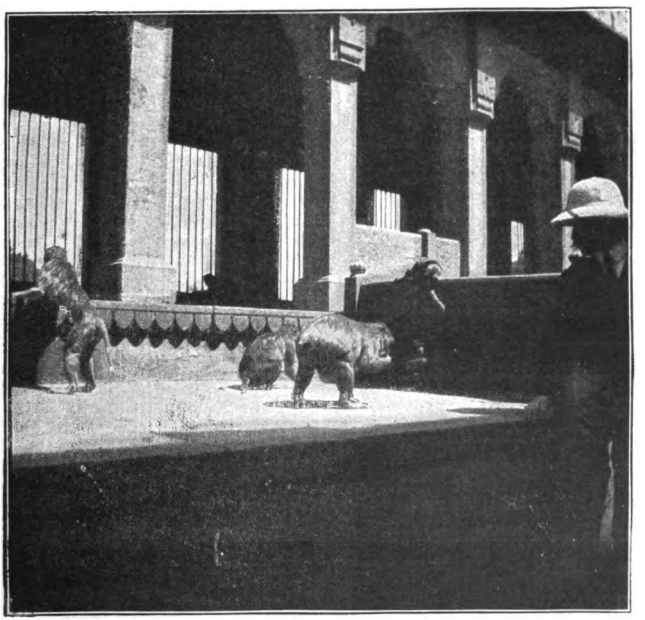
from that point of vantage more than the heads of a small number of worshipers.

In the Monkey Temple we had a serio-comical adventure which came near getting us into a serious controversy with the temple attendants. I had started out one afternoon in the company of two gentlemen and Caloo



In the Court of the Monkey Temple.

with the purpose of photographing some of the monkeys, and I had just made a snap-shot of a full-grown male, when the attention of the animal was attracted to my cigar which I had deposited during the work at the base of a column. Caloo noticed the monkey just as he stretched out his paw to take it, and saved it in time by

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snatching it away with a quick movement. The monkey, however, seemed to have a special hankering after the weed, for he followed us persistently on our tour around the court which we were inspecting, holding his paw out towards me whenever we stopped. The cigar had been freshly lit, and I thought it too good to give up to a monkey, the more so because I doubted his ability of making correct use of it. At last one of the gentlemen who had observed this incident induced me to hand the cigar to the simian, who hesitatingly stretched his paw out, and after receiving it jumped away quickly. We followed him with our eyes and saw him squat down on the landing of a stairway, where he began to unroll the cigar. He evidently did not want to smoke, but, with Oriental business instinct, merely desired to convince himself of the quality of the tobacco. Suddenly he jumped up with a cry of pain and fled to an elevated point, from where, under continued shrieking, he made threatening faces at me. He had burned his fingers. His shrieks had attracted two temple attendants from another part of the court, who, supposing the monkey had been abused in some way, asked for an explanation. Their voices and features showed that they were quite angry. None of us, outside of Caloo, understood what they said, but the latter soon succeeded in pacifying them after I had handed over a rupee as a healing plaster for the monkey and for their own wounded feelings.

Returning to the hotel one evening, I heard through the open window a croaking voice which I recognized immediately as belonging to Mr. K...., my disagreeable fellow-traveler on the "Valetta," and entering the dining room I found that the family H.... and several other newcomers had arrived. The company decided to take a large boat early next morning for the purpose of rowing

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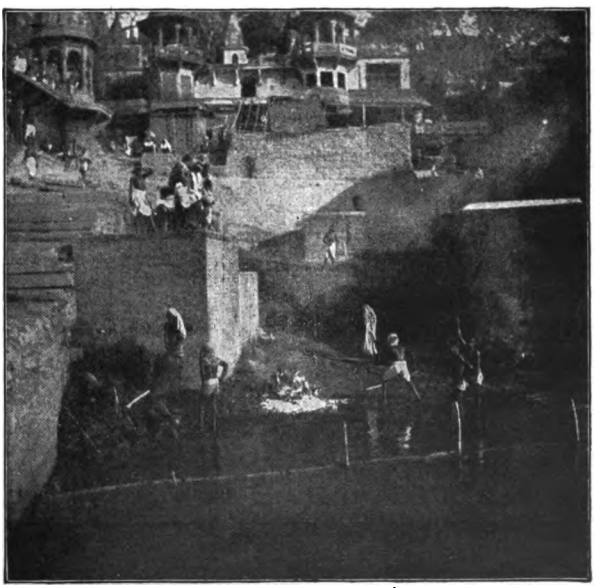
down the river front and seeing the pilgrims at their prayers and ablutions in the Ganges, and I accepted an invitation to join them. Shortly after sunrise we left the hotel, accompanied by a Mohammedan and a Buddhist guide. A large double-decked boat awaited us. As we moved away from the shore the boat listed slightly to the side where the majority of the party had seated itself,



The Burning Ghat of Benares.

and this gave Mr. K.... occasion to give vent to his choleric temper and to exhibit his cowardice.

"For heaven's sake," he called out, turning pale as a ghost, "do you want to drown us? Put me ashore! I want to get out of here!"

"Oh, keep quiet, Mr. K....," replied a young Belgian,

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half earnestly and half jokingly. "You know that he who is destined to hang will not drown."

Mr. K.... returned only a venomous glance and kept still.

Attractive as the river shore had been on the afternoon of our arrival in Benares, it was more interesting by far on our morning visit. It was an entirely different crowd which was now bathing in the Ganges, praying on the shore, washing and drying itself under great mushroom-shaped sunshades, climbing up and down the temple stairs, and last, but not least, drinking the water of the river in which we saw floating two corpses partly consumed by fire and partly eaten by fishes, while the crows were serenely picking their breakfast from the rotting bodies.

Unlike the Nimtollah Ghat in Calcutta, the Burning Ghat in Benares occupies a slanting open space directly on the river shore. The process of cremation is about the same. The number of corpses, however, is smaller and the odor in consequence of the free draft not so penetrating. I had occasion to make an observation here which I had failed to make in Calcutta. I found that not all bodies were entirely consumed by fire, and our intelligent Hindoo guide informed me that the partial or total cremation depends upon the relatives of the deceased, and especially upon their financial condition. Whenever the means of the relicts do not allow the purchase of a sufficient quantity of wood, the body can be only partly cremated, and the very poor have to be satisfied with singeing the hair or beard of their dead. These corpses are then entrusted to the Ganges, the holy water of which is supposed to cleanse their souls and to carry them straight to heaven.

The shores from Tulsi to Ram Ghat were crowded with pilgrims, and these, with the background of dilap-

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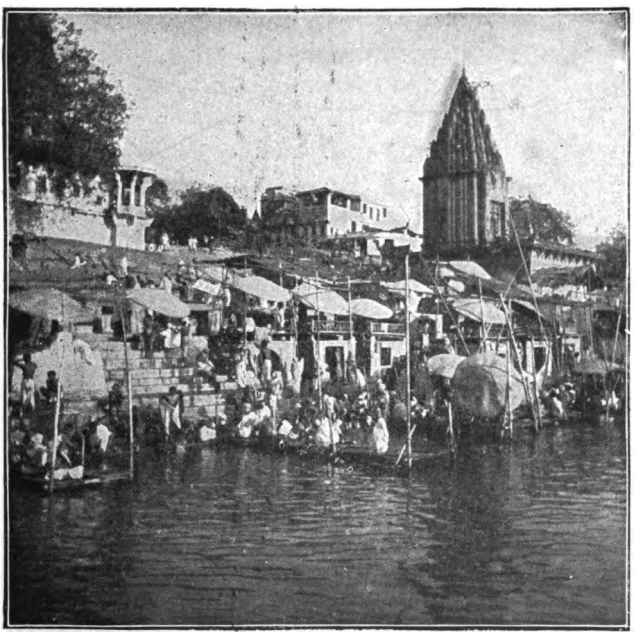
idated temples and palaces, would have formed a magnificent subject for a Verestschagin or a Weeks. Among the bathing multitudes there were types which could have earned more money in one month as models in European art academies than they could make in five years in their own country. There were old men and women with



The Bathing Ghat of Benares.

emaciated bodies moving painfully to the water's edge; sick, who were washing their wounds and crippled limbs in the miraculous water, and young athletes who regarded the Ganges bath perhaps more as a sport than a religious act. As varied as the multitude were the feelings depicted in the faces. Pleasure, hope, reverence and gratitude

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mirrored themselves in their features. Many were strewing flowers upon the surface of the water, and all were folding their hands in prayer before submerging their bodies. Before the pilgrims leave the holy city a sign is painted by the priests upon their foreheads, which is for them the same as the green turban for the Mecca pilgrim, a badge or certificate regarded with reverence by all who have not made the pilgrimage to Benares.

Other characteristic features of the city are the religious fakirs, fantastically gotten-up fanatics, the idiosyncrasies of whom may be best observed in the temple courts and near the holy sites, and who are for India what the dervishes are for Egypt, Turkey and other Islamitic countries. Among these fakirs are found the highest degrees of filth, fraud, self-denial and self-torture. Some of them live all their lives in a state of perfect nudity, their bodies being smeared with wood ashes and their hair matted in a felt-like mass. Others roll in somersaults hundreds of miles. The Yokis look at the point of their nose in eighty-four different positions. Some stand for hours on their heads and pray in this uncomfortable position.

The Hindoo fakirs are generally disciples of Shiva. All they possess is a "lingam," which they worship continually, and a skin on which they rest. There is no torture which is not practiced on their own bodies by one or the other of their fraternities. Some tear their flesh by continual flagellation or have themselves welded with iron chains to a tree trunk, remaining thus until death relieves them. Others vow to remain all their lives in certain difficult positions. Thus, fakirs have held their fists closed until the nails have grown through the hands. Others cross their arms over the head until it is impossible to bend them any more. Such fanatics cannot eat or drink, and have to be fed by their pupils and followers. The

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"Kave-Patrepandarons" have taken the vow of eternal silence and walk begging from house to house, indicating their wants by gestures.

Many fakirs bury themselves in the ground, breathing through a small opening, and remain underground so long that it is a wonder they do not die. Others have themselves buried up to the neck, or, lying flat on the ground, have only their heads covered with earth. There are some who remain standing all their lives. When sleeping, these lean against a wall or tree, and so as not to enjoy any comfort at all, they have an iron grate welded around their necks. Some fakirs sleep only in a sitting posture, resting their arms on sleeping crutches during their slumber. There are those who stand for many hours on one leg, the eyes turned towards the sun. Others stretch one of their legs up in the air and stand upon the great toe of the other, while keeping their arms above their heads; surrounded by four pots, in which fires are burning, they look steadily into the burning sun. To enforce eternal silence, some fakirs bore holes through their cheeks and tongue with an iron rod and have another iron, running under the chin, welded to this. Another variety walk or stand all their lives on round earthen pots or on sandals with iron spikes under the soles of their feet.

I cannot vouch for the correctness of this information which was given us by our Hindoo guide. However, I myself encountered, during my journey in India, a few of the types described above, and I was told by some well-instructed people who had lived many years in India, that the exhibitions of religious craze as related by our guide are no product of the imagination, but do really exist. Our party saw in Benares a fakir lying almost naked on a board thickly covered with long spikes, while he was

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stoically letting the beads of a rosary pass between his fingers. Of the type which hold their arms over their heads and let their nails grow through their hands we saw several examples, and we observed one fellow who was hanging down by his legs for hours at a time from a rack. Around another fakir I counted a narrow circle of fourteen charcoal fires, in the midst of which the fanatic was sitting and praying.

Wandering one day with Caloo through the various temple courts, I stopped in front of two men seated on the ground, who were engaged in a lively dispute over a few annas lying between them on a cloth, and about which they did not seem to be able to agree. Caloo explained to me that they were a priest and a pilgrim, the first of which evidently demanded a larger money offering than the other was willing to give.

"Seest thou, Sahib," said the pilgrim to me, "it is really enough, but he wants two annas more;" whereupon the priest cited various reasons why he should receive more than the other wanted to give.

"I leave it to thee, Sahib," again said the pilgrim to me, "whether I should give two annas more or not."

"If you are willing to submit to my judgment," I replied, "then I say that you ought to split the difference and thus settle the matter amicably."

With this Solomonic judgment both were satisfied.

"The Sahib is a wise man," said the priest, while the other, sadly shaking his head, drew another anna from the depths of his flowing garment.

The heat during our sojourn in Benares was almost unbearable, in consequence of which I shortened the three days that I originally thought of spending in this city, by half a day, and we continued our trip to Lucknow via the Oudh & Rohilkhund Railway.

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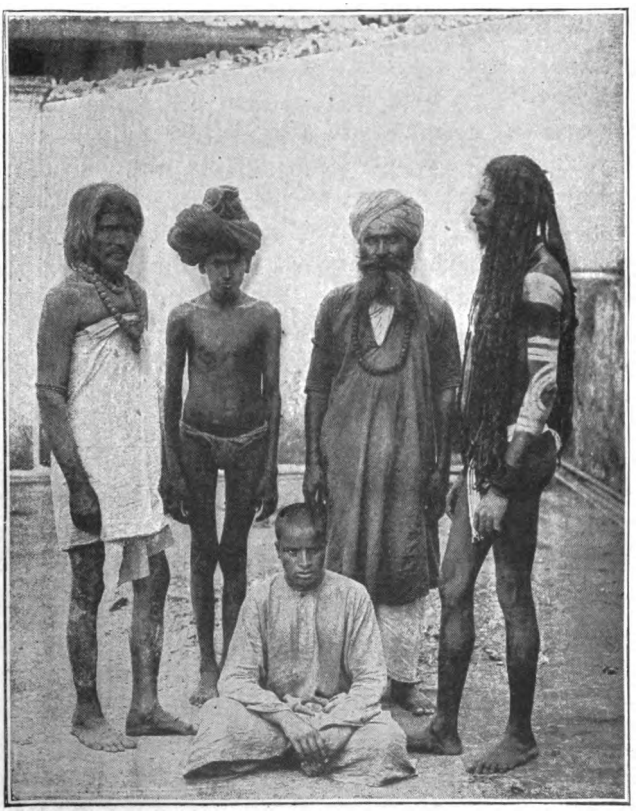
Lucknow, on the banks of the River Goomte, is one of the largest cities of India, and was in 1857 one of the great centers of the bloody Sepoy mutiny. The sad ruins of the English Government Palace, in the midst of a



Group of Dervishes.

beautiful park, still bear witness to that dreadful time when a handful of brave Englishmen with children and wives fell victims to the fanaticism of the mutineering

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native troops. Numerous monuments and tombs designate the sites on which these heroic defenders fell or where they were laid to rest. The English soldiers' cemetery also contains many handsomely decorated graves, but natives are not permitted to visit it.

The old royal palaces of Lucknow are not especially noteworthy, and even the most important among them, the Kaiser Bhag, built in 1848 at a cost of ten million rupees, is not of architectural importance. The Great Emambarah Mosque with its gigantic court, its great stairway and its handsome wings, is an imposing building. It is a place for religious meetings and feasts, and contains a hall said to be the largest in the country. The Small Emambarah Mosque, also a handsome structure in Moorish design, contains the tombs of Mohammed Ali Shah and his mother. The small garden in the court of this mosque is charmingly laid out. The badly painted portraits of old Oudh rulers in Barderi Hall are hardly worth visiting. The Chattar Munzil or Umbrella House is a most fantastic building, deriving its name from the peculiarly-shaped ornament by which it is surmounted.

The pleasure resort of Europeans living in Lucknow is Wingfield Park, on the spacious lawns of which tennis, cricket and other English games are played every evening. A beautiful building situated at some distance from the center of the city, is the Martiniére, a boys' college founded by General Martin, a Frenchman who made his fortune in India. It contains the tomb of its founder, whose memory is also preserved by a grand fluted column rising from the middle of a small lake in front of the institute. A drive through the native bazaars is quite interesting, without, however, offering any special features, unless it be the well-known small plastic clay figures of

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Indian types which are very skilfully modeled here by native artists.

The native population of Lucknow is in general less interesting than that of Calcutta and Benares, and the same may be said about the life in the streets of the native quarters. One observation I made here, however, viz., that many natives grease their heads with butter, which, as Caloo told me, is used as a favorite preventive against sunstroke in other parts of India, also.

A twenty-four hours' stay in Lucknow is sufficient for the visitor, all the more as during a longer stay he may be in danger of being devoured by fleas and mosquitoes. What a plague these little pests are in India!

We were to visit Agra next, and I was impatient to see the city of the Grand Moguls.

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XVI.

APPROACH TO AGRA.—KENARI BAZAAR.—EKKAS.—THE TAJ MAHAL.—CENOTAPH OF SHAH JEHAN AND WIFE.—THE PEARL MOSQUE.—THE JASMINE PAVILION.—THE ITIMAD UD DOWLA.—FATTEHPOOR-SIKKRI.—AKBAR'S TOMB IN SECUNDRA.—THE ORIGINAL RECEPTACLE OF THE KOHINOOR DIAMOND.

In 1884, when I for the first time saw a collection of Oriental paintings by Vassily Verestschagin, the Russian artist-author-soldier, which contained a large number of highly interesting views and types of North and Central India, an ardent desire took hold of me to see and study this wonderland, and more especially Agra and Delhi, the two gems of Grandmogulian architecture. At that time, I hardly imagined that this desire would be gratified some day, and now I am really here and am actually strolling through the picturesque streets of the erstwhile metropolis of Shah Jehan, the mighty Grand Mogul. My dream has been realized, and I am not disappointed. The brush of the Russian painter told no lie. What a strange, wonderful city! Full of interesting street life and beautiful Oriental palaces!

This impression, however, is not created until after the city has been entered, for the approach to it can hardly be called attractive. Low sand hills surround Agra from all sides, and as the train nears the city and slowly crosses the Jumna bridge, the white giant cupola of the Taj Mahal is the only object on which the eye of the traveler rests with interest. Of the Jumna River itself, on which Agra is situated, very little could be said at the time of

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our presence there, for hardly a wavelet wetted its bed. It was as dry as the desert, and a large camel caravan had pitched its dirty and ragged tents upon its glittering yellow sand. It almost seemed as if the animals which quenched their thirst from the narrow rivulet would dry it up entirely. Over the highways, between low sand hills, heavy clouds of dust were floating, out of which emerged

An Ekka.

horsemen and vehicles of various shapes, drawn by buffaloes, donkeys and dromedaries, wending their way toward or away from the city. In the clear blue sky which rose above this picture, circled large numbers of great vultures, eagles, and other birds of prey.

We stopped at Laurie's Great Northern Hotel, a typical

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British-Indian hostelry, and after taking a refreshing bath, i. e., after having several large pails of water thrown over me by Caloo, we started out on a stroll through the city, in spite of the oppressive heat.

In the streets, and especially in Kenari Bazaar, the main thoroughfare, the crowd was pushing and bustling as everywhere in the native quarters, chattering and bargaining as if their lives depended upon it. The mass of humanity was so dense that the numerous riders, mounted on horses, donkeys and dromedaries and the small ekkas, dainty two-wheeled vehicles drawn by gayly caparisoned steeds, could hardly wend their way through the bustling crowd.

These ekkas which I saw here for the first time, by the way, are not the most comfortable means of transportation, as I learned from my own experience. Male passengers must sit on them sideways in such a manner as to have their legs dangle outside and directly over the wheels, while women sit on the bottom of the vehicle, Turkish fashion, which position is certainly not the most comfortable for European ladies. If the passenger be a Mohammedan woman, the curtains on the high upright frame are carefully drawn, thus giving the whole vehicle the aspect of a gigantic covered bird cage. However, the ekkas are by far more picturesque than the buffaloes carrying loads of dried manure in strong nets, which costly animal product is used here as fuel and adds in no small way to the Oriental odors which every gust of wind blows into the nostrils of the stranger.

Caloo led me into various stores and work-shops, where many beautiful and interesting objects were to be seen, and of course, to be bought. His interest in the purchases was so lively, that it gave birth to a suspicion that he was receiving a percentage, which, at a suitable

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time, he probably cashed. Among other things, I bought here one of the pretty white soapstone models of the Taj Mahal, which are manufactured by Agra artisans in various sizes and are purchased by nearly every tourist. My experience taught me since that they are not worth buying, the material used being too brittle to admit of bringing them home in an undamaged condition.

A Starving Beggar Boy.

The Taj Mahal is for Agra what St. Peter's is for Rome, the Cathedral of St. Isaac for St. Petersburg, and the Aya Sophia for Constantinople, that is, the sight of sights, with this difference only, that none of the above mentioned buildings may be even distantly compared with the Taj Mahal in its perfect harmony and its wonderful

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ensemble. It has often been said that this mausoleum, which was erected by Shah Jehan in commemoration of his favorite wife, Mumtaz, was the work of a great architect and a great jeweler, and it may really be doubted whether the combined efforts of Michael Angelo and Benvenuto Cellini could have invented and produced anything more beautiful.

I was favored by good luck and saw the Taj Mahal first by moonlight. Never shall I forget the impression which this symmetrical white marble pile, surrounded by magnificent gardens, made upon me in the silver light of the full moon, and if this view cannot be compared in grandeur and mystic effect with that of the colossal temple ruins of Karnak, or with the overwhelming impression made by the Acropolis, both of which I have seen under like circumstances, it is still worth a special trip to Agra to enjoy it. It is not known who planned and executed this magnificent building, and this fact is one of the deplorable examples of the caprice of fate, which keeps from the world the name of one of the greatest architects while it preserves in the annals of history the name of a Herostratus. To fully appreciate the wonderful details of this mausoleum, on which 20,000 men were working for seventeen years, with a total expenditure of three million pounds sterling, it is necessary to view it in daylight. I spent a whole forenoon in its inspection, and returned again and again for the purpose of admiring its beautiful symmetry and perfect proportions.

So much has been written about the Taj Mahal and its beauties, and every traveler in describing it has spoken in such hyperbolic language, that one involuntarily expects to be disappointed. But, far from it. On the contrary, I found that the human language is in reality too poor to give a correct picture of this gem of architecture, and

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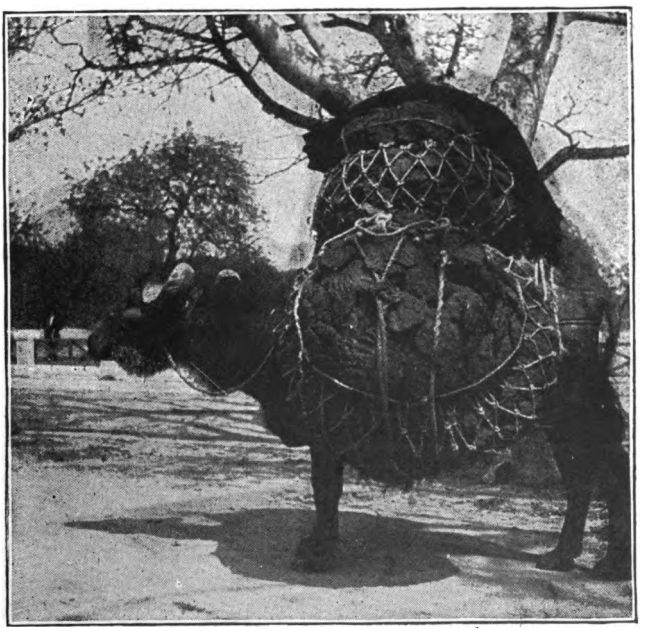
even the brush of the artist would have to be wielded by a master hand to picture this monument in any way approaching the truth.

The small park leading to the mausoleum is tastefully laid out. There are smooth sheets of water, shady trees, flower beds, green lawns and shrubbery. It is entered by



Buffalo Carrying Dried Dung.

a monumental gate and flanked on the sides by mosque-like structures of brown sandstone. The rectangular building stands upon a large elevated platform which, like the rest of the mausoleum, consists of the purest white marble. It is surmounted by one magnificent large cupola and four smaller ones, and flanked on the corners of the

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platform by four high, slender minarets. Two flights of stairs lead to the immense dais on which the Taj rests, and directly to the main entrance, which differs in nothing from the portals situated on the three other sides of the building. These portals form great arched recesses, adorned by magnificent relief work and inlaid arabesques of multi-colored stones, while the doors themselves are carved of marble in rich screen work, which, in spite of its dimensions, looks like fine Venetian lace at a little distance. The vestibule shows the same rich and careful work as the great portal recesses, and a marble stairway leads from here down to the crypts of Shah Jehan and his wife.

The main room is an octagonal hall, directly under the great cupola, surrounded by large corridors with four niches and four doors each in two tiers. Exactly in the center of this hall, which has a fine echo, the two cenotaphs are placed, surrounded by a most beautiful screen of white marble and precious stones, six feet high, the sculptural execution of which is a model of daintiness hardly conceivable in cold stone. The costly gems and semi-precious stones with which this hall and other parts of the Taj were once richly adorned, have partly disappeared, having fallen a prey to the various conquerors who, at different times, have taken Agra since the death of Jehan. The importance of the mausoleum is evinced by the fact that, although it is in a good state of preservation, a number of workmen are constantly engaged in repairing small defects and restoring it in general to its former magnificence.

It is, however, a mistake to visit the Taj Mahal before viewing the other gems of architecture which are situated inside and outside the fort, since the latter are bound

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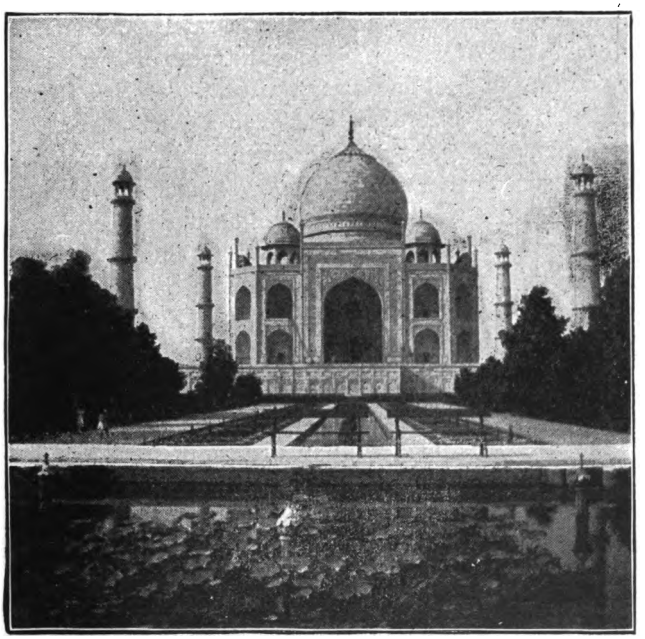
to lose by comparison, while otherwise a continual increase of enjoyment may be had.

The Fort was built by Akbar and occupies an area of nearly a square mile. As a fortification it is of no importance whatever, but within its walls are palaces and mosques which would be regarded as perfect examples of



The Taj Mahal in Agra.

Saracenic building art, if the Taj were not there as an object of comparison. Among these buildings the Pearl Mosque is doubtless the most beautiful specimen. It is of snow-white marble, and the dainty arcades surrounding the marble-paved court, with the magnificently carved ablution tank in the center, look as if they were the work

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of a confectioner instead of an architect. The public audience hall of Shah Jehan is in white and gold, open on three sides and supported by fine columns; the private audience hall in inlaid marble work with open court, contains the black marble throne of the ruler and a white marble dais for the High Court of Justice; the Shish Mahal (Woman's Bath) is decorated with glass and mirrors, and the Khas Mahal (Ladies' Drawing Room) is a noble structure of white marble with traces of rich decorative painting in gold and colors. In the so-called Jasmine Pavilion, which offers a view over a part of the city, Shah Jehan was kept a prisoner for nearly a decade by his son and successor, Aurang-Zeb. Whether the rich and tasty decorations of this small pavilion were a consolation to him for the ingratitude of his son, is doubtful, but, in any case, he had a chance to reflect here on the justice of Nemesis, who thus avenged his own action towards his father and predecessor, Jahangir.

The Itimad ud Dowla, the mausoleum of Shah Jehan's grand vizier and wife, is situated on the other shore of the Jumna River, and with its harmonious proportions, beautiful gardens and rich decorative adornments, is a worthy mate of the Taj Mahal, the gem of Agra. From the roof of this building a beautiful view may be had over the city, river and Taj.

The English society of Agra consists, as in all interior British-Indian garrison towns, of the officers and civil government officials, with their wives and families. There is, of course, a club, and, in spite of the hot climate, outdoor sport is enjoyed abundantly. In the late afternoon one can always see ladies and gentlemen in the public gardens, playing tennis and other similar games, which, however, differ from American sports of like character in so far as here white and red uniformed Indian servants

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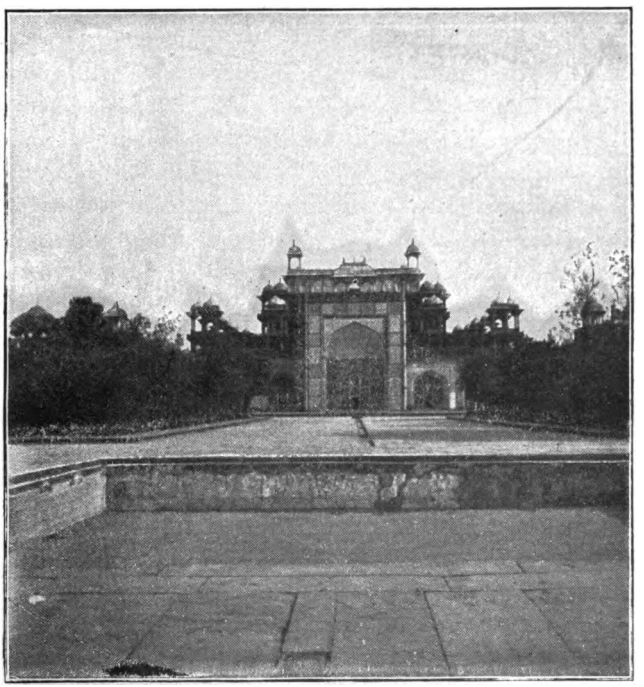
chase after the stray balls, and, whenever possible, save their masters and mistresses all physical exertion.

Before leaving Agra we made a short excursion to Sikkandra, or Secundra, as it is also called, which is only a few miles distant, and where the great mausoleum of Akbar may be found. This ruler, one of the most power-



The Tomb of Akbar in Sikkandra.

ful of his time, erected the magnificent palaces of Fatteh-poor-Sikkri, the interesting ruins of which are situated twenty-two miles from Agra, with the intention to found there a second and greater capital, which was to be at the same time his monument. This city, however, had to be

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deserted in the course of time on account of malarial conditions which could not be obviated, and for three centuries wind and weather have now been gnawing at its crumbling walls. But if the power of the elements caused Akbar's plan to fail, he still possesses a monument worthy of him in Sikkandra.

The road to this place is formed by a fine avenue of trees, the branches of which are enlivened by gayly plumed birds, and especially by numerous small, green parrots. The surroundings of Akbar's tomb are similar to those of the Taj Mahal and the Itimad ud Dowla garddens, to which a large gateway leads, crowned by four half-demolished small minarets, a broad pathway of square stone-flags, flower beds, trees and shrubbery. The mausoleum itself is of brown sandstone and over the roof rises a terrace-shaped pile of four stories of the same material, with the exception of the topmost one, which is of white marble in fine relief work. Numerous small cupolas resting on slender columns give the building an exceedingly picturesque aspect.

The main entrance leads through a high, arched portal with Arab designs in Mosaic, and through a beautifully carved marble door to a vestibule, the ancient decoration of which, in gold, blue and red, is almost totally destroyed. Only in one corner has the decoration been restored to its original beauty, this having been done in honor of the Prince of Wales on the occasion of his visit to the British-Indian empire. A corridor, slanting and in height continually decreasing, leads to the main tomb. The sarcophagus is of white, smooth marble, and stands in a small, high room, the walls of which are plainly plastered and do not bear any decorations whatever. Beside Akbar's body, the mausoleum contains those of other relatives and wives, of which latter Akbar is said to have

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had three, a Mohammedan, a Buddhist and a Christian. I wonder how they got along with each other.

From the uppermost terrace a charming view opens upon the gardens and the whole environs. There is also a fine carved tombstone, upon which the ninety-nine names of Allah are engraved, and a short decorated column in which, as the legend goes, the celebrated Kohinoor diamond was formerly enclosed for safe-keeping. Would it be safe there to-day?

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XVII.

CHANGE OF CARS IN PAJAMAS.—ARRIVAL IN DELHI.—THE SEPOY REBELLION AND ITS INSIGNIFICANT CAUSE.—MOGUL BUILDINGS.—FIERY HEADED OLD MEN.—CHANDNI CHAUK.—A SUSPICIOUS NAUTCH DANCE.—A DANGEROUS INCIDENT.—AT THE TOMB OF KING CHERRYBRANDY.—THE JAMA MUSJID—THE KUTAB MINAR.—A MYSTERIOUS MONUMENT.—AGAIN MR. K.

To reach Delhi from Agra by rail it is, to use a certain military expression, necessary to 'concentrate backwards', to return to Toondla station on the Lucknow-Agra road, and to change cars there for the Delhi night train, which arrives at its destination at 5:30 in the morning. This change of cars, of which Caloo failed to notify me, caused a comical intermezzo. Immediately on entering the train I had thrown off my clothes, donned pajamas, and stretched myself comfortably on the bed, ready to sleep. I was just dozing off after having given the straw wheel in my window a last turn in its water trough in order to cool off the hot air in the compartment, when suddenly Caloo stood before me whispering in his usual low tone: "Change car, master—Toondla." I jumped up quickly. "Why the dickens didn't you inform me that we had to change cars?" I retorted angrily. But there was no time for scolding or arguing. Our train had stopped, and the other one was waiting on the next track. Caloo took hold of the greater part of the baggage, I picked up the rest, together with my clothes and shoes, and hastily shoving my pit-helmet onto my head, we both ran down the line of cars, when the conductor informed us that we had a

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good five minutes left for the Delhi train. Nevertheless, it was imperative for me, under the circumstances, to get under cover as soon as possible. In the new car which we quickly boarded, I gave vent to my pent-up feelings towards Caloo, without, however, soothing my temper, and without making a perceptible impression upon him. He quietly allowed my tirade to pass over his head, remarking laconically when I had finished, "Master, cool off by window."

At sunrise we made our entry into Delhi. We drove in a comfortable carriage across the city, the streets of which were still deserted, and out through the Cashmere Gate to Maiden's Hotel, which is situated outside the wall, at a short distance from the historic gate.

In spite of the early hour we noticed near the hotel entrance several individuals who seemed to eye us with great interest, and regarding whom the indefinite suspicion arose in my mind that they were on the lookout for me. I was not mistaken, for after breakfast, when I had hardly seated myself on the veranda to study my "Murray on India," and to make out the plan for the day, the suspicious fellows approached and began a lively attack on my purse by trying to blind me with some beautifully glittering jewels which they offered for sale; but I had learned my lesson in Colombo and repulsed the attack, for the moment victoriously.

In the course of centuries Delhi has experienced many fateful changes. Its site, since its foundation 50 B. C., has changed repeatedly, and the city of to-day stands apart from the Delhi of Akbar and Shah Jehan; while the numerous ruins lying within a radius of ten to fifteen miles and covering about forty-five square miles mark the sites where the various older towns of Delhi once stood. The new city played an important part during the

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Sepoy mutiny of 1857; many bloody fights took place here during the noted siege, before the English troops succeeded in re-taking the city by storming Cashmere Gate.

This gate is the identical spot where one of the most heroic deeds during the mutiny was performed by a few English non-commissioned officers and private soldiers. Readers of the history of the Sepoy rebellion will recall the instance when the English troops besieging the native mutineers found it absolutely necessary to gain entrance to the city by the Cashmere Gate. Volunteers being called for, eleven men came forward who offered to blow up the gate with a powder charge in face of the great danger accompanying such an undertaking. The approach to the gate was commanded by the bullets of the enemy, and of the brave little troop only one man reached the goal, where, after setting off the charge, he was buried an instant later under the falling ruins of the arch. A marble slab on the gate immortalizes the names of these heroes worthy to be mentioned with Horatius Cocles, Leonidas and Arnold von Winkelried.

It may be of interest to state here that this terrible rebellion of 1857, which entailed the massacre of thousands of English men, women and children, was brought about by the injudicious use of hog lard for greasing some cartridges which formed part of a consignment of ammunition distributed among the native troops.

The garrison cemetery bears witness to the number of the fallen during that period, and at the same time to the democratic sentiments of the authorities; for here are buried, without distinction of rank, and close to each other, private and captain, corporal and general, and they all have been honored by the soldiers' monument erected on a ridge outside the walls overlooking the city.

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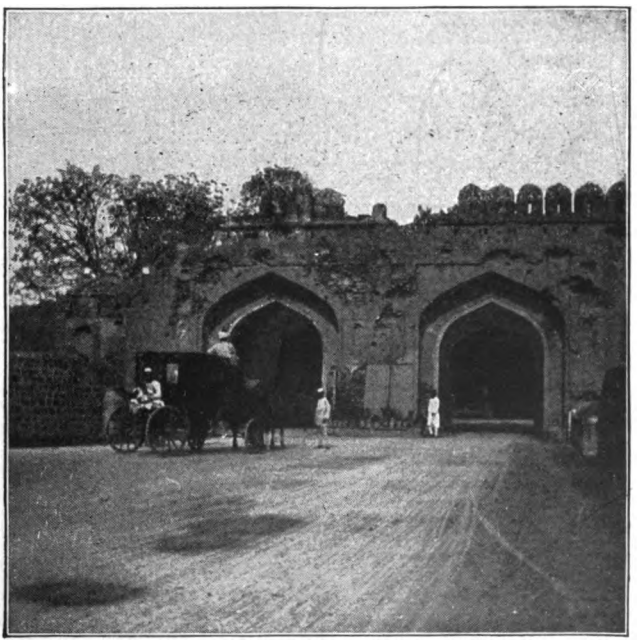
The monumental buildings of Delhi, dating from the times of the Grand Moguls, are similar to those of Agra in style as well as in decorative finish, and are situated mostly within the fort, the commander of which issues special permission to visit them. Of these buildings I will only mention the Public Audience Hall of red sand-



The Cashmere Gate in Delhi.

stone with beautiful columns and marble throne, and the Diwan i Khas (Private Audience Hall) of Shah Jehan, with white marble colonnades and decorations in gold and inlaid colored stones. Here the dais may still be seen upon which once stood the celebrated Peacock Throne of Jehan, which probably fell a prey to the later conquerors.

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The harem rooms in this palace are of extraordinary beauty in designs of inlaid flowers and arabesques in a fairly good state of preservation.

One gets somewhat apathetic by seeing so many things more or less alike, be they ever so beautiful, and the visit to a small Jain Temple in Moorish architecture, connected with a school, and to the Golden Mosque in Chandni Chauk are a welcome change.

Far more interesting is a drive around the native parts of the city, which gives occasion to observe more thoroughly the character of the population of Delhi. Not only in carriage, manners and features, but also in habits and costumes, they differ greatly from those of the provinces of Bengal, Bombay and Madras. It seems as if the cause of this difference lies in a strong mixture of blood with the northern tribes of Cashmere and Punjaub, stalwart representatives of which, stronger, more energetic, but not very confidence-inspiring, may be frequently encountered in the streets of Delhi. Other conspicuous figures among the crowds of natives are men with bright red hair, which forms a peculiar contrast to their dark features. Upon inquiry, I was told that among a certain class of people it is customary for men to dye their hair to this fiery tint as soon as they notice the first silver threads in it.

The celebrated Chandni Chauk, the main and business thoroughfare of Delhi, is highly interesting, and perhaps unique in its way. Here are all the stores and shops located in which the well-known Delhi embroideries, ivory and wood carvings, precious stones, gold and silver wares are manufactured and sold. One sees here some wonderful things, and only the arrogant perseverance of the merchants, who go so far in their greed for business as to jump upon the carriage steps in order to offer their

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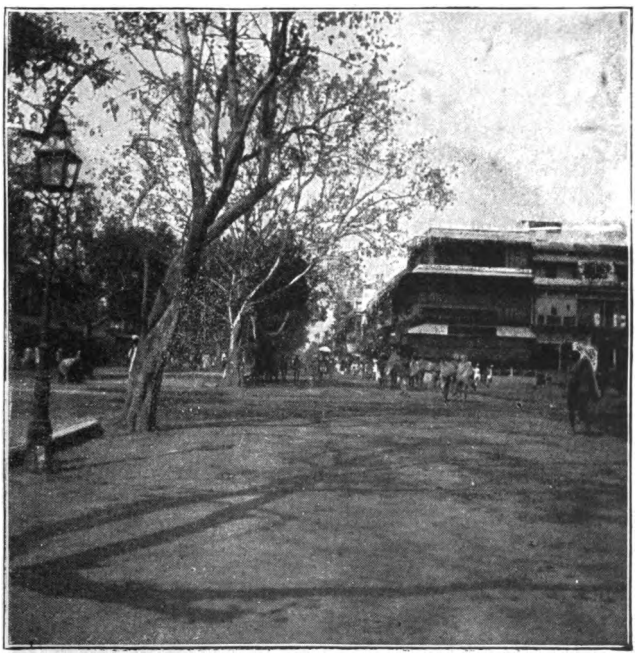
ware or to invite a visit to their shops, spoils the pleasure of viewing the beautiful goods. But the things themselves are so alluring that it is hard to withstand the temptation to buy. With the willing help of Caloo I bought some interesting curios, among which a small silver casket of fine chased work, representing a religious Buddhist sub-



Chandny Chauk, Delhi.

ject, should be mentioned, on account of the odd way of buying similar goods. A silver article of this kind is purchased in Delhi by throwing it into one scale of the balance and weighing it down with silver rupees in the other, whereupon the price to be paid for the art work on the object is agreed on per rupee of weight. Of

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great interest also is a visit to the embroidery shops, where the workmen, squatting on the floor before upright frames, manufacture the charming fabrics so well known as Delhi embroideries.

In the company of an Englishman, a chance traveling acquaintance, I gladly followed the suggestion of Caloo to visit an Indian bath and to view there the famous Nautch dance. But I must say that what we saw in that place was hardly the genuine Nautch, as it strongly resembled the notorious Coochie-coochie, and the whole performance of the rather good-looking dark-skinned dancer seemed to be calculated only to create passions in the visitor which, if it so pleased him, he could gratify then and there upon payment of a somewhat considerable obolus. To be short, the Indian bath with the Nautch dancer was nothing but a den of vice, belonging to the sights of Delhi, and the visit of which is urgently recommended to all male tourists by their guides. The commission pocketed by the latter in this case is said to be very high.

Caloo certainly deserved a severe scolding for taking us there, as I do not know of anything more noisome than the lairs of prostitution; but since this visit gave me occasion to get a glance at the moral condition of the city, and because Caloo shortly before had helped me out of a rather awkward position into which I had gotten through my own ignorance, I passed the matter over in silence.

The adventure referred to occurred in the following manner: Making an excursion with the same Englishman to the magnificent tomb of Emperor Humayun, Akbar's father, which is situated about two miles from Delhi, we stopped our carriage to take a snap-shot of a picturesque group of Mohammedan women. I was tempted to do this by their peculiar costumes, tight trousers, richly folded tunics and their grouping around the

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low stone curb of a well, although I was quite aware that it would cause displeasure.

I had been fortunate enough to secure the desired picture without drawing attention to myself, as the chatter of the women was so lively that they did not notice me, when suddenly one of them caught sight of me just as I

The Defiled Fountain.

was replacing the small camera in its box. On a hasty remark of the latter the other women also looked at me. More excited chatter followed, but the whole thing would have passed without further consequences had not my curiosity led me to step more closely to the well. The moment I drew nearer, the women quickly scattered, and when I

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put my foot upon the curb of the well to look down into the shaft, they uttered such shrieks that I became slightly scared and stepped back.

During this whole intermezzo Caloo had remained upon the box of the carriage, but now he jumped off and approached hurriedly. My English friend also alighted. The screaming had meanwhile attracted a number of men, who were excitedly talking and gesticulating, and to whom Caloo, just as excitedly tried to explain something in Hindustani. The group increased in number very rapidly, more men coming all the time, and soon we saw ourselves surrounded by a crowd, the threatening faces and excited manner of which did not prognosticate any good. By this time it dawned upon me that I must have in some way, unknowingly, injured the religious feelings of this mob, and Caloo confirmed my suspicion in a few English words. Being an unbelieving dog, I had defiled a sacred well.

The noisy and angry quarrel, during which the Englishman and I tried to observe as quiet and unconcerned a demeanor as possible, went on for a considerable time, until at last the general excitement gradually cooled off. The dark faces became less scowling and we even noticed some friendly glances. Caloo now informed us that the matter was settled, and that the defiled well could be reconsecrated without disastrous consequences, but that in order to quiet the excitement more thoroughly it would be wise to distribute a handful of annas among the mob, which I gladly did, and thus the disagreeable occurrence was settled to our mutual satisfaction.

On this excursion to the mausoleum of Humayun, we also visited several tombs of saints, of members of Akbar's family, and that of King Cherrybrandy, who, as Caloo earnestly assured us, had died of the consequences of his

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special predilection for this beverage, which predilection also caused his people to confer on him his singular nickname. But for all that, King Cherrybrandy must have stood high in the esteem of his successors, considering the rare beauty of the tomb which they erected to his memory. As a general thing, though, all these tombs are in a

The Golden Mosque, Delhi.

rather neglected and dilapidated condition. Quite close to the last one mentioned is a square basin surrounded by high walls, very similar to the Holy Well of Benares, into which Hindoo boys offer to dive from a considerable height for a few annas. At Cherrybrandy's tomb, I had a photographic experience which for the amateur is in so

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far of interest as it proves the strong actinic quality of the Indian sunlight. A snap-shot which my English companion took there of Caloo and me about six o'clock in the evening turned out to be excellent, and, contrary to our expectations, showed some fine contrasts of light and shade.

Like every visitor to Delhi, I did not fail to see the Jama Musjid, the great mosque near the Cashmere Gate, and also the Kutab Mosque, ten miles south of the city. The Jama Musjid is an imposing structure which is reached by a flight of stairs, the breadth of which is astonishing. It is built of red sandstone with inlaid white marble designs and its tremendous court can hold between 35,000 and 40,000 worshipers, while the mosque proper can probably accommodate 1,500 to 2,000 more. The prayer halls open into the court, and the services held there may be witnessed, therefore, by all the attendants.

The Kutab Mosque has a graceful colonnade of exquisitely carved columns in Hindoo style, and the adjoining Kutab Minar is one of the highest pillars or minarets in the world, measuring 238 feet in height, with a diameter of forty-seven feet at the base and nine feet at the top. Its original height has been diminished by about twenty-five feet in consequence of an earthquake which threw off the uppermost part. Each of its five stories is surrounded by a balcony supported by finely carved brackets, and broad bands of Arabic inscriptions run in regular intervals all around the structure. These inscriptions are quotations from the Koran. Mounting the Kutab Minar, the view extends over a great number of mausoleums and tombs in many styles of architecture and various stages of preservation, and the prospect is not unlike that of the tombs of the Khalifs on the outskirts of Cairo.

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Not far from the Kutab is one of the most peculiar relics of India. This is a solid iron pillar extending to a height of nearly fifty feet with a diameter of sixteen inches. These dimensions in themselves would not be so remarkable, but the base of the column has been excavated to more than twenty-five feet without reaching the end of the shaft. A few natives whom we met there assured us very earnestly that the column reaches down to the center of the earth and that no power in the world could remove or even shake it.

Shortly before leaving Delhi I became acquainted with a Belgian gentleman who invited me to go with him on a hunting-trip to Cashmere. Although this would have been a pleasant climatic change from the increasing heat of the early Indian summer, I was compelled to decline his invitation, as I had received a telegram urgently requesting my presence in Paris in an important matter. The Austrian Lloyd steamer on which I arranged by telegraph for passage from Bombay to Triest was to sail in ten days, thus leaving me barely sufficient time for visits to Jeypore and Bombay, two of the most important points of the remaining part of my route, and compelling me to give up other interesting points such as Baroda and Mount Abu. A planned visit to the Court of the Rajah of Kapurtala, whose personal acquaintance I had made during the World's Fair at Chicago, had also to be abandoned. I learned, however, afterwards, that the Rajah, at the time, was already on his way to the Paris Exposition, where I had the pleasure of meeting him several months later.

As we drove from the hotel to the night train, we met at the station part of our Benares party, which had just arrived in Delhi. I had only time to exchange a short greeting with the family H....., but as the train pulled

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out, the noise of the whistle and the rumbling wheels did not drown the croaking voice of Mr. K...., whom I heard exclaiming: "This is another d.... hot place!" I must confess that I did not consider it hot enough for him.

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XVIII.

FROM DELHI TO JEYPORE.—CALOO GIVES NOTICE OF LEAVE.—NATIVE STATES.—THE KAISER I HIND HOTEL.—ROYAL SERVICE.—JEYPORE.—FAMINE SUFFERERS.—CHASE WITH LEOPARDS.—THE PALACE OF THE MAHARAJAH.—SAWAI MADHOSINGH II.—A PRIMITIVE MINT.—EXCURSION TO AMBER.—ELEPHANT RIDE.—CALOO LEAVES.

It takes twenty-two long and hot hours on the Bombay, Baroda & Central Indian R. R. to get from Delhi to Jeypore, but the journey is not as monotonous as the preceding ones, of altogether 1,000 miles, since we started from Calcutta had been. An uninteresting plain is passed during the night. In the morning barren hills appear on both sides of the track, changing later to green ones, which at last, in the heart of the native state of Ulwar, give way to a charming undulating landscape, covered with small trees and shrubbery. This pretty scenery is dotted in every grove and on every field with brilliant bits of color, which, on closer examination, turn out to be numerous peacocks, which, although tame, roam about freely.

The pleasure of this view was, however, somewhat marred for me by the announcement of Caloo that he would have to leave my service in Jeypore. I had become used to him by this time, and although I could very well dispense with his services for the rest of the Indian journey from Jeypore to Bombay, I should have preferred to discharge him in the latter city. His reasons, however, were weighty enough. The plague quarantine in Bom-

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bay at this time was especially strict in regard to natives, and coming from that city he would have run a great risk of being detained for a considerable time, and to be exposed to bad treatment upon his return to his home, Calcutta. I recognized the cogency of his reasons, and promised him his discharge upon leaving Jeypore.

Jeypore is one of the states in the Rajputana district still governed by native Rajahs with a limited independency from the English government, but which sooner or later are destined to become absolute possessions of the English crown. The conditions in most of these so-called native states are such that it is most desirable for the poor population that the annexation take place as soon as possible, and the officials called "Residents," whom the Vice-Royal government in Calcutta keep at the native courts, are in reality nothing but political spies, whose task it is to work towards that end. Meanwhile the Rajahs live in the greatest luxury, squeezing the greatest possible taxes out of their subjects.

The land in the State of Jeypore is fairly good and could be made more so, if artificial irrigation were introduced on a larger scale. This would also prevent the numerous harvest failures and consequent famines which at shorter or longer intervals decimate the people of Rajputana. The capital of Jeypore, bearing the same name, is one of the youngest cities of India, having been built in the seventeenth century by a superstitious Maharajah whom the priests, for some reason or other, induced to believe that the old capital, Amber, situated only a few miles from Jeypore, had to be abandoned.

Shortly after ten o'clock p. m. we arrived at our destination, and I was soon installed in three large rooms of the Kaiser i Hind Hotel, outside the city walls. I learned next morning that, for the time being, I was the only

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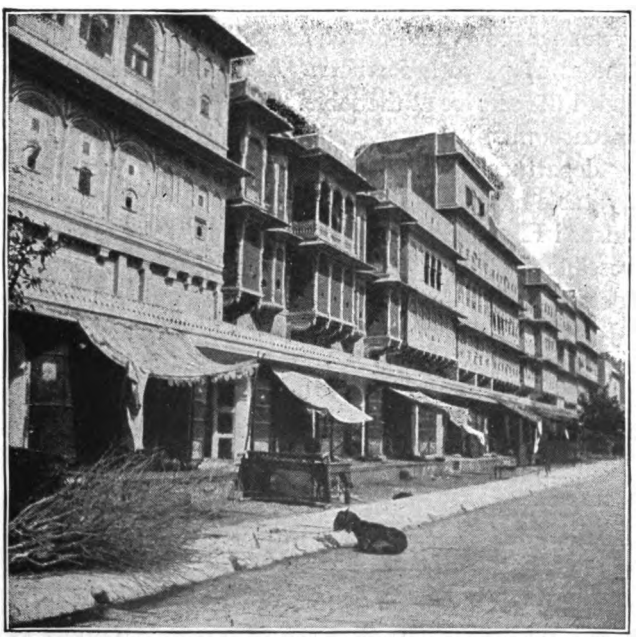
guest of the hotel, and the only tourist in the city. This proved to be agreeable in so far as I could reign as sole ruler of the large one-story hostelry, built in Moorish style, in the center of a large courtyard surrounded by clay walls and cactus hedges. Naturally I enjoyed the undivided attention of the servants and the proprietor of



Street in Jeypore.

the hotel. The latter, a Mr. Abdullah, went so far in his amiability as to request me to make the bill of fare for my meals. The material at service, however, with the exception of fruits, was somewhat limited, and of meats only mutton could be had. Sheep, I was informed, were the

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only animals (probably for religious reasons) that were killed for consumption in the State of Jeypore.

But, if the food at Abdullah's hotel did not turn out to be royal, he knew how to surround a guest with royal service. I took my meals alone, generally in most comfortable negligée, either in the large dining-room or in a small garden in front of the hotel, served by Caloo in snowy-white kaftan and gloves, while two big Hindoo servants stood behind my chair and fanned me with large bundles of peacock feathers. Abdullah himself superintended the service at the table. This short dream of magnificence was, however, well paid for at the occasion of my departure, when I had to run the gauntlet of room-boy, table-boys, bisti, garriwalla, and other servants of the Kaiser i Hind, down to the old woman who had the inexpressible tin vessel under her charge. They all stood with outstretched hands to take leave from the great Sahib.

Jeypore is undoubtedly one of the handsomest and most interesting cities of India. It covers an oblong space of two square miles, surrounded by high walls with towers and well-protected gates. The main street, about 120 feet wide, cuts Jeypore in two almost equal parts. The intersecting streets are nearly as wide, and at each intersection there is a market square. The street names are given in English and Hindustani. The palace of the Maharajah Sawai Madhosingh II. occupies a large space near the center, and its courts and gardens are, like the streets, illuminated by gas. The water supply is also on a modern basis, being derived by means of an aqueduct from the Aman-i-Shah River, about four miles distant. There was, during our sojourn in Jeypore, a considerable lack of water in consequence of a long drought.

In peculiar contrast to the almost modern plan of the city stands the thoroughly Indian character of the popu-

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lation and the picturesque architecture of the pink and salmon colored buildings with their white decorations. The large number of fakirs, beggars and famine victims adds still more to this contrast. The latter were coming, in large numbers, from the country to the city, where they hoped to find relief. Until now we had met these poor devils only in smaller railroad stations, where they tot-

Famine Types in the Rajputana District.

tered alongside the trains, stretching one emaciated hand towards the car windows, and patting the region of the stomach with the other, while their mouths uttered an almost inaudible, pitiful, "Sahib, Sahib!" In Jeypore we saw them for the first time in larger numbers, and if I ever wished to be a millionaire, it was here where thousands of famished natives were in need of a helping hand,

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and where a piece of bread was often the equivalent of a human life. The general famine which had reigned for months demanded numerous victims in all the famine districts, but in the states ruled by native princes disproportionately more than in the provinces directly under the English government, where organized help mitigated the misery as much as possible.

Another sad sight was a gang of prisoners in chains, escorted through the city by armed soldiers. The bodies of the poor wretches, however, looked better nourished than those of the living skeletons enjoying liberty, and who probably would gladly have changed places with them. More grotesque than touching was the sight of a crowd of ragged, black-robed and veiled women squatted in front of a house, whose plaintive howling indicated a native funeral. In a side street we noticed four men carrying a covered cage on their shoulders, out of which the threatening growls of an animal issued. A small tip procured for us the sight of a magnificent slender leopard. The beast was being brought back from the chase, for which these animals are frequently trained in India. I may here mention, that the State of Jeypore is said to contain a large number of small and large game, tigers being especially numerous.

Among the noteworthy buildings the Hawah Mahal (Palace of the Winds), a many-storied, gable-shaped structure in Saracenic style, is especially remarkable. The Palace of the Maharajah is surrounded by courts and gardens stretching for half a mile. Its main facade consists of seven stories. The entrance to this part is denied to strangers. Entering through a beautiful bronze gate into one of the courts, I was rather curtly requested by the guard to close my sunshade, and when I hesitated to obey this request, on account of the broiling noon sun, I

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was informed by Caloo that no visitor had the privilege of entering the palace compound with an open sunshade. There was almost nothing of interest to be seen within the grounds, except a number of men, who were working on some magnificent gold-embroidered elephant blankets in the Private Audience Hall. The shady gardens we were not allowed to enter.

The Palace of the Winds, Jeypore.

The Maharajah leads a somewhat retired life, and rarely receives strangers. Although he has five wives, he is childless, and the people are whispering to each other something about a curse resting upon him. But if Sawai Madhosingh II. does not personally receive strangers, he

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nevertheless frequently extends to visitors of his capital the hospitality of installing them in the Dak Bungalow, the present Rustom House, if they so desire, and of furnishing them with elephants and drivers for the purpose of visiting the ruins of Amber. This double favor was offered me, after I had, in the absence of the English resident, sent a request to the Private Secretary of the Maharajah for permission to visit Amber, but since I was well enough taken care of in the Kaiser i Hind Hotel, I accepted only the second privilege, on the occasion of my visit to the ancient capital.

On the way to the splendid tiger collection kept by the Maharajah, I noticed in the courtyard a large elephant carriage, used during religious processions, and which reminded me very much of the notorious Juggernaut car. The tigers are of rare size and beauty, but of extraordinary ferocity, undoubtedly because their keeper is in the habit of angering them for a tip, in order to make them roar and jump against the iron gratings.

Jeypore also has an art school, a mint and a museum. In the first, articles of Indian art industry are manufactured and sold, and it is well worth visiting on account of the originality of the objects exhibited there. The mint is of great interest on account of its primitive equipment and method of working. It is situated in a dilapidated-looking building, and the greater part of the work is done in barn-like open sheds in the courtyard. At the time of our visit, copper coins only were manufactured, and the number of workmen was small. While several were occupied in the smelting department making copper ingots, one man was chipping off, with a sharp chisel, small pieces from a partly-cooled bar, which another man, squatting on the floor, subjected to a weighing trial on a hand-scale, throwing out the light-weight pieces, and reducing those

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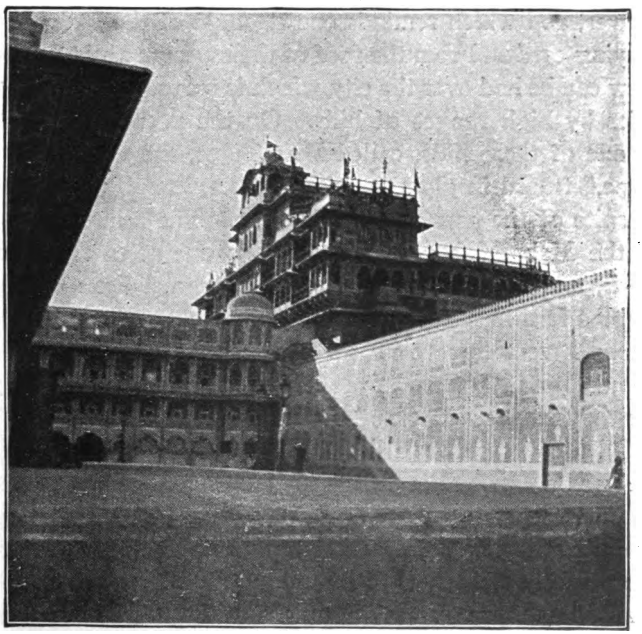
of over-weight to the normal standard. A third man then heated the latter in a small brazier, hammered them into fairly round shapes of equal thickness, and handed them in still hot condition to another workman, who, by a heavy blow of a hammer upon the die, produced the obverse and reverse design of the coin. It is easily seen that a coin



The Palace of the Maharajah of Jeypore.

produced in such a primitive manner cannot be much better in design and execution than the first coins of the Lydians and the people of Aegina, dating from the seventh and eighth centuries B. C. It is, however, astonishing that a state in other things fairly progressive, should use such a crude method in the manufacture of its metal currency.

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The museum is a beautiful white marble structure rising in the center of a well-kept park outside the city walls. It contains a rich collection of Indian antiquities and modern Indian art-works, as well as a portrait gallery of all the rulers of Jeypore down to the present Maharajah. These portraits, however, are of a stiffness and monotony of position and execution which is perfectly tiring to the viewer, and which reminds one strongly of the figures on playing-cards. From the roof of the museum an extensive view can be had over the city, which is surrounded on three sides by high ranges of hills. On the precipitous slope of one of these hills, called Fort Tiger, the word "Welcome," traced in gigantic white letters, may be discerned in spite of the considerable distance. The military band of the Maharajah plays in the park one afternoon each week, and at the conclusion of this concert the museum and the fern-house are generally brightly illuminated. The attendance at these concerts is a favorite pastime of the population and offers to the stranger an excellent chance for the study of types and costumes.

On the excursion to Amber, which takes a whole day, we used a carriage as far as the ancient capital. Having notified the secretary of the Maharajah of my visit on the preceding day, a handsomely-caparisoned elephant from the princely stables, with a mahout seated upon its neck, awaited us there. I took my place in the howdah and the gigantic animal moved off in a slow trot, which I soon asked the driver to moderate. Caloo followed on foot. This was my first elephant ride, and although I had on former travels made acquaintance with all sorts of steeds, such as Turkish ponies, American bronchos and mules, Egyptian donkeys, camels and dromedaries, the unaccustomed motion was too new for me to find much pleasure in my first and only elephant ride. Only once have I ex-

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perienced anything worse in riding, and that was when, using a camel to go around the group of the Pyramids of Gizeh my animal, for some unknown reason, with a dismal roar broke into a furious gallop, which shook my inner system so thoroughly that I was perfectly sea-sick by the time the Bedouin, who was chasing after me, succeeded in stopping the beast.

An Itinerant Fakir.

Amber is situated about seven to eight miles from Jeypore, and consists at the present time almost exclusively of a mass of ruins. The old metropolis of the state, to judge by the remnants of its former magnificence, must have been an important and beautiful city in its time. From the shores of a small lake situated in a romantic

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valley, the scattered streets, with their dilapidated houses and temples, creep up the numerous ravines of the surrounding hill-range, on the eastern slope of which the ancient magnificent palace of the old rulers of Amber raises its walls. The houses have neither doors nor windows, aloes and trailing plants creep over the walls and roofs, and, outside of a few fakirs and lepers, the birds of the air and the beasts of the field are the only inhabitants of the city. Lizards flit away at the approach of the wanderer, striped squirrels look down timidly and wonderingly from the crumbling cornices as if they were indignant at the intrusion of the stranger, and monkeys chatter excitedly in the trees and on the roofs of dilapidated buildings. Further up lies a gloomy structure, the Zenana, and still higher up frown the threatening walls and towers of a castle, from which numerous loopholes look down into the valley. Out of the center of this forbidding mass a high minaret rises, standing out boldly against the background. There is also a small temple up there, in which even at the present time a goat is daily sacrificed in honor of the goddess Kali, as a substitute for the human sacrifices of yore. Such, at least, is the legend which Caloo interpreted to me.

After a ride of several hours we had seen pretty near everything worth while seeing, and since it was late in the afternoon, we started back for Jeypore, not without leaving a handsome baksheesh for the mahout. It was my intention to use the Bombay train the same evening for my further journey, but this plan came near being frustrated by numerous dealers in arms and curiosities, who awaited us upon our return to the hotel. Only by buying an old Rajputana powder-horn and an antique tiger knife, did I succeed in escaping their clutches. Running the gauntlet of the hotel servants, as related before, we at

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last reached the railway station. There I discharged Caloo, handing him a desired testimonial and paying him his wages and return expenses to Calcutta. He seemed quite moved and urgently wished to know if I had the intention of re-visiting India. He impressed upon me not to forget his name and address, and to recommend him to other masters and lords.

An Elephant Carriage.

As the train steamed out of the station, I shook hands with him through the car window, and the last I saw of Caloo was when he proudly turned around to see if it had been noticed that the Sahib, his master, had really and truly shaken hands with him.

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XIX.

To Bombay.—Wild Monkeys.—More Famine Sufferers.—Plague Camps.—A Modern City.—Plague Epidemic.—Peculiar Types.—An Asylum for Vagrant and Sick Animals.—Esplanade Row.—The Caves of Kennery and Mont Pezir.—The Cave Temple of Elephanta.

Departing from Delhi our route was to the southwest, and from Jeypore on, it is directly south to the Arabian Sea. Already on the first morning after leaving Caloo, I missed his services sorely. I hardly dared to leave the car and my baggage, which, through numerous purchases since leaving Calcutta, had considerably increased in volume, to take a hasty breakfast at a small station. I succeeded in this only with the help of an amiable English civil-service official, whose linguistic ability and thorough acquaintance with country and people proved very useful to me, until we reached Ahmedabad, which was his point of destination.

The country through which we passed was desolate. Large stretches of flat, burned-up prairie alternated with miles of low wood jungle, the dwarfy trees and dry underbrush of which showed in their withered leaves the long drought under which this part, together with numerous other parts, of India had suffered for more than a year. The rivers on our way were dried up, and only in a very few of them a narrow and exceedingly shallow channel of water was running through the gravel and sand of the empty river beds. Far aside from the track appeared at

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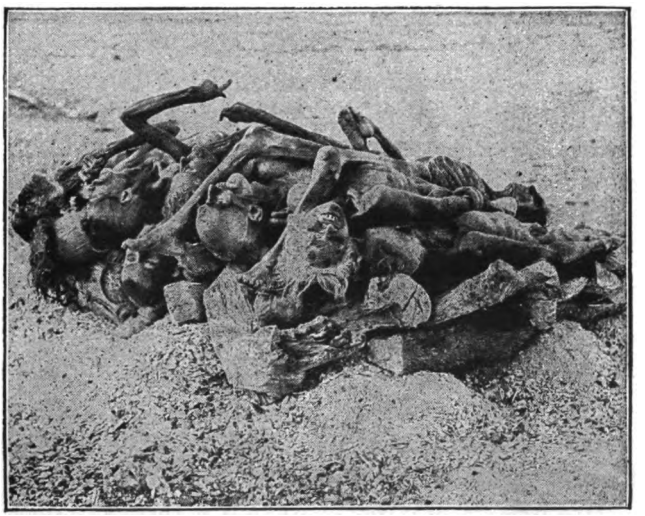
intervals the low roofs of a village, but only rarely did a column of smoke rise out of these towards the sky. This I took for a proof that there was not much cooking done in these parts. On the telegraph poles and the low trees along the railroad, even on the tracks quite close to the stations, I observed numerous large and small monkeys. As a proof of their entire lack of shyness, the fact may be cited that the lamp-posts at the stations are wound



Burning of Famine Victims in the Province of Bombay.

with barbed wire to prevent the monkeys from "monkeying" with the lights.

The miserable famine types at the stations were more numerous than on the Agra, Delhi and Jeypore route, and I had to provide myself with a larger quantity of copper coins for the purpose of adding my mite towards the mitigation of the suffering. Even though the professional

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beggary in the southern European countries, and especially in Egypt, may leave one quite untouched, yet the heart is moved with deep pity at the sight of these miserable creatures, who, with fever-lustrous eyes, lying deep in their sockets, mutely look up to the car windows hoping and waiting for a petty copper.

As the train passed Ajmere, Mount Abu, Ahmedabad and Baroda, I regretted the lack of time which prevented me from visiting these places. Especially at Baroda I should have liked to stop, as the Gakwar enjoys the reputation of great amiability towards foreign visitors, and his residence contains not only a fabulous treasury, (gold and silver guns, a pearl rug valued at one million dollars, etc., etc.) but numerous other sights of interest. As we neared Bombay, the character of the landscape became more tropical, and on awakening on the second morning after the departure from Jeypore, I noticed again numerous slender cocoanut and other palms, which do not grow much in Central India and which I had not seen since I left Calcutta. Shortly after sunrise and after having passed several large plague camps of natives, who had fled the city on account of the raging epidemics, the train steamed into Bombay station, and the last thirty-six hour stage of my overland trip through India was at an end.

The weather was magnificent and the view obtained from the front windows of the Esplanade Hotel over the Esplanade unto the great blue sea was truly charming. In the breakfast-room I had a chance to read some European newspapers, which contained much news, although the latest of them were more than two weeks old. Later in the forenoon a walk along the shore tempted me to take a dip in the sea. This, however, was not done in the open beach, but in a large basin of masonry work quite close to the shore, which was arranged in such a way that

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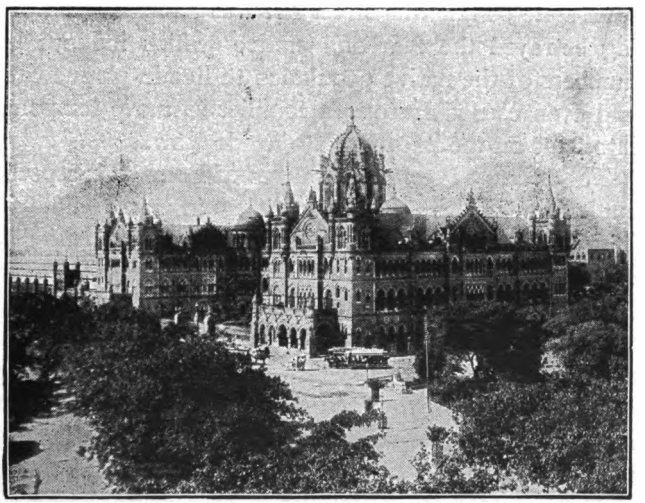
the rising tide which filled it renewed the water twice a day. To swim out into the bay is, as posters inform the bathers, not advisable.

Bombay, although not the seat of the Vice-Regal Government, is in reality the metropolis of India, having the largest number of inhabitants (nearly a million), the greatest wealth and the most important commerce, besides being the only noteworthy seat of industry in India. It



Victoria Station, Bombay.

climate, although in general of an unpleasant moist heat, is not so murderous as that of Calcutta, and if one considers the many handsome buildings, large squares, broad streets and the general cleanly aspect of the business and European quarters, it seems strange that Bombay should be such a notorious plague center, for even the native quarters do not look half so dirty and unsanitary as those of other Indian cities. Perhaps this condition finds its

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real explanation in the fact that the city is built on a number of low, marshy islands, artificially connected with each other and with the mainland, in a region where a moist heat prevails and in a country where faulty sanitary institutions are the rule. At the time of my sojourn in Bombay, the plague and cholera death rate was frightfully large. Funerals were numerous, and constant columns of smoke were rising from the enclosed burning-compounds, while the odor of disinfectants was noticeable everywhere.

In spite of this, the street life was animated, and nothing betrayed the fear and anxiety which induced large numbers of the native population to live in plague camps, and even caused European families to move temporarily into tents on the lawns of Esplanade Row.

The average type of the natives of Bombay is a peculiar one, and, like their character, differs in many points from that of the people of other Indian districts. This difference, however, cannot be construed to their advantage, for they do not enjoy the best of reputation among their countrymen, and the stranger is frequently warned against engaging Bombay servants. Even in their external appearance, especially by the peculiar shape of the turban, which is worn flat and garland shaped, they may be distinguished from the inhabitants of other provinces. About the Parsees, who play such an important part in the business life of the city, and who in their costumes and manners, are again vastly different from the other classes, I shall write in the next and closing chapter, and only wish to remark here that they are especially conspicuous in the streets by their costume, character of features, and peculiar headgear.

Among the sights of Bombay the celebrated Towers of Silence stand in the first place. These are unique and I shall describe them when entering more into detail about

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the Parsees. The Crawford markets in which animal and vegetable foods are displayed in surprising variety, and which are best visited in the morning, as well as several native bazaars, have strong points of attraction for the stranger. A peculiar institution of Bombay is the Pinjrapool Asylum for old, decrepit and masterless animals of all kinds, which receive there the best of care, and which might serve as a worthy example of imitation to many an

Native Street, Bombay.

European or American city. The Victoria Gardens with the Albert Museum and a large menagerie, are favored resorts, and a drive to Malabar Hill, the fashionable residence quarter, is amply repaid by the splendid view over city and harbor, which is obtained there at various points. The afternoon concerts on Esplanade Row, like those in the Eden Gardens of Calcutta, cause the fashionable world to assemble there, and from four to seven o'clock p. m.

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numerous private and public vehicles of all kinds are driven along the sea-shore. Most conspicuous in these are the Parsee ladies, with their picturesque costumes and Oriental beauty, who form a strong contrast to the ladies of the European colony. There is, however, with few exceptions, no social intercourse between them.

Of the public buildings of Bombay there are to be mentioned first of all the City Hall, a magnificent structure in Romanic style, surmounted by a high massive tower, and containing a fine museum and splendid library, the great Cathedral of St. Thomas and the University. The Victoria railroad station is an imposing building which may be compared favorably with the most noted similar structures of Europe and America. The Post and Telegraph offices, the Mint and the High Court buildings also deserve to be mentioned with the others. Very interesting is a visit to the Sir Jamsetjee Jeejebhoy Art School and no stranger should miss it. All these buildings, in conjunction with some artistic monuments, such as those of Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales, give the city the character of an European metropolis, which is only modified by the luxuriant tropical vegetation and the Oriental street life.

All together, Bombay is not an extraordinarily interesting city, at least not in the same sense as the others I visited in India. The various cave temples situated within a radius of twenty-five miles of Bombay are, however, a great attraction. Besides the celebrated temple on the Island of Elephanta in the harbor of Bombay, which may be easily and comfortably reached, the caves of Kennery and Mont Pezir are worth visiting. The latter caves, of which there are more than a hundred, offer some noteworthy sights, even if one has seen Elephanta before, and the great temple with its vaulted nave forty feet high and

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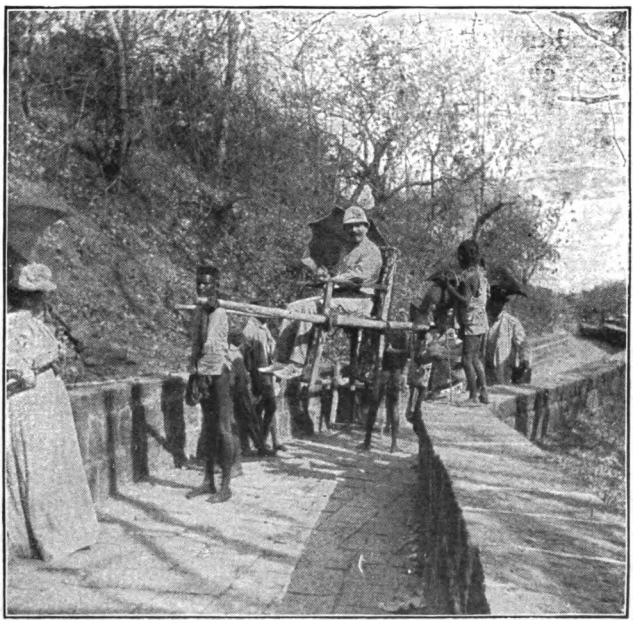
its thirty-four octagonal pillars certainly produces an imposing effect. At any rate, the trip of some twenty odd miles by rail and one and one-half hours by carriage from the station Borivli to these cave temples repays the trouble, and a visit to them may be recommended to anyone who has time and leisure, even if he has seen the far more interesting cave temple of Elephanta.



The Author on the Island of Elephanta.

It was a lovely day when I visited the latter. Although the sun burned pitilessly upon the mirror-like expanse of the harbor, when I boarded a small tug-boat at the Apollo Bunder, in the company of several other tourists, a lively breeze made the trip of one hour's duration very enjoyable.

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Elephanta, which is called by the natives Gharapuri (Hill of Purification), derives its name from the gigantic image of an elephant hewn from the live rock, the remains of which are at present exhibited in the Victoria Gardens in Bombay, and which once occupied a prominent place among the sacred idols of the island. This is situated about six miles out in the harbor, and is composed of two hills separated by a valley. The vegetation is luxuriant and tropical. At the landing-place a board walk is built far out into the sea and upon our arrival a number of small, naked urchins, wading in the shallow water, received us with great shouts of joy and small outstretched hands. During high tide, this board walk is partly flooded and one has to allow himself to be carried ashore on the shoulders of the boat crew. From the landing-place a steep stair-path, about one-half mile long, leads to the temple. The most comfortable way, however, to get there is by means of a sort of open sedan chair carried on the shoulders of two or four bearers. A small admission fee to the temple is charged by the guard, an Englishman, who lives nearby with his family.

The celebrated temple is hewn into the slope of a rocky hill thickly covered with verdure, and all its pillars, statues and relief sculptures are carved from the living stone. This work is all the more worthy of admiration if one considers the care and patience which was necessary in its execution. The time from which these works date cannot be determined with any degree of certainty, since there are only few sources which may serve for its establishment. The greater number of Indian archæologists have, however, agreed on the time between the eighth and twelfth centuries A. D. as the most probable period in which the Temple of Elephanta was erected. The labor must have been performed painfully with hammer and

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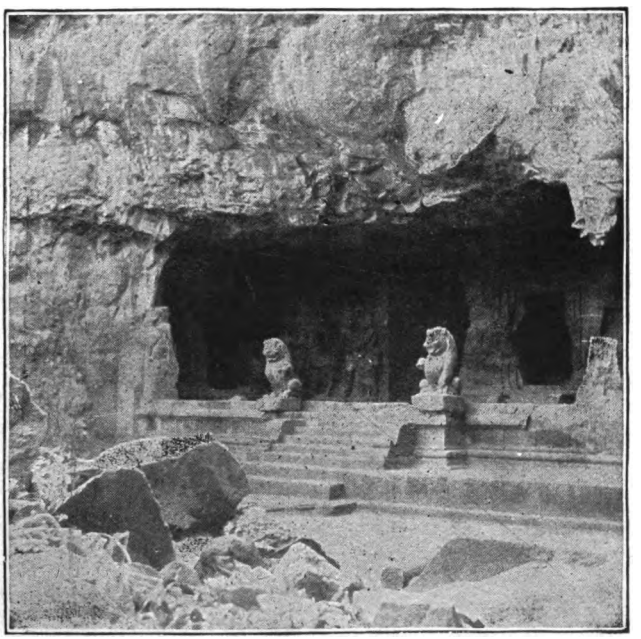
chisel, for even if proper explosives had been known at that time, their use would have been excluded by the nature of the work. Time has not passed without leaving its traces on this gigantic handiwork of man, and the temple at present is in an advanced stage of decay. The reliefs especially are considerably mutilated, and of the twenty-



The Cave Temples of Elephanta.

six columns, each sixteen feet high, which once supported the ceiling of the main hall, eight are broken.

The temple consists of three parts, the middle and largest of which is open on three sides and connected by covered passages with the two side halls. Shiva is the leading character in all the sculptures. His giant three-faced

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bust on the rear wall of the main temple is nineteen feet high, and the relief sculptures throughout the temple relate to the Indian mythology in which he plays a main part. Perbati, one of his wives, is also represented several times. Of the stone lions at the entrance of the temple halls only two remain in a condition of good preservation. The total impression, in spite of the general decay, is an imposing one, and it is easily understood why the Hindoos ascribe the erection of these cave temples to the gods themselves, and enter them only with feelings of mysterious awe. There are other similar ruins on the island, but they do not possess much art-historical interest, and since they are at a considerable distance from the main temple, they are rarely visited by tourists.

After we had taken some refreshments (?) consisting of bad mutton and warm beer and lemonade, at tables "al fresco" in front of the guard's house, we enjoyed for a while the beautiful view from this point, and then started on our way back.

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XX.

THE PARSEES OF BOMBAY.—THEIR LANGUAGE, COSTUMES, MANNERS AND HABITS.—RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES. — PECULIARITY OF NAMES. — INVESTITURE WITH SUDRA AND KUSTI.—WEDDING CUSTOMS.—THE RELIGION OF ZOROASTER.—SHEHENSHAHI AND KUDMI. —THE FIRE TEMPLE.—THE PARSEE CALENDAR.—THE BURIAL COMPOUND.—THE TOWERS OF SILENCE.—A PARSEE FUNERAL.

Among the many picturesque types which the stranger encounters in the bustling street crowds of Bombay, there are none more interesting than those of the Parsees. Altogether, there are about 95,000 of this race and religious denomination living in India, 45,000 of whom inhabit Bombay, the rest being scattered in the presidency of Bombay and other parts of India where commerce and industry is largely controlled by them. About 8,000 are living in Persia, the original home of the Parsees, from which country they were driven by Mohammedan conquerors in the seventh century A. D. The Bombay settlement dates prior to the cession of the city by the Portuguese to the English in 1668. Through many centuries the race has kept remarkably clear of all mixture with other blood, a conclusive proof of which is furnished by the evenness of the racial types. Usually of slender, medium figure and light brown complexion, which varies just as often to a lighter as to a darker shade, the men are conspicuous in the street mainly by their peculiar headgear. From the front this looks very much like a Catholic bishop's mitre,

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while the profile resembles strongly the old Prussian grenadier helmets. The material of which it is made seems on superficial observation to be black lacquered tin, but is in reality a kind of printed wax cloth imported from China. This head piece is called "Pagri." Below it the Parsee invariably wears a small black skull cap, and never is an orthodox Parsee seen with uncovered head.

There is, however, among them a small progressive element, represented mainly by the younger men. Thus, I met on the steamer "Imperatrix," on the way from Bombay to Triest, a young Parsee who came to meals bareheaded, and was dressed entirely according to European fashion, while his traveling companions, two middle-aged men, although not wearing the Pagri, never dispensed with the black skull cap. They also wore the "Angrakha," a long street coat, which they did not exchange for European dress until the arrival of the steamer in Triest. Two ladies in the same party always wore their national costume, even in Paris, where I perchance happened to meet them again, and where I myself became an object of curiosity on the boulevards and exposition grounds, whenever I appeared in their company.

Socially of the same conservatism as in costume and manners, the Parsee men and women of Bombay, as well as of the few other parts of India where they are met with, form a class by themselves, and outside of business intercourse with non-Parsees their social connections are almost entirely restricted to relatives and friends among their own religious community. The women are submissive, faithful wives, and in every respect more conservative than the men, but they enjoy equal privileges with them in family and society, contrary to former usage and to the general condition of women among Oriental peoples.

The costume of the Parsee woman is picturesque in its

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simplicity. It consists of silk trousers, a loose white garment reaching to the ground, and a long scarf of woolen goods which is wound in rich folds around hips and bosom, and from there carried over the lustrous black

An Orthodox Parsee Gentleman.

hair and under the chin, back to the right shoulder. These scarfs are called "Saree," and although worn in all colors, they are generally of one shade without any pattern, but

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richly embroidered. Widows wear the Saree always plain and without any adornments. The hair under the Saree is covered by the "Mathabana," a thin linen cloth. Nose rings, which were formerly worn quite generally, have been abolished entirely. As a rule, the complexion of the women is lighter than that of the men, and frequently one may notice, especially among the occupants of private and public carriages, which roll down Esplanade Row about sunset, beauties, which, although of strictly Oriental character, are nevertheless very attractive. Velvety black, tender and languishing eyes seem to be a general characteristic. Whether these eyes can become fiery and passionate, I regret not to be able to state, having had no chance to look deeply into any of them.

Parsees are generally encumbered with three names. I use the expression "encumbered" purposely, and the reader will find it justified when he tries to pronounce such examples as: "Framjee Pestunjee Jamshedjee" or "Muncherjee Eduljee Manakjee." The double "e" is the masculine ending, and of the three names, the first represents the individual, the second the paternal, and the third the family name. Female names, as a rule, end with "ai" like "Goolbai," "Dosibai," "Kuvarbai."

The intercourse between the sexes is free and unhampered, although not entirely so according to American ideas. Dancing is an unknown pleasure among the Parsees. Intermarriages with members of other religious denominations are almost unheard of, and very rarely it happens that a progressively inclined young Parsee gets himself a bride outside of his religious pale. No case, however, is known where a Parsee, even under such circumstances, became a renegade, and never, according to my friend and informer, Mervanjee D. M. Jeejebhoy, has it occurred that a Parsee girl married a non-Parsee.

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I should mention here that outside of some generalities, all intimate information about Parsee religious customs, family life, funeral ceremonials, etc., was gained by me through this friend, who is an influential member of the Bombay Parsee community. That such source of information deserves full credit is undeniable, and I cannot thank Mr. Jeejebhoy enough for the willingness and amiability with which he initiated me into things about which a Parsee generally does not speak with an outsider.

Just as Parsee men and women are easily distinguished from other street types, so is it the case with Parsee children, and especially with the little girls, who look exceedingly ludicrous in their short skirts reaching only to the middle of the thigh and long white trousers, the embroidered or lace edge of which falls down to the ankle. This costume is also worn by the little boys, and it is only by the length of hair that the sexes may be distinguished. The community has its own large schools in which the sexes are educated separately, and which strangers are allowed to visit freely. Instruction is given in the Gujerati language, a Hindoo dialect, which is generally spoken by the Parsees, who have lost their original language, but great stress is laid on the learning of English.

Between the seventh and thirteenth year, the Parsee boy or girl is formally confirmed, and with this act officially admitted into the religious community. From that time on the boys are allowed to wear the "Sudra" and the "Kusti." The first is a white sleeveless cotton shirt worn next to the body, and the second a narrow white woolen band woven of seventy-two threads, which, wound around the body, possesses a specially sacred character, and in the daily prayers plays a similar part as the "Tephilim" of the orthodox Jews. The seventy-two

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threads are supposed to symbolize the seventy-two chapters of the sacred book "Yazashne."

The confirmation ceremony, although important, does not necessarily take place in the temple. It is as simple as it is original. Before investing the boy with the Sudra and Kusti, the child is given a bath by the nearest relatives and with the assistance of a priest. During this procedure one of its hands rests on its head, while with the other it holds a pomegranate leaf, upon which have been sprinkled a few drops of water from the sacred white bull which is kept in the fire temple. After this leaf has been chewed and swallowed, the youthful candidate performs certain prayers and ablutions, wherewith the admission into the fraternity of Zoroaster is completed. The ceremony finished, almonds, rice and small pieces of cocoanut are thrown over the now full-fledged Zoroastrian and presents exchanged among the family members.

The "Gaomutra," *i. e.*, the urine of cattle, to which the Parsees evidently prescribe a mysterious power or a sacred meaning, is also employed in other religious ceremonials, especially at the daily morning prayers, before which the Parsee invariably rubs his palms, temples and cheeks with a few drops of it.

Just as simple and original as the act of confirmation is the marriage ceremony. Marriages are generally arranged by parents and engagements made between small children. Up to twenty years ago even unborn children were engaged to each other conditionally. The bride is usually given a dowry corresponding with the financial circumstances of her family, although love marriages without regard of material interests are not infrequent. The ceremony is performed by two priests, and in the presence of two male witnesses, either in the temple, the house, or any other suitable place. The contracting couple, separated

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by a curtain, are seated opposite each other. They are encircled by a long piece of cloth and around their bodies and hands yarn is wound by the priests seven times. After the pronunciation of the blessing, the curtain is removed, incense is burned and the couple throw rice, almonds and small pieces of cocoanut at each other. From the wedding-feast the newly-married pair go to the house of the groom's parents, where they take their steady abode as long as accommodations will permit.

In spite of their strongly developed sense of gain, which has acquired for them the sobriquet of "Jews of India," and in spite of the ever-increasing English business competition, which naturally makes them double their commercial efforts, the Parsees always find time to perform their numerous religious duties, and at no hour of the day is there a lack of worshipers in the fire temple. In this temple there is no official service by priests at definite hours, and the Parsee goes to his house of worship whenever it pleases him.

The priests form a separate caste called "Mobed," and are born to office. They are allowed, however, to intermarry with Parsee women outside of their caste. Their rights are mostly restricted to the wearing of white Pagris and to the exclusive care of the eternal sacred fire which is kept up in the temple, and for the nourishment of which the believers bring offerings of sandal wood.

This is perhaps the place to say a few words about the religion of Zoroaster, which Parseeism represents. The creed is not, as many believe, a polytheistic, but a monotheistic form of religion, and there is only one God comprised in the three different names of "Mazda," "Ahura" and "Ahura-Mazda." This God manifested himself to a Bactrian or Median philosopher, Zoroaster, who is supposed to have written down his doctrines in the sacred

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books of the "Avesta." The ancient followers of Zoroaster had no idols, temples or altars, and considered the use of such not only a sacrilege, but a folly. The Parsees of to-day also repudiate any representation of their Deity. According to Zoroaster's philosophy, creation is the work of two hostile principles, a good one called "Spento-Mainyush," and an evil one, "Angro-Mainyush," both serving the same God. Spento-Mainyush is the author of everything good, useful and bright; Angro-Mainyush of everything that is dark and noxious. They are in everlasting conflict, which, however, is to end in the triumph of the good principle.

The modern church is divided in two sects, the "Kudmi" and "Shehenshahi," each headed by a high priest called "Dastoor." The two sects, of which the last named is numerically the stronger, have no opposing doctrines, and the principal difference is a disagreement as to a chronological date for computing the era of Yazdezard, the last king of the Persian monarchy. Kudmi, as well as Shehenshahi Mobeds, the latter of which invariably dress all in white, live on the baksheesh of the worshipers.

Among the four elements, soil, air, water and fire, worshiped by the Parsees, the latter is considered the most sacred, as being the purest symbol of divinity, and the accidental extinction of the holy fire in the temple would be regarded as a religious calamity. The Parsee does not smoke, because he fears to pollute the air, and he does not cremate or inter his dead, because he deems to defile thereby fire and soil. He prays, like the Mussulman, five times daily, during which time he alternately winds and unwinds the sacred woolen band, the Kusti, on his body. His prayers are performed standing, and when in the temple, in the space allotted to the worshipers. The sanctuary is separate, and may be entered only by the

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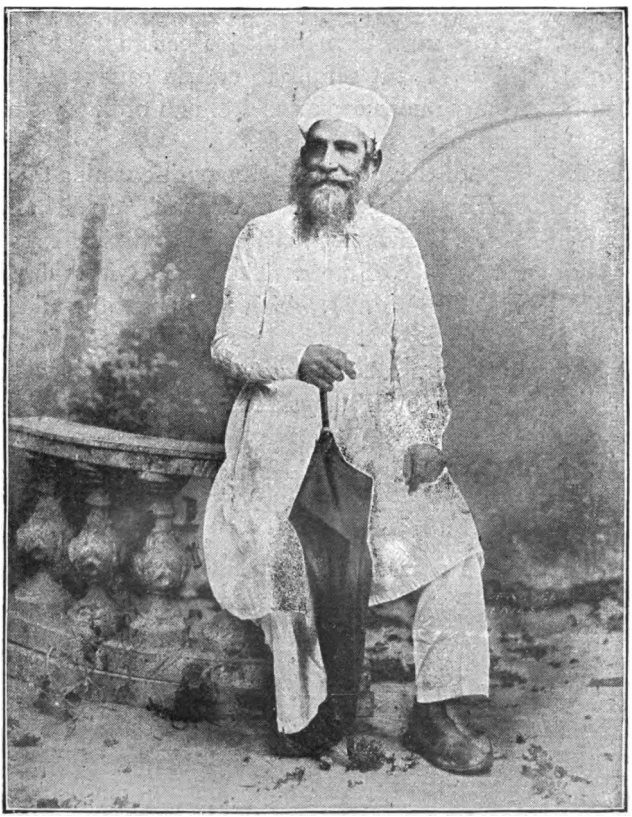
officiating Mobeds. Here the sacred fire is burning in a large silver urn. The walls are decorated with antique arms, and here is also the bell which is struck from time to time by a Mobed in order to keep away evil spirits, and



A Parsee "Mobed."

to purify the polluted air by its sound waves. At short intervals one of the priests with a handful of ashes from the holy fire called "Rakhia," repairs to the worshipers,

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who use this to anoint throat, eyelids and the space between the eyes.

The sacred bull is also kept within the temple compound and mainly for the purpose of gaining his urine, which is used in many religious ceremonies. This bull, however, does by no means thank his canonization to a prerogative of birth, but simply to certain ceremonies by which he becomes metamorphosed from an ordinary steer into a sacred animal.

On four days of the month (each month contains thirty days, all bearing different names, like "Ardibhest," "Adar," "Sarosh," "Behram," etc.), the orthodox Parsee is forbidden to partake of meat. The greatest feast day is "Pepati" (New Year's Day), which falls about the middle of September. The last five days of the year, called "Gatha," which do not belong to any month, and which are added in order to fill the calendar year, are also holy days.

Among all the peculiar religious and social customs and manners of the Parsees, the method of disposing of their dead is certainly by far the oddest and most interesting, and I believe that nowhere in the world can anything similar be found. Most of the readers certainly have heard or read about the mysterious Towers of Silence, but probably it has been the lot of only few to visit the Parsee "burial compound" on Malabar Hill, the highest eminence of Bombay.

The Parsee community of Bombay guard with jealous care the secrets of this compound, and although tourists may, upon request, be allowed to enter it, they are always kept at considerable distance from the Towers of Silence by the escorting guard, and can never witness a funeral there. The taking of snap-shots is excluded, since every camera is relentlessly confiscated at the entrance gate and

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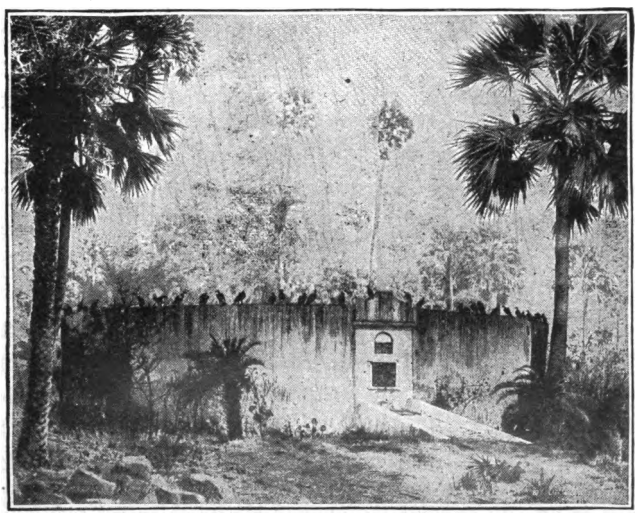
is only returned to the owner upon his leaving the compound. Neither was it possible for me to smuggle my camera in, but it was at least returned to me in undamaged condition, contrary to a similar experience I had in Gibraltar, where the English military guard had taken charge of my photographic apparatus during the time of my visit in the rock-galleries. When it was returned to me, I



The Tower of Silence, Malabar Hill, Bombay.

found that it had evidently been tampered with by the guard as it was in a pitiful condition.

The closer examination of the gruesome towers was even denied to the Prince of Wales during his Indian travels, and only a wooden model had been prepared for the purpose of enlightening him in this respect. This model is still shown to privileged visitors. In reality, it suffices to gain a good idea of the Parsee burial method,

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if the devouring of corpses by carrion birds may be called burial.

The compound, surrounded by high walls, encloses five round towers, called "Dokhma" by the Parsees, of approximately the same height, which, on account of their proportions, look rather squatty. The largest one measures about ninety feet in diameter by thirty in height. Their tops appear flat, and their walls of plain masonry bear as sole adornment thick layers of the noisome excrements deposited there during centuries by the numerous vultures which inhabit the trees of the compound. Seen from a distance, these layers of excrements have an appearance not unlike that of stalactites. The towers are at short distances from each other, and are half hidden behind trees and shrubbery. Three of them serve for general use, one for the disposal of suicides, and the fifth has been reserved these two hundred and thirty years exclusively for members of the Modi family.

The designs and inner arrangements of all five towers are alike. A low door and a stairway lead to the top of the tower and to a round platform, slightly inclined towards the center, which is surrounded to a height of about three feet by the outside walls, thereby remaining invisible to the observer. In the center of this platform yawns the grated opening of a deep shaft, from the bottom of which subterranean drains lead to several deep wells. Around the edge of this shaft are three rows of stone slabs intended for the exposure of corpses which are placed here naked, and with the faces turned towards the sky. The row of smaller slabs next to the shaft is designated for children, the middle one for women, and the third one, next to the wall, for men. Not more than one or two hours are necessary for the ever-hungry carrion birds to devour a body and to clean the bones thoroughly from the

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smallest particles of flesh, after which the sun and rain add their share towards the work of rapid and total decomposition.

When the platform becomes filled and more room has to be made for the silent newcomers, the tower guards, who are obliged to take a bath after each funeral, sweep the bleached and brittle bones into the shaft, where they are soon totally decomposed, and finally deposited, by means of the drains, in the subterranean wells, in the shape of lime and phosphorus.

The funerals take place in the morning before nine o'clock or before sunset, shortly after five p. m., and only at these hours do the big birds get restless in the trees and on the walls of the compound, where, during the rest of the day, they sit lazily digesting and motionless, only turning their ugly heads with a sleepy wink at the approach of man. As the funeral processions draw near, life comes into the colony of these ill-looking, bald-headed scavengers. The branches of the trees begin to move, and the thick-bellied hyenas of the air flap their powerful wings and whet their crooked beaks expectantly. From tree to tree they flutter nearer to the towers, until they settle in thick rows on the copings, their hideous heads turned towards the slowly-approaching procession.

The corpse-bearers walk in front and deposit their burden about thirty yards from the tower. The cover is removed from the stretcher, and relatives and friends step nearer to take in mute sorrow a last look at the face of the deceased. Now the two Nasesalars (tower guards) approach, take hold of the bier and carry it through the low door into the Tower of Silence, followed only by the tearful glances of the mourners. There the body is divested of all clothing and thus deposited upon a slab of the platform.

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The shrieking of the vultures, meanwhile, has grown louder, the impatient flapping of their wings more furious, and hardly have the guards left the platform when the whole noisome flock on the coping shoots down on its prey. And now a perfect pandemonium breaks loose! What happens up there no one sees and only the imagination of a Breughel could draw the fiendish picture of the fighting carrion birds as they ravenously tear their prey to pieces, or try to rob each other of a coveted morsel.

The funeral procession leaves, and soon after the vultures rise heavily from the platform, carrying shreds of flesh or intestines in their bloody beaks, and settle in the nearest tree in order to devour the gruesome prey in peace. At the end of an hour or so everything has become quiet and motionless, the ugly birds sit again upon the copings, in the trees and on the compound-walls patiently awaiting the next meal.

* * * * *

If I have gone somewhat thoroughly into the preceding description of the Parsee community, it was with the conviction that I should add thereby an interesting chapter to this book and furnish the reader with information to obtain which he would otherwise be compelled to search voluminous philosophical and other works. I am convinced, therefore, that I shall be pardoned, even if the last part of the last chapter has left a gloomy impression. All you have to do to get rid of this, dear reader, is to look out through the window into the bright world, which offers for every dark and noxious spot ten bright ones, and to be glad that you live in a part of the world where no such horrors exist.

Shall I ever see that fairyland again? Will you, dear reader, ever hear from me again? *Quien sabe?*

THE END.

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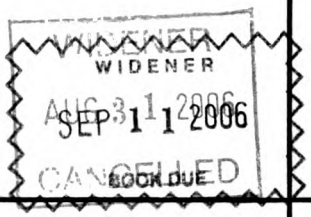

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